

LEGAL COCAINE — A Plan for the '80s — by Richard Ashley

High Times

March '79 \$2.00

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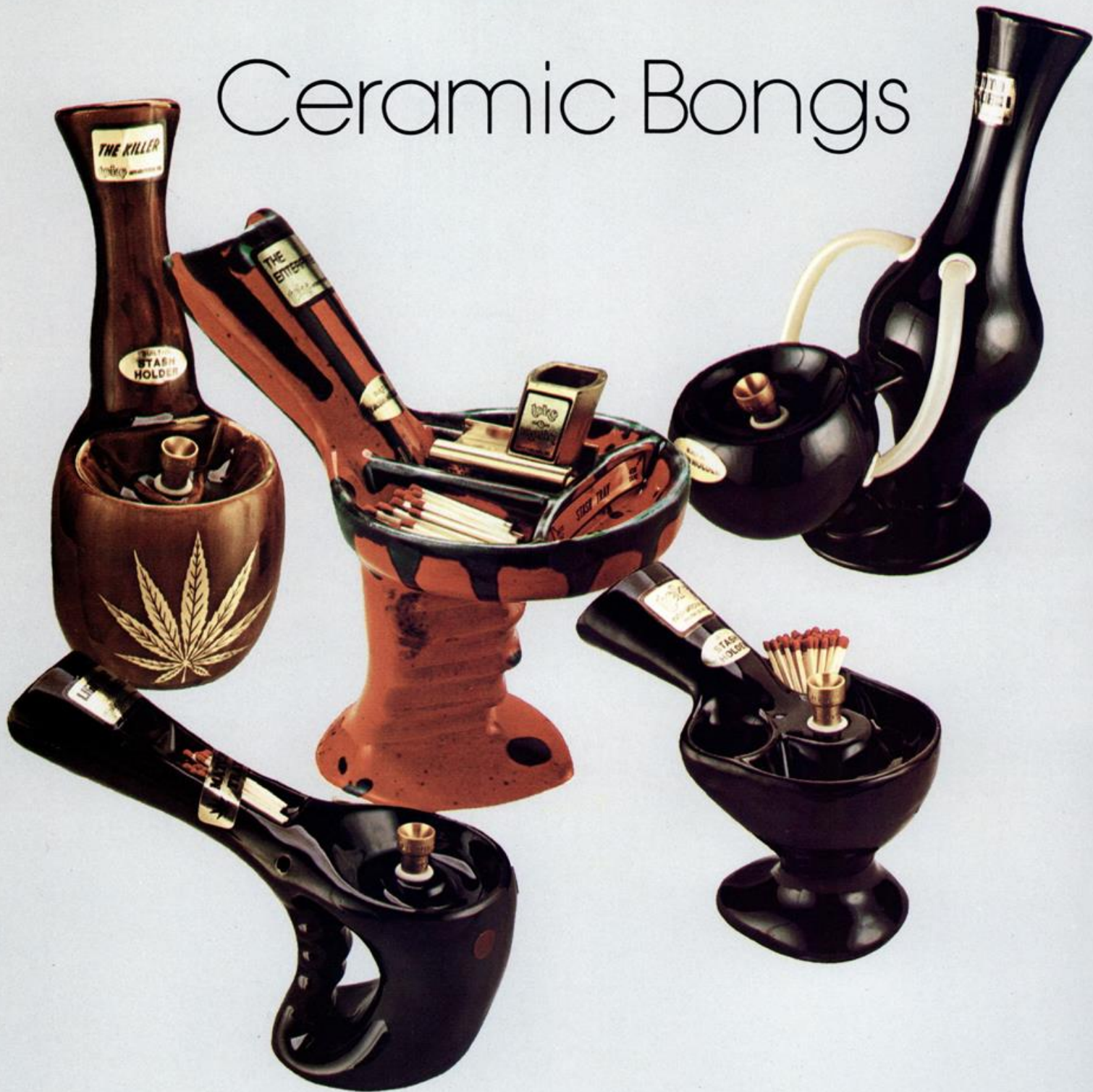
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March '79 No. 43 THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

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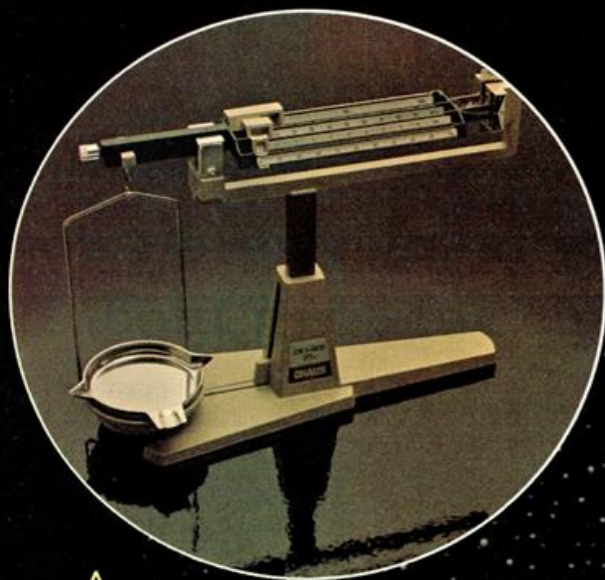
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An orange t-shirt and a matching orange wallet, both featuring a large black 'Z' logo. The wallet is open, showing a black interior with a small 'Z' logo. A black pen and a small blue object are also visible. The background is white with a grid pattern.

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Mick Rock

It Ain't Rock 'n' Roll, But I Like It

The ladies of the Ainu people of northern Japan sometimes sing into each other's mouths for resonance.

The Basques sometimes get together and sing "rough music" of an insulting nature to people they believe have committed immoral acts. The musicians accompany themselves on pots, pans and cowbells.

The Yoruba people of Nigeria have a sacred drum called the igbin that is played by albinos, hunchbacks and cripples.

There is a Chinese legend that the emperor Huang Ti "ordered" the invention of music in 2697 B.C.

The Babenbe people of the Congo have trumpets that are fashioned in the shape of full-size human beings. An "orchestra" consisting of father, mother, son and daughter replicas looks like musicians blowing into the backs of mannequins.

The Pima Indians of the American Southwest believe that songs already exist and that the composer's job is to "untangle" them.

In Japan there have been a number of recent popular songs that deal with the bribery of government officials by the Lockheed Corporation. A couple of the titles are "I Also Would Like to Get Peanuts" and "Playing Innocence."

The Dan tribe, who live in the Ivory Coast and Liberia, have an instrument called a mirliton that consists of a hollow bird bone with a spider's web stretched across the end not spoken or sung into. This creates a buzzing sound that distorts the voice; thus the mirliton is considered a mask. Women are forbidden to look at masks of any kind, so they are not allowed to see this instrument.

The Shamans of Tibet use human leg bones, preferably from criminals, for trumpets.

In some African societies women are not permitted to touch a drum under any circumstances.

During the Han dynasty in China the pipes that gave the official notes of the Chinese scale also became the standards for length and weight. The Government Office of Music was also the Bureau of Standards.

The Watusi people of Africa have a great number of songs dealing with cows: songs in praise of cows, songs to indicate the importance of having cows, songs for taking cows home in the evening and songs for drawing water for cows.

In Melanesia songs may be owned by a person or group who may charge for their use by others.

The sun dance of the American Plains Indian was a quest for a vision. It was brought on by self-torture and dancing while staring at the bright sun for hours.

The Turkish Janissary military bands were imitated by Beethoven and Mozart. The Shriners in the United States are a modern version of these bands.

In northwestern Germany there is a fiddle called a dolle, which is made out of a wooden shoe.

In Dosso, Niger, there is an oboelike instrument called the djerma that, when played by experts, produces sounds with phonetic equivalents that can be decoded as a message by a skilled listener. Sometimes these instruments are used to make fun of individuals without their knowledge.

The Siriono Indians of Boliva have songs in which the pitch and volume get lower until the singer's breath runs out. Each member of the tribe has only one melody to which he will sing different words. He may use this same tune throughout his entire life.

The Korean bowed lute called the haekeum has a piece of cloth hanging from the tuning pegs during performance in order to obscure the movement of the player's fingers.

In 1960, in the Ibadan region of Nigeria, two rival politicians enlisted the aid of competing musical groups to further their campaigns. Some 22 78-RPM records were released as a result. Some of the songs told the platforms of each candidate, some songs told of the candidate's strength of religious faith, and some songs insulted the opposing candidate.

David Byrne
—David Byrne,
Talking Heads

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Smoke Your Shoes

I recently used my Iso-2 machine to extract some hemp doormats that were made in the Philippines and sold at a local hardware store for about five bucks. I charcoal-filtered the oil and isomerized it and came out with a nearly clear oil with a



Jack Abraham

reddish tint. The oil wasn't as strong as Afghani honey, but it was better than oil from commercial Mex. The cost was just under ten cents (not dollars) per gram. A half-gram in a butter cookie was great. We sent some of this to the Schoenfield Street Drug Analysis program in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and they said it definitely was THC. We then tried the hemp soles of a pair of sandals from India and found them to be superior to the doormat in the quality of the high. We tried searching hardware stores for hemp rope, but most of it turned out to be a substitute called sisal, which had no effect. We finally located some rope from Chile that is soaking right now. My question is: Where is all this going to lead?

—Name and address withheld

Great discovery. We would recommend that any product made from anything that may have been treated with something harmful (rope, for instance) be checked by one of the analysis labs for toxicity.—Ed.

We Do Our Best

I have recently discovered your magazine at a nearby bookstore and scanned through it just long enough to note your mailing address. I would like to know what right you people have to further

litter our society with more garbage and perversity? Your magazine clearly shows that the editor, publisher and staff are the kind of people that should be extracted from the American public.

I feel our society has been corrupted too much already. Someday, when our nation, and what it stands for, falls and is trampled over, I hope you then will realize how foolishly you have spent your time and efforts. As Mr. J. Edgar Hoover once said, "Our country doesn't have to fear from without, we must fear from within." It will be the American people, immoral, irresponsible, who will kill our nation.

—Kelly V. Humphrey, New Orleans, La.

About time somebody noticed! We thought you were all sleeping out there. Best damn letter we ever got. Snap out of it, America!—Ed.

Feel No Pain with Mary Jane

I use grass as a substitute for medically prescribed analgesics (pain-killers). I have a spinal curvature that used to produce violent headaches all the time. Seventeen medical doctors, two hospital stays and the Montefiore Headache Clinic couldn't diagnose me. Fifteen minutes and four X rays from a chiropractor spotted the abnormality, and continued treatment has all but eliminated the headaches: score one for that most maligned group of healers. My only pain now comes from the unwillingness of my spine (muscles, nerves, etc.) to straighten. One joint will block my pain; two or three hits dull it enough so that I can tolerate it.

Of the conventionally prescribed pain-killers, only Percodan is effective; I'm one of those unusual people who experience absolutely no side effects from the drug. However, a milder barbiturate will put me out completely for hours. I depend on grass, as Percodan is hard to come by. Medical doctors refuse to treat chiropractic patients—even those in agony, as I've learned firsthand—and chiropractors cannot prescribe. Strangely enough, I rarely get high when I smoke "for pain." I wonder how many people use grass the way I do?

—A.E., address withheld

Love and Anarchy

Your article "Anarchy" [High Times, November '78] contained a lot of valuable and interesting information. But contrary to author Rex Weiner's assertion, anarchism does not necessarily demand "an almost saintlike trust in human nature." Some anarchists, like the late Paul Goodman, have advocated anarchism for precisely the opposite reason: if people are inherently fuck-ups, then the less power a person has over other people, the less misery that person will cause when he or she fucks up.



Arthur Thompson

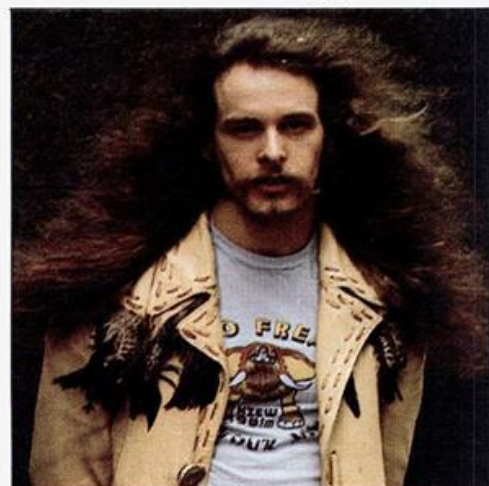
Anarchism calls for the abolition of political nation-states, not "government" in its truly participatory and democratic forms. The human species survived and evolved for hundreds of thousands of years without nations and armies. It's only in the past 5,000 years of centralized authoritarian organization that we have learned to slaughter each other by the millions and risk blowing up the whole planet.

As an anarchist, I want only the right to think and act as freely and rationally as I can, with the possibility of love and mutual respect among the human species in families, communities, cultures and planetary associations and the conservation of the ecosystem all life depends on. Who are the real terrorists: people like me, or the people in the world's economic, political and military power elites?

—Rick Mitchell, address withheld

Ted Repugnant

"With Ted Nugent in Darkest Africa" [High Times, "Sports," October '78] is, without a doubt, one of the cruelest, most gruesome pieces of nonfiction I have read since the accounts of the Manson murders in *Helter Skelter*. I am appalled that a



Kate Simon

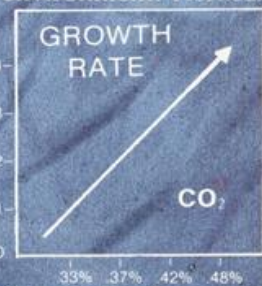
magazine dedicated to the highs of the world would glorify such inhuman savagery by printing it. The "high" that inspired Nugent to mercilessly slaughter 18

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How is the most potent marijuana in the world grown?

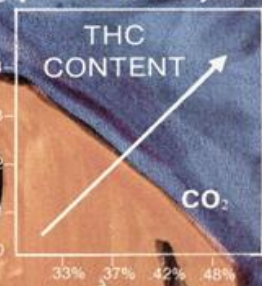
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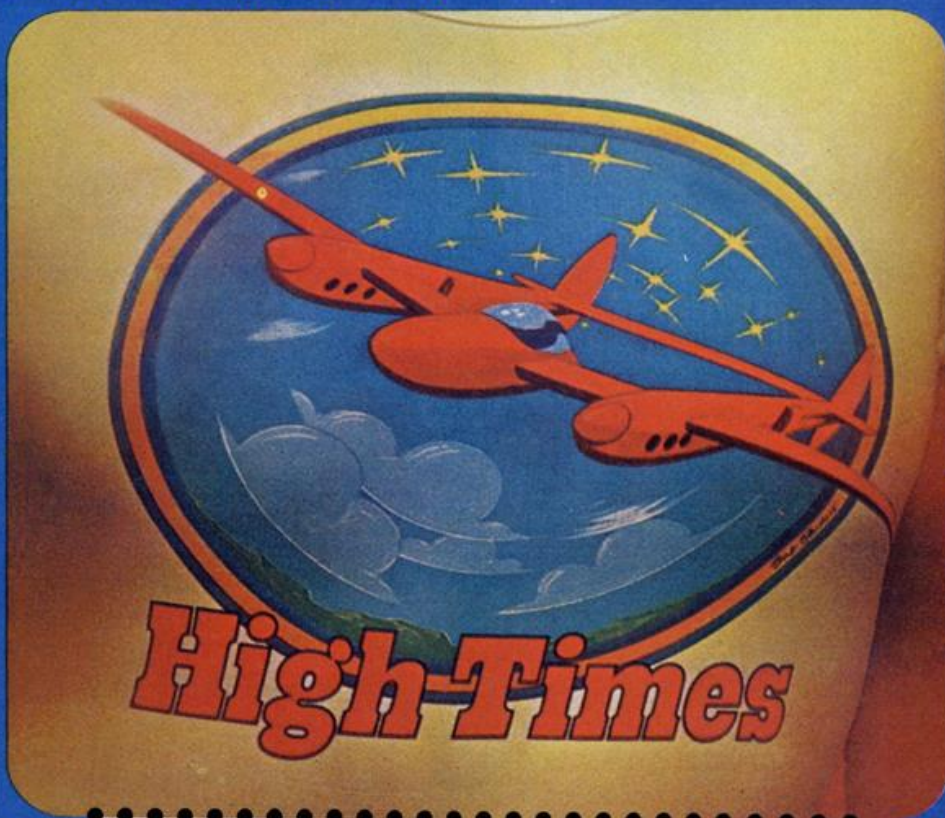
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exotic African animals is nothing more than the "thrill of the kill." This is the same "thrill" that inspired the Mansons, Son of Sam, Charles Whitman and countless other ignorant and deranged assassins who view their "targets" with the very same lack of respect for life that Nugent displays.

Although it will be pointed out that Manson, et al., killed people, while Nugent "only" killed animals, this is the exact same logic that people have used for years to justify the killing of "only" Indians, blacks, Jews and Vietnamese. The real problem is man's refusal to relate to other living creatures unless they are mirror images of himself, i.e., same biological group, same race, creed, color, sex... ad nauseum, and often not even then. Who really is the intelligent being here and who is the beast?

—Jim Blakeslee, Alexandria, Va.

American Khat

A 1957 garden book I own has this information on growing khat:

It is listed as an evergreen shrub with oval, bronze-green, glossy, three- to four-inch leaves with red stems and trunk. It can grow to eight feet but is best pinched



Patrick Friel/Black Star

back while young and kept to five feet. The leaves turn redder from October to April where the nights are cold. It has tiny white flowers and can grow in poor soil and low-maintenance situations. It can grow in the area of Arizona between Yuma, Phoenix and Tucson, the California coast between Eureka and Monterey, between Santa Barbara and San Diego and around San Bernardino. Happy growing!

—Very Green Thumb, Berkeley, Ca.

And for those uninitiated in the ways of the native African loco weed, see "African Khat" in our February '78 issue—Ed.

Correction

The October '78 "Sideshow" incorrectly attributed Level Press as having 335,000 copies in print of Mel Frank and Ed Rosenthal's Indoor/Outdoor Marijuana Growers Guide. Level Press had 14,000 copies in print, with the book's later publisher, And/Or Press, distributing the 335,000 figure. ■

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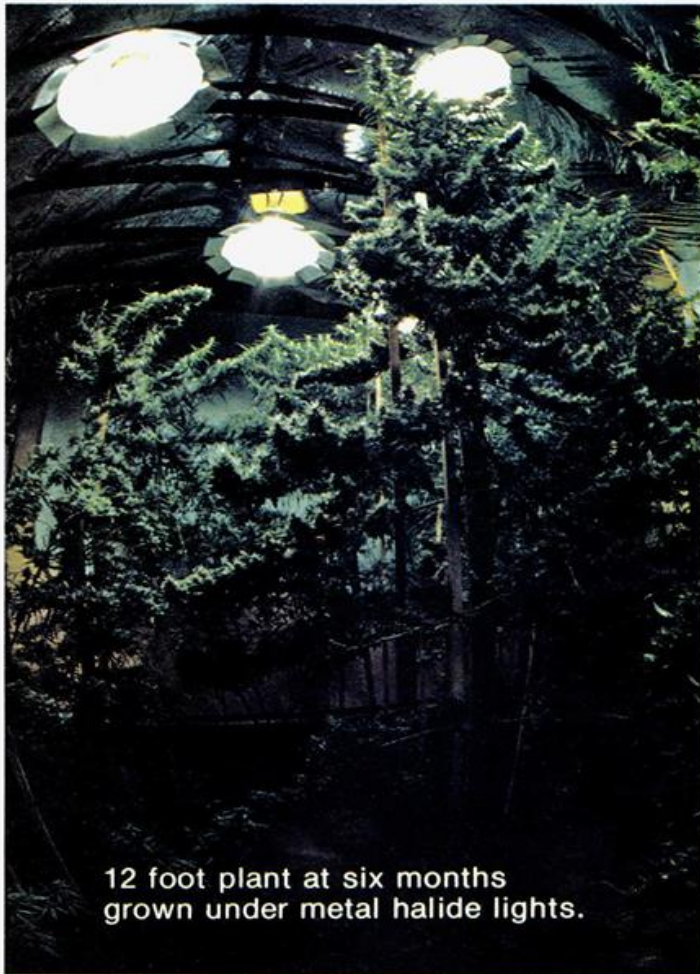
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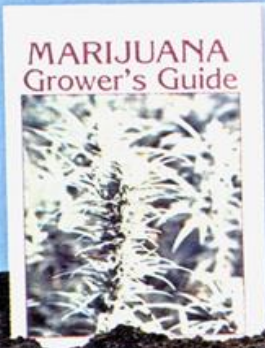
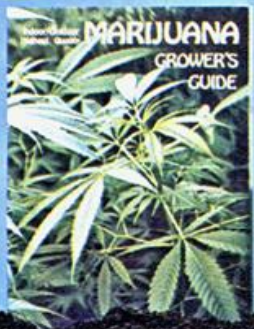
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Dope Deaths Denied

Q. In the September '78 issue of Playboy, in their annual "Drugs" roundup, I was alarmed to see an alleged ten fatalities due to grass. Also, the author of the article says, "It's best not to take any recreational drugs at all." Playboy then states that small doses of weed cause euphoria and alertness, but it says that in large doses the user becomes confused. I have never become any more confused than when I was sober. What were those deaths from anyway? Surely not from pot overdoses, perhaps from billyclub wounds. How could Hugh Hefner allow such slander?

—Midnight Toker, Houston, Tex.

A. According to the "Drugs '78" author, Arthur Stickgold, he got that grass-deaths statistic from the Federal Drug Alert Warning System (DAWN), a NIDA-DEA-sponsored "service." DAWN keeps tabs on hospital emergency wards around the country, and anytime a body turns up with drugs in the bloodstream, the drug is listed as a possible cause of death. If a body recovered from a 747 jet crash had marijuana in its bloodstream, grass would come out of DAWN's computer as a "cause of death." It just shows you how confused and disoriented the feds get when it comes to grass: it fucks them up to the point where they can't program their computer data properly.

However, NIDA's Mary Carol Kelley informs us that DAWN's data has lately been properly reprogrammed, and marijuana is not currently listed as the cause of any deaths whatsoever.

Noise Eater in Works

Q. I live on a big-city corner where several gas lines intersect under the street, with the result that three days out of seven, jackhammer racket drives me out of my mind as the repairmen tear up the asphalt. What's a cheap way to soundproof an apartment? —J. Mills, Boston, Mass.

A. There is no cheap soundproofing method. A local insulation contractor can fill up your wall partitions with styrofoam so that the sound is pretty well eliminated—but it'll cost you plenty.

If your head can take it, wait a couple of years for scientists in Britain to perfect their "sound sucker." Doctors at London University's Chelsea College have successfully tested a system that effectively "eats" noise. Two loudspeakers in front of a noisy fan catch the sound and then broadcast it back at the fan. Since all three units—the fan and both speakers—are slightly out of phase with each

other, all the noise waves are mutually annulled. What's more, the noise energy generated by the fan is sufficient to run the speakers. If you could get together with some smart electronics students, maybe you could work out something similar, employing the jackhammers themselves as energy sources.

Protect Your Penis

Q. I enjoyed your "Sex Toys" and "True Smut" articles in the October '78 issue. Perhaps you can help me. Where can I purchase a penis enlarger or similar product?

—D. Packer, Spartansburg, S.C.

A. The best and only way to make your cock bigger is to let it be played with by somebody you like a whole lot. Beyond that, what you see is what you've got, and there's no future in worrying about it. No "penis enlarger" gimmick can possibly work, and most such devices on the market are downright lethal. Beware particularly of any device that works on a vacuum-tube principle, with your joint supposedly inside the tube, because these things can very easily generate air bubbles in your penis's veins, which will migrate to your heart and kill you.

Mushrooms Should Be Decrittered

Q. Earlier this evening we ate a few North Carolina psilocybin mushrooms before noticing on the last couple of bites that they were infested with white worms. Now we feel sort of sick. Could this be harmful?

—Feeling Icky in Virginia

A. Not very likely. In primitive Mexico, mushroom eaters actually savored the bugs and worms with which the mushrooms were commonly infested, regarding them as a much needed



Stropharia cubensis: bake before serving.

source of protein. Contemporary mycophagists, though, lightly cook their psilocybins before eating them, to kill any parasites. Since wild mushrooms commonly grow on animal manure, it's conceivable some could be infested with animal parasites or their eggs; but to our knowledge, nobody has ever picked up tapeworm from a magic mushroom. Growing your own is a good way to avoid the problem entirely.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Adviser," including all highs, health, sex, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Please be specific. Anonymous queries are accepted. □

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Dope and the Running High

by Jim Lilliefors

Now that we no longer call running exercise, now that it is recognized as a bona-fide high, there is a new concern, as with all highs, to learn more about it, to discover ways of making it more intense and less unpredictable. Some accentuate the sensation by running through alluring scenery. Others combine the running high with alcohol and drug highs.

For instance, the author of one of the top running books currently out on the market has lately taken to the habit of downing a quick bourbon and coke each day before stepping out the door for his afternoon run. And George Sheehan, the middle-aged best-selling writer who became a hero by drinking beer after beer during the 1977 Boston Marathon, is always glad to explain the merits of drinking while running.

A lot of runners drink. A fair number smoke marijuana. At least several of those who qualified for the 1976 Olympic Marathon trials were occasional pot smokers. At one point in 1977, two-thirds of the editorial staff of *Runner's World*, the world's largest-circulation running magazine, were frequent marijuana users. One tried running while on LSD a couple of times, although he wasn't sure whether his reaction was positive or negative. "After I finished, I wasn't really aware I had run at all," he said. And, in places like Malibu and the Hollywood Hills, you'll find joggers who use cocaine (and even more cocaine users who jog), some of them quite well known.

Of course, most of the evidence of running and drugs is still scant and protected, since running has traditionally been a sport for purists. Lately, though, it's been accepted that beer works as an additional high for many runners (*Newsweek* recently picked up the results of a study showing that runners significantly outdrink nonrunners). Less accepted and understood is marijuana use, though hundreds of thousands of runners probably use it, some while running.

The two basic reactions to running while high on marijuana are similar to those that occur to the beer-drinking run-

ner: "It just made me feel heavy and uncomfortable" and "It relaxed me and made me better able to enjoy the run." Usually, the second doesn't happen until the first has been happening awhile. It helps to have patience and a temperament that is easily relaxed. Something will happen to your sense of time; either you will become too aware of it and the run will drag, or you will forget it and so the run will seem easier.

"I'm able to go farther if I've smoked first," said a Chicago freelance writer and regular contributor to *Runner's World*. "I don't worry about how long I've been going."

Marijuana tenses muscles, particularly those around the eyes, face and neck. Because of this, even though many find pot mentally relaxing, it is difficult for a regular user to ever become fully physically relaxed. Running might help this, though yoga and meditation would probably be more effective.

But for psychological relaxation, there are indications that marijuana can be valuable. Some competitive runners say they get high the day before a competition. Their reasoning is the same that 1972 Olympic Marathon champion Frank Shorter gave for his unusually large beer appetite: "It's a good way to relax." Shorter had one and a half liters

**Pot keeps you
loose and lets
you enjoy
running—the longer
the run the
higher you get.**

the night before picking up his gold medal. Though physiologists will tell you this should have a detrimental effect on performance, Shorter would probably tell you it helped him psychologically.

In response to the survey, a New York City runner said, "I have heard and read about prerace insomnia. I've decided to share with other runners a cure which, at least in my case, does not affect performance one way or the other: lots of pot."

More common, though, is the runner who gets very relaxed the night before a race smoking pot, then wakes the next morning to find that his racing shoes suddenly weigh 50 pounds each.

Marijuana use by world-class athletes in all sports is a reality. In the early 1960s, Joe Pepitone of the New York Yankees used to get high frequently, and in his book *I Remember Mickey* he reveals that he once got Mickey Mantle stoned before a game.

Although marijuana use among world-class runners is known to exist, its



Zimmerman



Dennis Hallinan

precise nature is one of those dark secrets that will probably not be revealed until the 1990s.

But lesser runners sometimes have a suffering compulsion to tell of their experiments. In the survey I took, none of the questions were even remotely related to drug use, yet more than a half-dozen respondents anxiously explained their marijuana approach to running. Some, such as R.B. from Huntington, West Virginia, said they enjoyed mixing three great American highs: alcohol, marijuana and running.

"Although many people have written about the way they enjoy running best," said R.B., "no one has yet mentioned my favorite. For this reason, I am contributing an account of a typical run from start to finish. First, my friend and I sit on the floor and stretch and loosen up while listening to music. Then we smoke a little pot, grab a drink of water and take off. As you know, it is important to stay loose while running. We firmly believe the pot helps us to do this. We usually run on a course with at least one big hill. This is a tremendous challenge. The feeling on topping the hill can only be described as euphoria.

"We've never been on a rigid training schedule, so I guess we could be



classified as fun runners. We often kid around while running, like splashing mud puddles on each other or singing, but I think we could compete with anyone who puts in the same mileage. We usually run 5-9 miles. We also often drink beer before, after and during runs. We are considered partyers by half of our community and health nuts by the other half. In my opinion, we have found a way to combine the two for a good time and good health."

If there is a danger to combining running and marijuana smoking, it is probably more psychological than physical. There is the inclination for runners to become immune to those anxiety-wrecked worries that nonrunning smokers sometimes suffer—that they are tearing down their systems, their lungs and their will power. Running, after all, builds those very three things.

And running works on improving attitude, so worry isn't as prevalent. Runners are less worried than nonrunners. Brian Wilson will tell you so. Senator William Proxmire will tell you so. Alice Cooper will tell you so. Dinah Shore will tell you so. Linda Ronstadt just told Rolling Stone that "running is the only panacea that I've ever known of. I'm convinced that it can make up for a lack of

good diet, but that a good diet can't make up for a lack of exercise."

Bad diet, an alcohol habit, drug use: these are problems that running can rationalize into extinction. This can be bad.

Running can evolve into a rationalization for a high rather than the high itself. There are many runners who say that they run mostly so they can drink. Sometimes, when this happens, the next step is that the running becomes unenjoyable, if only because it is an obligation. If the burden becomes too great, you quit running and are left with your bad habit. Then you start getting the worries.

George Sheehan recently said that running and drinking is fine but the danger is that you become alcoholic if you're not careful. This, of course, is always the gamble of combining highs, that one will eventually win out. Some who know Frank Shorter and many who've seen him at parties are convinced, for instance, that he will become a problem drinker just as soon as he is no longer a world-class runner (you can't call him a problem drinker now, because he runs more than 100 miles a week). At a party not long ago, following a spec-

tacular indoor victory in San Diego, Shorter was counted drinking 13 beers. He was up the next morning, though, on a 12-mile run.

Runners are often of that breed plagued with addictive personalities. They like to eat. They like to drink. They like to get high. And they often have the financial security to pursue their addictions, whether it be something as positive as TM or as negative as drug abuse. This is perhaps why jogging has become the smart set's number-one recreational pastime.

A 1976 study by Dr. Peter Wood of Stanford University revealed that a sampling of runners in California drank twice as much alcohol as a group of nonrunners and drank 3-4 times as much wine. But no one has taken a survey of the effects or frequency of combining running and marijuana. Some doctors might say it's not bad, but no one knows. And no investigations have been launched.

In 1976, Runner's World received an interesting article on running and marijuana—a personal account—and the editor, knowing it would never get by his publisher, rejected it quickly with a note saying, "If alcohol caused such a stir, you can imagine what this would do." Runner's World had, you see, recently published the results of Dr. Wood's study and shortly afterward began



receiving angry letters from high-school coaches in Montana and South Dakota who claimed the survey was probably biased, possibly fictitious and certainly of a corrupting nature. They complained about all the trouble they were experiencing having to hide the magazine from their athletes.

No one is sure how many runners get high from drinking each day, though indications are that it is a lot. No one has any idea, really, how many runners smoke marijuana; though if you look around, you'll find it's also a lot. You can see them everywhere. In running clothes. Or business suits. Or Kiss T-shirts. Or long flowery dresses. Or roller skates. You may even be one yourself. ☐



The Ecstasy Professionals

by Steve Becker

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You will not, in all likelihood, see this ad in the employment section of your local newspaper—not for a few years to come, at any rate. But there is at present a real need for qualified personnel in the infant field of sex therapy, and when the infant grows up, you can be sure that sex surrogates—substitute partners for people who want to improve their sex game—will be in as much demand as nurses and dental technicians are today.

As early as 15 years ago, in the liberating wake of sex-research pioneers such as Kinsey and Masters and Johnson, scores of psychotherapists across the country began to use hired surrogates to help treat sexual dysfunctions in patients for whom regular partners were unavailable. In these early days, sex therapy with surrogates was largely a clandestine affair, discussed in hushed voices and available through referral only. More often than not, female surrogates were actually hookers who performed their tasks to the therapist's instructions. The role of male surrogate was all too often filled by the therapist himself, which later led to several highly publicized malpractice suits.

In the late '60s and early '70s, though, something happened. It was a time of upheaval, sexual abandon, consciousness raising, LSD and unrest. Students fought for and won (if only temporarily) a greater say in developing the curriculums they would study. And among the lasting changes they helped to bring about was an official recognition of sexuality as an integral facet of human relations and the legitimizing of its study and discussion in the college classroom. The field was opened. Psychology departments in colleges from coast to coast developed daring sex-research programs, many of which would draw on free-thinking student bodies for their subjects. The volunteers that Kinsey had recruited with



Mick Rock

Today's average female surrogate is healthy, intuitive, sensitive to moods. But more importantly, she enjoys and believes in what she's doing.

nervous discretion, fearing public censure, would now be gathered through unabashed display ads in college newspapers. And the sex surrogate would never again be a chippie hired on the sly by a hip psychologist.

At the risk of legal harassment and prosecution, sex-surrogate therapy came out of the closet and into the classified ads under the headings of self improvement and counseling. Though controversial, the emergence was a relatively quiet one. With few exceptions, there were no problems with the law. Public outrage, if any, was largely drowned out by public applause. The print media, from men's mags to dailies, reported the developments with a slant far more often humanist than scandalous, and noted therapists offering surrogate treatment, such as Pauline Abrams of New York, were invited to appear on network TV talk shows. And as sex-surrogate therapy achieved its rightful respect and acclaim, so did the surrogates themselves.

Today, according to information volunteered by a random sampling of a dozen sex therapists across the country, the average female surrogate is about 30 years old. She has studied psychology at the college level for two years.

She has taken additional courses in human sexuality and received thorough instruction and orientation from her employer. Physically she is healthy and average in all respects, neither strikingly beautiful nor homely. Her intelligence exceeds the public norm. Her communication skills are excellent. She is intuitive, sensitive to the moods and feelings of those she works with and able to describe them in a precise and analytical manner. She is at ease with her body, compassionate, selfless and cooperative in the execution of her tasks. But more importantly, she enjoys, and believes in, what she's doing.

The average male sex surrogate is in his mid 30s to early 40s. Employed part-time by the therapist, he is an established professional and a college graduate whose studies include a concentration in psychology. Physically, he would be characterized as neither handsome nor unattractive. He is relaxed, uninhibited and exacting in his verbal expression. Like a female surrogate he is well attuned to the needs of those partaking of his services, but he also possesses a number of special physical talents in the equipment department. He can summon an erection at will, retain it indefinitely and then come on command.

Though the surrogates profiled here can at best be described as paraprofessionals, they are indisputably a far cry from the class of therapeutic sex partners who came before them. And those to follow, people like yourselves, will doubtless bear yet superior qualifications.

Beyond all other questions, however, the role of the surrogate is essentially to fuck and tell. A man, for instance, who suffers from premature ejaculation, or even one who has a good sex life and would like to learn how to make it better, will go through a period of conventional counseling with the therapist in order to discern problems or develop goals. The surrogate is then briefed on the specifics of the client's case. At this point the client and the surrogate recess to a more comfortable environment and engage in sex. Depending on the method of treatment, the therapist may also be present. Upon completion, the surrogate, client and therapist confer to discuss their observations.

According to one sex therapist based in L.A., an average surrogate session might run like this:

"Myself, the client David, and Ilsa, the surrogate, are in a room together. The room is softly lit and there is a large comfortable couch at the center of it. I instruct David and Ilsa to be seated on the couch. Now David, who is only 22, doesn't exactly have what we would call a problem. He came here about his staying power, which at three to five minutes really isn't bad. But he felt there was room for improvement. You see, at this point I must consider David's situation, his reason for being here, because I must now create a scenario for him and Ilsa to enact. Knowing a great deal about David's social life, I tell him to act as though he had met Ilsa at a party and spent most of the evening with her before accompanying her to her apartment, where they are now. They are then directed to proceed. I note David's technique, the amount of time which passes before he desires intromission, the depth and frequency of his pelvic thrusts and the quality of his orgasm. When it is finished, we go to my office. There David relates his feelings on the session. Ilsa responds to him with her observations, and I give an overall evaluation along with suggestions for further treatment."

Without Ilsa, the surrogate, David would still probably have been able to enhance his staying power, but it may have taken months or even years. With her help in a therapeutic environment he developed the ability to maintain an erection in intercourse for up to 40 minutes, bringing greater joy to both himself and his occasional partners. As cases like David's become increasingly common in the years to come, the figure of the sex surrogate will surely supplant our Florence Nightingales and Albert Schweitzers as the ultimate Angel of Love. ♀

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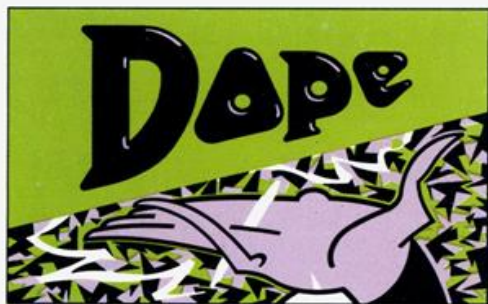
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"What Do You Call This Stuff?"

by "R.," Dope Connoisseur

Don't you think it's about time we had a better word to call the stuff we smoke? Aren't you a bit sick of hearing it called pot? Pot: that flabby ugly word conjures up nothing more magical than fat bellies, old stoves and self-righteous cooking vessels that have nothing better to do than call kettles black. Pot: doesn't it sound too homey and safe, too much like Pop, perhaps?

Who uses the word pot anyway? Hip lawyer, academic and professional types. The tweedy academic hip Donald Sutherland character in *Animal House*. Pot: a word these types utter in hushed reverential tones. "Very fine pot," they'll murmur with portentous solemnity as they prepare to loosen their ties.

Who else calls it pot? Simpleminded newspaper Sunday supplement features of the "Growing Suburban Pot Use: Trend or Fad?" variety. And don't you loathe the presumptuous condescension of people who use the word "pothead" as an epithet. Generally people who call others "potheads" are feeble nerds who never can get high themselves but envy the pleasure of anyone who does and use the intrinsic ugliness of the word pot to disparage the high they fear and envy.

"Well," you say, "if not pot, what?" What about some of the recognized colloquial alternatives: grass, weed, smoke, herb, reefer, etc. In my search for the perfect substitute for "pot," for a word that truly does justice to the magical qualities of the plant in question, I spent some time considering the advantages and disadvantages of the alternatives before coming up with what I believe is the One True Solution.

What's wrong with calling it "grass," for instance? Well, nothing *wrong*. But don't you think grass is a bit dry, a little flat, even boring? Does it really capture the subtle complexities, the fertile moist mysteries of marijuana? Does "chopped liver" capture the spirit of *foie gras*?

Grass and its sister nickname "weed" do have a nice self-deprecating reticence to them. And "weed," a word particularly favored by dealers in weight, does hint at a raffish outlaw sensibility. But, still, there's something missing from "grass" and "weed"—they sound too harsh and sarcastic, with none of the resinous poetry of cannabis in their utterance on the one hand, and yet too tame and reminiscent of suburban lawns, "turfbuilder" and KEEP OFF THE GRASS signs on the other.

Okay, you say, what fault could be found with "herb." A lovely mellow word, which doesn't

have the somewhat dated sound of '60s "weed" and "grass." No, "herb" is eminently modern, mellow, soft-spoken sophistication. In addition, "herb" has healing, medicinal implications just right for the health-food-conscious '70s. The problem is "herb" is so sophisticated it can verge on affectation. Anyone who is not a full-fledged *rasta* who utters the word "herb" risks sounding like someone trying to sound like a *rasta*, trying too hard to be cool and using dope slang to advance this losing cause.

Something of the same stigma attaches to the use of "smoke." The word has a pleasant evocative dreamy sound in isolation. But too often it's used in a way that inevitably sounds as if one is trying too hard to sound like some parody of a bebopper: "Hey, lay some of that smoke on me, baby." And unfortunately the diaphanous purity of the word "smoke" has been smudged and violated by the association with the acrid noxious fumes that escape from the floor sweepings in tobacco cigarettes.

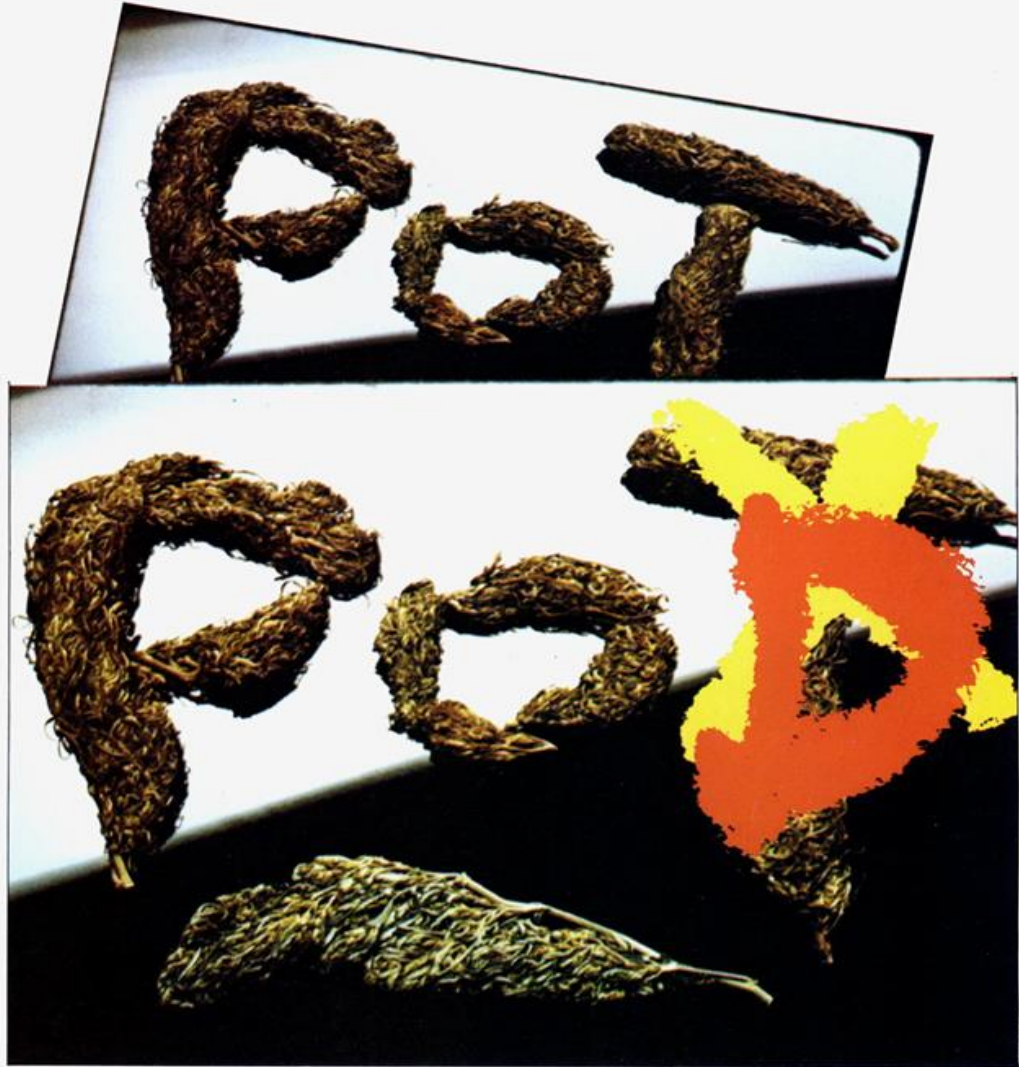
Finding just the right word to describe the ineffable pleasures of the stuff we smoke is no easy matter. Consider the number of words that served for a time and then passed into embarrassed silence. "Muggles" and "tea"—words that sound right only in Raymond Chandler novels now. Then there was "boo"—very popular in late-'50s/early-hipster New York City. Why boo? From "taboo," perhaps; but somehow words with such sly intellectual derivations don't stand the test of time.

"Reefer," however, that breezy-sounding oldie, older even than "boo" and "muggles," has been making a comeback—in part because of the intrinsic pleasantness of its sound (could reefer be

"Grass" no more catches the subtle complexities and moist mysteries of marijuana than "chopped liver" catches the spirit of *foie gras*.

the origin of "riff," or vice versa?) and in part because of the revived popularity of the dopey antique movie *Reefer Madness*. "Reefer" appeals to the delight cannabis consumers take in adapting tongue in cheek the inflammatory propaganda of the narc establishment. That explains the continuing popularity of "dope" as a nickname for marijuana. After all the hysterical warnings about "dope fiends" and the dumb confusion of marijuana with "dope addiction," smokers get a kind of pleasure in savoring the ridiculousness of these overblown warnings by saying they're "smoking dope." Indeed, I would not favor the title "dope connoisseur" were it not for the self-mocking irony implicit in the counterpoint of the two words.

Still, worthy and serviceable as "reefer" has been to smokers, it has an "oldie but goodie" tinge to it, a bit threadbare and worn-out now.



D.W. Mason

"Dope" is still amusing, but somehow for day-to-day use the deadpan irony of it can get tiresome.

I had begun to despair as my search for a substitute for the clearly inadequate word "pot" was not leading to a solution that was a new and substantial improvement. But just as I was about to give up I had an experience that for the dope connoisseur matched in intensity the drama of the climactic moment in Alex Haley's search for his roots. Do you remember that breathtaking moment when, after a 12-year search, Haley finally comes across an aging African oral historian who provides him with the missing generational ties that complete the fateful linkage of his American with his African roots?

It was with the same incredible excitement that I heard from the lips of that celebrated oral historian of the dope trade, the Original Dope Mover himself, the word that is the once and future name for that wonderful stuff we smoke.

I had been explaining to the Dope Mover my perception of the problem with "pot" as the universal word for marijuana. And he agreed it lacked something. He lit up a joint of his private stash of Oaxacan tops and began to muse about the origin of that ungainly word "pot." He began to reminisce about his early days smuggling Mexican in over the border to Tucson and about the veterans of that Southwest dealing trade that was the first to organize itself on a loose communal basis. "Back then," the Dope Mover was saying, "we never used to call it pot. It's funny though, we did have another name for it that sounded like that. Back then we called it pod." Pod. Suddenly, there in all its reverberant splendor was the magic word I'd sought, the perfect word, and a word that had been there from the beginning. Suddenly I realized that "pot" must be a mistaken corruption of the originally innocent and beautiful word for weed: pod.

Pod. Say it aloud. It's so much better than "pot." A marijuana mantra. The final "d" reverberates gently rather than falling flat like the "t" in pot, giving "pod" a far more resonant, resinous sound than the lifeless "pot."

In addition, pod suggests seeds, buds, pollen, odors, all the multi-dimensional sensual life of the fine plant, while pot ought to remain a word for a thing you plant pod in.

Pod has the additional advantage of suggesting the friendly congeniality of its roots in the heroic early smuggling communities of the Southwest, people who dealt with each other like true "podners."

It's a word that takes us back to roots deeper and more authentic even than the often cited early jazz-musician pod smokers. It takes us back to the plant, to the people who grow and harvest the pod, the noblest pioneer podners in smuggling and dealing, to the culture that made it possible for jazz musicians to turn sweet pod smoke into sweet soul sounds.

So what I suggest is that people begin to try out "pod." Every time you find yourself about to say "pod," try to shade it into "pod," gradually. See how nice it sounds.

There are a lot of good words for the stuff we smoke. I'm not saying weed, herb, dope should be abolished. I do think it would be a big improvement if we banished pot and started using "pod" in its place. ■

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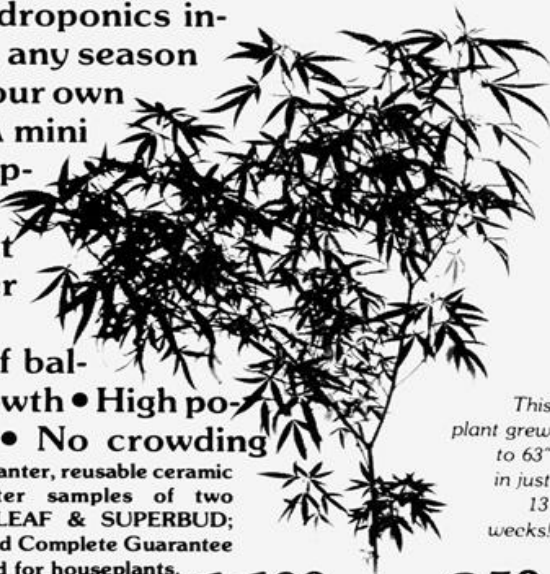
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The Crybabies of "60 Minutes"

by Deanne Stillman

Boy, is Morley Safer ever a sob sister. And that goes double for Mike Wallace and Dan Rather! What's with these guys anyway? Every Sunday night, week after week, it's this guy lost his life savings, that guy sold his arm, and this guy got ripped off by the cheese-of-the-month club. It's enough to make you want to switch to ABC for the Hardy Boys. Now *they're* investigators.

What really gets me is that "60 Minutes" is supposed to be the best investigative-reporting show in the business. This is because Safer, Rather and Wallace have a lot of flash and look like they're *really* getting to the bottom of things. Morley Safer is considered friendly but tough because he appears . . . friendly but tough. Dan Rather is considered feisty because he appears to be . . . feisty. And Mike "Do you mean to sit there and tell me" Wallace is considered mean because he comes on like he's . . . mean.

But when you get down to it, all they're really doing is crying, weeping, sobbing. Not that I have anything against this particular emotion, but the reporters of "60 Minutes" are always crying over the wrong things. Like the time Morley Safer uncovered some kind of "diamond scam." It seems they dug up a geezer out on the prairie somewhere within hog-calling distance of Shawnee, Kansas, who spent \$12,000 on a telephone diamond deal. In other words, this

"60 Minutes" is supposed to be the best investigative-reporting show. This is because Safer, Rather and Wallace look like they're really getting to the bottom of things.



Mike Wallace: tough, but can he hit?

chump bought some jewels he'd never seen from some jerk he'd never met over the telephone! The diamonds, as it turns out, were worth only \$4,000. "I spent a good part of my life savings . . ." this guy tells Morley.

Well boo hoo! You can cry over this poor excuse for an American if you want to, Morley, but I'll tell you what really breaks *me* up about the diamond business! What about all those slaves in Africa who have to haul those diamonds out of the mines? Well, what about them? Do you think they've ever seen \$4,000 in their entire lives? Do you think they care about some calcified creep who keeps them in chains by investing in diamonds? As P.T. Barnum said, a sucker is born every 60 minutes. So why don't you just

keep your tears to yourself, Morley, unless you can think of something to really cry about?

Then there's Dan Rather. He thinks he stands up to people the way Dry Sack sherry stands up to ice just because he's from Texas. Take the time he went after some really big fish in his incisive expose "Highway Robbery." This episode found Dan visiting the Georgia Interstate and getting ripped off by crooked gas-station attendants. Can you imagine? Why it's enough to make you . . . well, it's enough to make Dan Rather see red. And not because he's mad! Because he's crying "ain't it a shame!" It seems the "60 Minutes" camera crew got some footage of a long-haired gas jockey in the very act of pouring oil underneath its car to simulate an oil leak. Then, Dan confronted him wearing—what else?—a cowboy hat (presumably something Mike Wallace or Morley Safer could never have done convincingly). "Did you pour oil under my car?" Dan bullied the poor, dumb gas-station attendant, who said no. The following week on "60 Minutes" it was announced that this particular gas station had its franchise license revoked by the oil company (Shell or Gulf or Exxon, I can't remember). But, Dan implied, there are still God-knows-how-many crooked gas-station attendants out there and still God-knows-how-many tourists getting ripped off (sob! sob!), so next time you, with your out-of-state station wagon, go on a cross-country trip, watch out!



Morley Safer: defender of the dumb.

A subject more worthy of my tears (and of Rather's bullying) would have been how consumers get ripped off by oil companies, not how some carpetbagger Yankee motorist gets taken for a few bucks by some starving redneck! But no, that wouldn't have provided enough drama. No visuals! Too many sides to the story! "60 Minutes"



Dan Rather: probably voted for McGovern.

sticks to the stuff with two—and only two—sides (good guys vs. bad guys) because the Truth supposedly lies approximately due north of center. And it's easier to get people to cry over simpleminded drivel about good and bad. Never mind that the targets are a few big fish in a small barrel. We're supposed to get upset, that's all! Get outraged! Write a letter to "60 Minutes"!

Lest we forget the biggest crybaby of them all, Mike Wallace, one would do well to recall the time he interviewed film director Robert Altman. The reason behind the decision to send Wallace instead of Safer or Rather is obvious: Altman is a Hollywood renegade; he does what he wants, not what the studios want him to do; how does he get away with it? That, at least, is the hype surrounding Altman, and anyone perceived as "getting away with something" in a very big way must inevitably account to Mike Wallace because Mike Wallace "goes for the jugular." But is Robert Altman the Devil? Must he be exposed? Is he doing something wrong?

In the "60 Minutes" cosmology the answer to these questions is an unequivocal yes, for why else would Mike Wallace have so relentlessly interrogated a "renegade" film director? The climax of the interview was when Mike Wallace raised his eyebrows, smirked and popped what was evidently the big question: "Aren't you wasting a lot of the studio's money?" This is the kind of question that implies that we are supposed to be upset if Altman's movies don't break even; we are supposed to be upset that Altman is "wasting money" (even if it's Hollywood's money); we are supposed to be upset that somebody is getting away with something.

Well, I'm not going to cry about Robert Altman's spending habits! I'm not going to cry about the spending habits of the entertainment industry! You want to know what's a dirty shame? I'll tell you what really gets me! "60 Minutes" really gets me, that's what! Those phony temper tantrums that Shana Kilpatrick and James Alexander—or is it the other way around—always have make me sick! And I'm sick and tired of crying over Palestinians, crying over Israelis, crying over land deals in Florida, crying over penny-ante pyramid schemes! You know what I cry about? I cry about the fact that "60 Minutes" is on the air, that's what! I cry about the state of American television journalism! And I say "60 Minutes," a "news" show out of Caesar's Palace by way of *The Front Page*, has to go. Hello, sweetheart, get me rewrite. ☐

Steve Cooper

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HIGHWITNESS

March '79 No. 43

Stroup: "Peter Bensinger a common enemy"

NORML Calls for Legal Pot

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Some 300 delegates attending the seventh annual NORML conference here unanimously endorsed the immediate legalization of marijuana, thus ending a ten-year battle over the long-term viability of marijuana decriminalization.

NORML delegates also passed a resolution calling for the formation of a presidential commission to investigate the legalization of dope.

"It's the Alaska version of decriminalization or nothing," declared NORML founder Keith Stroup. "We want the right to as much marijuana as we can put in our homes, as well as the right to legally grow our own."

The 34-year-old Stroup, who this year steps down as NORML's national director but remains chairman of the NORML board of directors, vowed that "the people who sell marijuana are also our friends, not violent criminals. It's about time we started backing them right along with the smoker."

"It only took us nine years to say we wanted legal dope, nine years of being hypocrites to ourselves and the smugglers who bring in the dope we smoke," added the founder of NORML.

Stroup, who will soon open a Washington-based national law firm specializing in drug cases, has turned the NORML reins over to cofounder Larry Schott, formerly head of NORML's Center for the Study of Nonmedical Drug Use.

"We're falling on lean times," Schott told assembled NORML-ites from as far away as Australia and England. "The key word now is survival. Let no one have any doubt about NORML. I'm in this for the fight, the same way when Keith and I swept out his basement ten years ago to open the first NORML office."

"This is a vulnerable time for us," said Stroup during his annual director's report. "But this is not a time for us to be timid. We have a common enemy, and that enemy is Peter Bensinger."

"I say abolish the DEA now," echoed Schott, NORML's new director. "Let's legalize marijuana and raise a few bucks. That's the angle for us to attack DEA from."

The NORML advisory board, the nationwide group of individuals who advise in forming policy, invited Georgia state senator Julian Bond and basketball star Bill Walton to join as part of the overall policy-making group. The board also condemned the government's use of military personnel and technology for domestic law-enforcement purposes, the use of chemicals for



The passing of the scepter: NORML's new chief, Larry Schott, graciously accepts a joint and command of the ten-year-old pot lobby from former director Keith Stroup.

marijuana eradication and the revision of FDA policies regarding marijuana research on women of child-bearing age.

Although White House and other government officials were present throughout the weekend of meetings and parties, the high spot was the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mitchell, the blind parents of Jerry Mitchell, the young man condemned to seven years inside a Missouri prison for possession of 12 grams of marijuana. The Mitchells came to the NORML conference to publicize the plight of their son, who was recently denied a pardon by Missouri's Governor Teasdale. Before his arrest, Jerry Mitchell had provided support for his handicapped parents.

"We came to thank all you people for what you have done for us," said Roy Mitchell. "We had given up all hope for Jerry until NORML came through for us. I want to thank you, and my wife wants to thank you." NORML is still attempting to secure the release of the 21-year-old Mitchell.

The four-day conference, which included a legal-defense seminar and panels on paraquat, women and drugs, and the use of nonmedical drugs, ended on Sunday afternoon when San Francisco attorney Michael Stepanian asked the crowd for a few moments of silence for the untimely deaths of San Francisco mayor George Moscone and selectman Harvey Milk. Both were heavily involved in the movement to legalize marijuana.

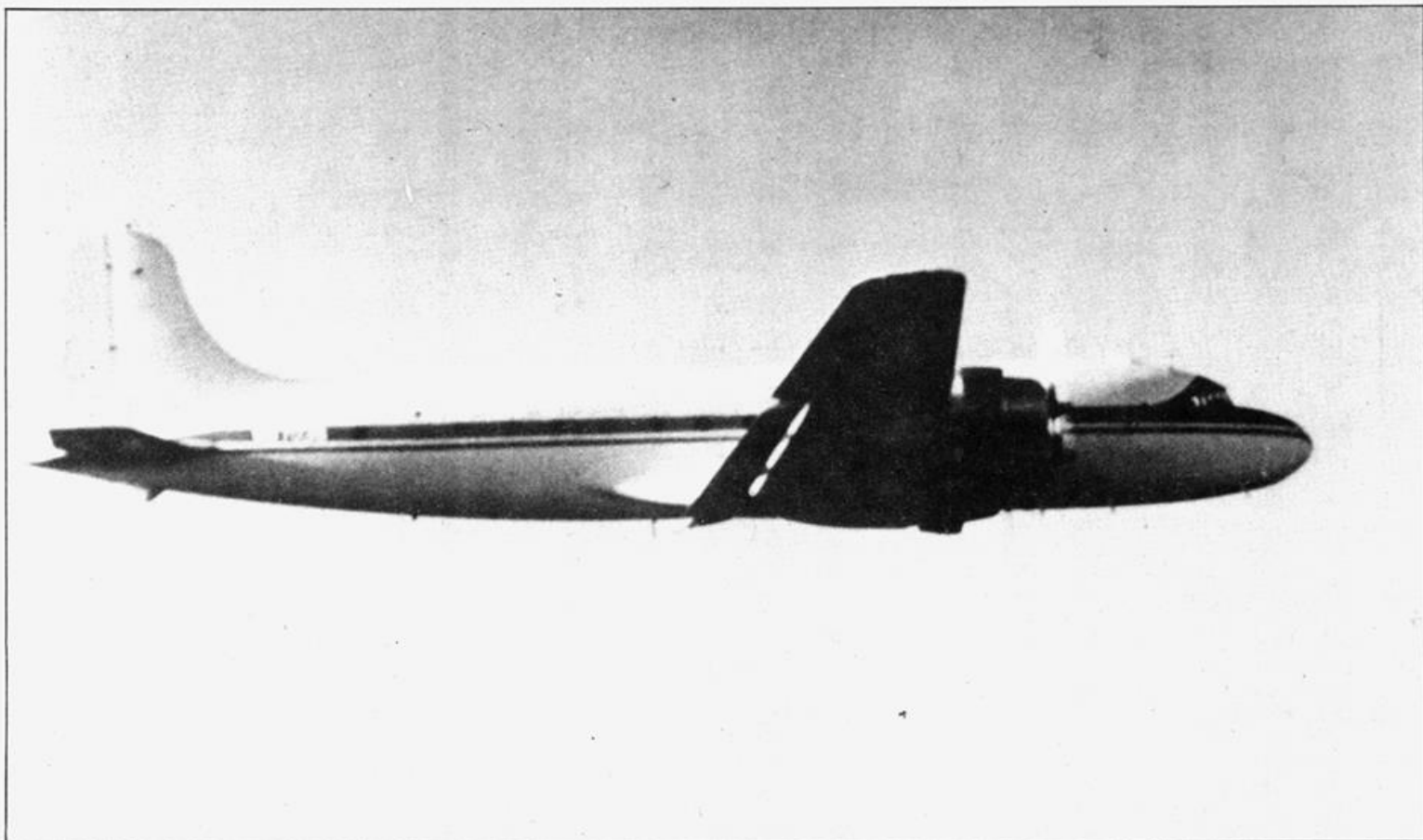
"These were people who were close to us, they were our family. Their passing has affected all of us. We will not be the same, but we can continue in memory of them."

The large question left after the conference was how the alcohol and liquor companies will react to NORML's new stance for the immediate legalization of marijuana. "I want legal pot," said Stroup. "Sure I'm concerned about over-commercialization of our stance, but I am sure that our culture is capable of preventing this. We don't need Madison Avenue to tell us where to get good pot—today or tomorrow."

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Historic Pot Plane Up for Sale



Celebrated marijuana smuggler Robert Eby's flagship DC-4 is for sale, and already a number of prospective buyers "with freight contracts in mind" have made inquiries.

The Polk County pot plane—the alleged flagship of smuggler Robert Eby's pot air fleet [see *High Times* interview, January '79]—has been placed on a Virginia auction block.

The DC-4, busted last year with three tons of Colombian marijuana stuffed in its cargo hold, had cost Hanover, Virginia, authorities some \$10,000 to maintain while waiting for sale at the Virginia Air National Guard Airport.

Morris Cramer, a retired Air National Guard mechanic who was hired by the county to babysit the plane, said that he is not sad to see America's most famous pot plane leave.

"Up to a point it was fun firing up her old engines," he said. "After that it got to be kind of a pain."

County authorities claim there have been half a dozen inquiries about purchasing the plane,

generally for use in ferrying heavy cargo. The officials added that several of the interested buyers have freight contracts in mind. "Hopefully legal contracts."

Meanwhile, the three tons of marijuana taken off the plane still sits rotting in trash dumpsters beside the county jail until alleged pot pilot Eby comes to trial. "You should see the pot in the winter time," said the county sheriff. "The icicles that hang off the marijuana are black with the juices that seep out."

"Mandrax Mafia" Eases South Africa's Jitters

CAPE TOWN, REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA—As tension and paranoia rise among South Africa's ruling white minority, the use of Mandrax—the European variety of Quaalude—is on the rise. From the English-speaking business community to the archly conservative Afrikaner-Boer oligarchy that runs the Pretoria government, the demand for black-market Mandrax has skyrocketed to the point that a new underground has emerged to move the drug on a fantastic international scale.

Comprised almost entirely of white men and women between the ages of 20 and 35, the Mandrax movers operate in loosely aligned syndicates out of Johannesburg, Durban and Cape Town, the Republic's most cosmopolitan cities. The size of the bank accounts of those few "low echelon" mules who have been prosecuted indicate that the dealers are immensely rich.

The stupendous "Mandy" boom began in 1976, when the Medical Control Council in Pretoria—South Africa's equivalent of the U.S.

DEA—rescheduled Mandrax with heroin and cocaine and ordained the destruction of all existing inventories of the tranquilizer. Untold millions of Mandrax tabs were bribed and burgled from pharmacies and warehouses across the country. The black-market price shot up from 1 to 80 shillings per tab, and the Mandrax mafia expanded into an international operation.

Today, Mandrax mules move busily on a well-defined jet-set circuit that comprises London, Cape Town, Karachi, Bombay and Nairobi. In some of these cities the pills are bought wholesale from established companies, and in others they are bootlegged in clandestine labs. All of it eventually moves into South Africa, where both the alienated youth of the fascist Boer oligarchy and anxious whites who foresee the inevitable takeover of their businesses by blacks use the drug avidly. In discos and mixed-race *shebeens*, a common method of getting high is to crumble part of a pill into a *dagga* marijuana joint and swallow—not inhale—the smoke.

Correction Wrong Rep. Busted in Miami

High Times magazine regrets identifying Florida Democratic congressman Louis Fry as the politico "busted by Miami cops for being drunk in the parking lot of a topless joint in nearby Dania" [October 1978 "Highwitness News"]. Actually, the person busted was *not* Fry, a junior member of the House Select Committee on Drug Abuse and Control, but the committee's ranking minority head, Representative J. Herbert Burke. Shortly before his reelection last November, six-term veteran campaigner Burke was cited by the *International Herald Tribune* as one of several U.S. Congress members who are regularly returned to office despite misdemeanor and felony raps.

Three Americans Reject Exchange Offer, Escape Bolivian Jail

by Chip Berlet

Three Americans made a daring escape from Bolivia's infamous Santa Cruz prison after rejecting participation in a prisoner swap that returned seven other Americans from Bolivian jails.

"We did not want to come back labeled as criminals," said Leon Albagli, 29, of Newport Beach, California. Albagli and two fellow prisoners flew across the border to Paraguay, where they eventually gained their freedom.

Albagli, along with Dale Hawkins, 29, of West Covina, California, was convicted of attempting to smuggle 100 grams of cocaine out of Bolivia, despite the fact that during the trial the prosecution was unable to produce any evidence. "We were beaten by our Bolivian police interrogators while DEA agents stood by," charged Albagli, "and both the police and the prosecutor offered to drop the charges if we paid them off." The extortion demands ranged from \$4,000 to \$20,000 for each of the Americans.

The two Americans, joined by fellow prisoner Ed Cunningham, 25, of Vancouver, Washington (reportedly charged with holding 1.8 kilos of cocaine), managed to get several guards drunk the night of August 16 and then forced their way out of prison. After spending the night hiding in a brothel, the three chartered an airplane and pilot to take them across the border to Paraguay.

When they reached the American Embassy in Asuncion, Paraguay, the U.S. ambassador gave them sanctuary and arranged for a flight to the United States. "But we forgot who we were escaping from," says a bitter Albagli. "We were escaping from the Drug Enforcement Administration, not the Bolivian police." According to Albagli, a DEA agent violated the order of the U.S. ambassador to keep the flight a secret and informed INTERPOL, who then arrested the trio again at the airport. After 58 days in a Paraguay jail, that country's supreme court ordered the

three released, and they finally reached the U.S. on October 13.

By late August, the new Bolivian government finally met the terms of the swap treaty and released seven Americans from its jails in exchange for one Bolivian held in the U.S. There are now some 25 U.S. citizens in Bolivian jails, most held on drug-related charges. "Three of the Americans still in prison have been held for over two years without sentencing," reports Susan Ritz of the Committee of Concerned Parents, the group responsible for pressuring the U.S.

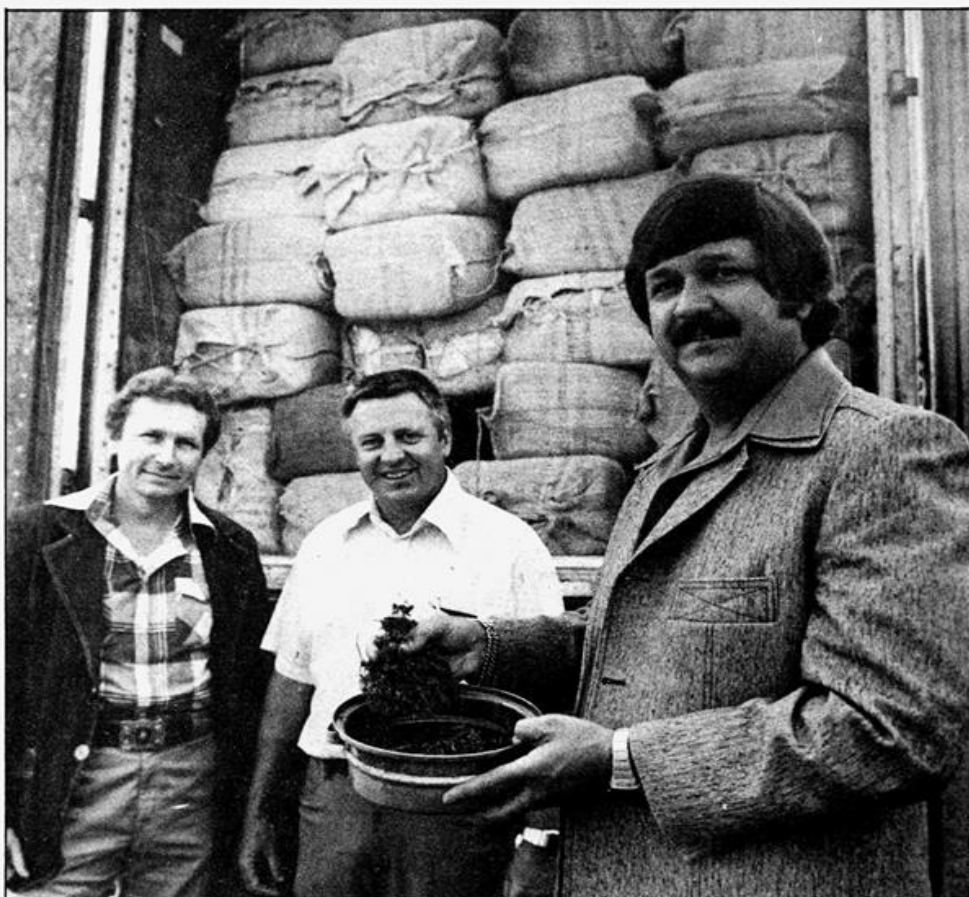
State Department into assisting Americans incarcerated overseas.

In a related matter, some 40 Americans held in Canadian jails were swapped for 18 Canadians in early October 1978. The exchange was the first use of a U.S.-Canada treaty signed October 28, 1977. An undetermined number of the 40 Americans were being held on drug-related charges. There are still over 100 Americans in Canadian jails, but all who applied for exchange under the treaty were shipped back to the States in the first swap.

N.C. Reefer Drought Sparks Chemical Binge

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA—"Operation Sunshine," the biggest undercover narco drive ever launched against North Carolina teenagers, has determined that the current grass drought in the state is proving a boon for bathtub chemists and drugstore burglars. "Chemicals are definitely on the rise," notes undercover cop Joe Carter. "The DEA and Coast Guard have done a good job of slowing down the bulk smuggling of marijuana. They've made it harder to handle and harder to conceal. So the dealers are naturally moving to chemicals. The chemicals are easier to conceal and easy to sell." A local dealer corroborates this: "Last year I was just dealing smoke. But chemicals are moving so good at the moment that I just keep enough grass for myself."

The biggest bootleg drug around North Carolina dope circles seems to be MDA, an amphetamine analog that is simple to bootleg with acceptable purity. "I do know that I could get all the MDA I wanted," reports narc Jim Fickey, who posed as a Raleigh street dealer for months. "It was no particular class of people. I was getting it from girls as young as 16, from working men and from high-school students." The meth-LSD analog MDMA, providing a four-hour hallucinogen trip, is also much in use locally.



Louisiana state cop displays a pot of pot discovered among 30 tons of Colombian reefer that was nailed, on a DEA tip, in a truck convoy outside Henderson. All was burned.



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Wide World

Fatal Crash Claims 14 Tons



A Colombian Air Force pilot cracked up this DC-6 full of pot 100 miles within the U.S. Army radar "defense" system.

FARMERVILLE, LOUISIANA—A Colombian Air Force pilot, hauling 14 tons of top-bud Santa Marta gold into Louisiana aboard an antique four-engine DC-6, flew a little too low while evading army radar and smashed into the tree-tops of a forest here. The predawn crash tore a 75-foot-wide swath through nearly a mile of woodland, and the dope burned for four days in the wreckage. The copilot was killed, the pilot and two others were busted by county cops, and two crew escaped.

Neighboring Farmerville residents were awakened by the crash and subsequent fire flare at about 3:30 A.M. and called police. The three Colombians were nailed trying to hitchhike about a mile from the wreck, busted, then treated for minor injuries. The pilot, suffering from a broken collarbone, had documents showing him to be an aeronautical inspector with the Colombian Air Force.

The big plane, registered to a dummy corporation in Atlanta, had successfully flown in from Colombia and passed over nearly a hundred miles of Louisiana without detection on radar from nearby Barksdale Air Force Base. Disgruntled locals subsequently asked the Barksdale Public Information Office if low-flying "terrorists" might just as easily bring in nuclear weapons past army radar. Replied PIO officer Richard Toothacre, "Air defense isn't our business, and I'm not sure anyone here could answer that question. We're in the business of hitting them back."

Domestic Pot Booms in Britain

LONDON—The cultivation of marijuana has become one of the British Isles' fastest-growing industries. Convictions for the cultivation of marijuana and hashish plants have more than doubled in the last three years, while convictions for simple possession have remained constant at around 10,000 a year.

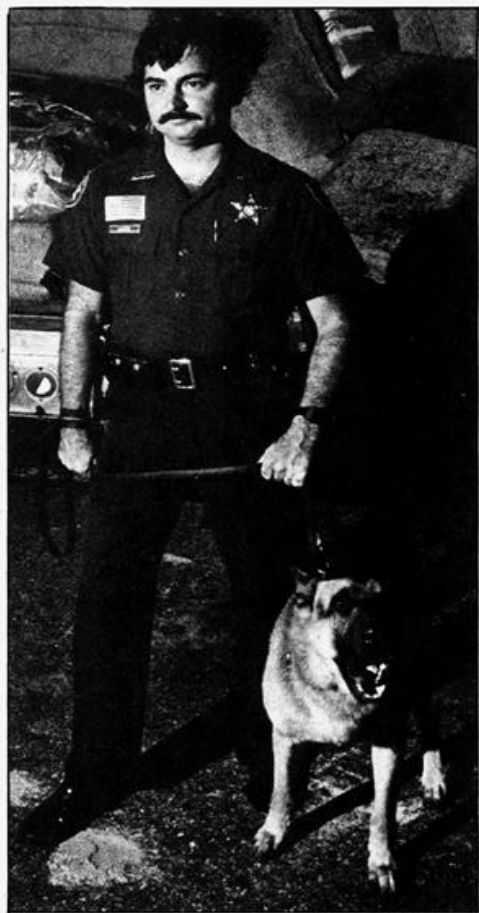
The latest statistics here show that 975 people were convicted of cultivation in 1977, compared

with 451 in 1974, indicating that a lot more people are entering this growing agribusiness.

The bulk of British homegrown comes from the foothills of western England. Known on the market as "West Country dope," it brings nearly \$50 an ounce. "It gets stronger all the time," said one western grower here on a selling trip. "The cops keep trying to find us, but if they can plant nars, then we can plant pot."



Quebec nars walked off with over 6,000 plants after a raid on farms in Portneuf County.



Toughest cop in Ocean Ridge, Florida, plants his feet before seven tons of fume; at left is officer Larry Austin, also guarding.

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Bay Area Transit Narcs Bust 15 Unioners

SAN FRANCISCO—The Bay Area Rapid Transit Corporation (BART), a state-run facility with its own police force, spent a year and a half conducting an undercover operation that resulted in the busts last fall of 15 BART employees on minor grass and coke charges. While BART officially insists that the extended and highly sophisticated investigation was undertaken for legitimate safety reasons, outraged transit-union officers charge that the "narco" cops were really union busters.

Three BART Special Security officers carried out the project. One, a station agent, evidently took few pains to keep his cover. "Word was out from the day he came on the job that he was a cop," says a union source. Another cop posed as a woman janitor, and the third, calling himself "Ed Britt," was actually elected union shop

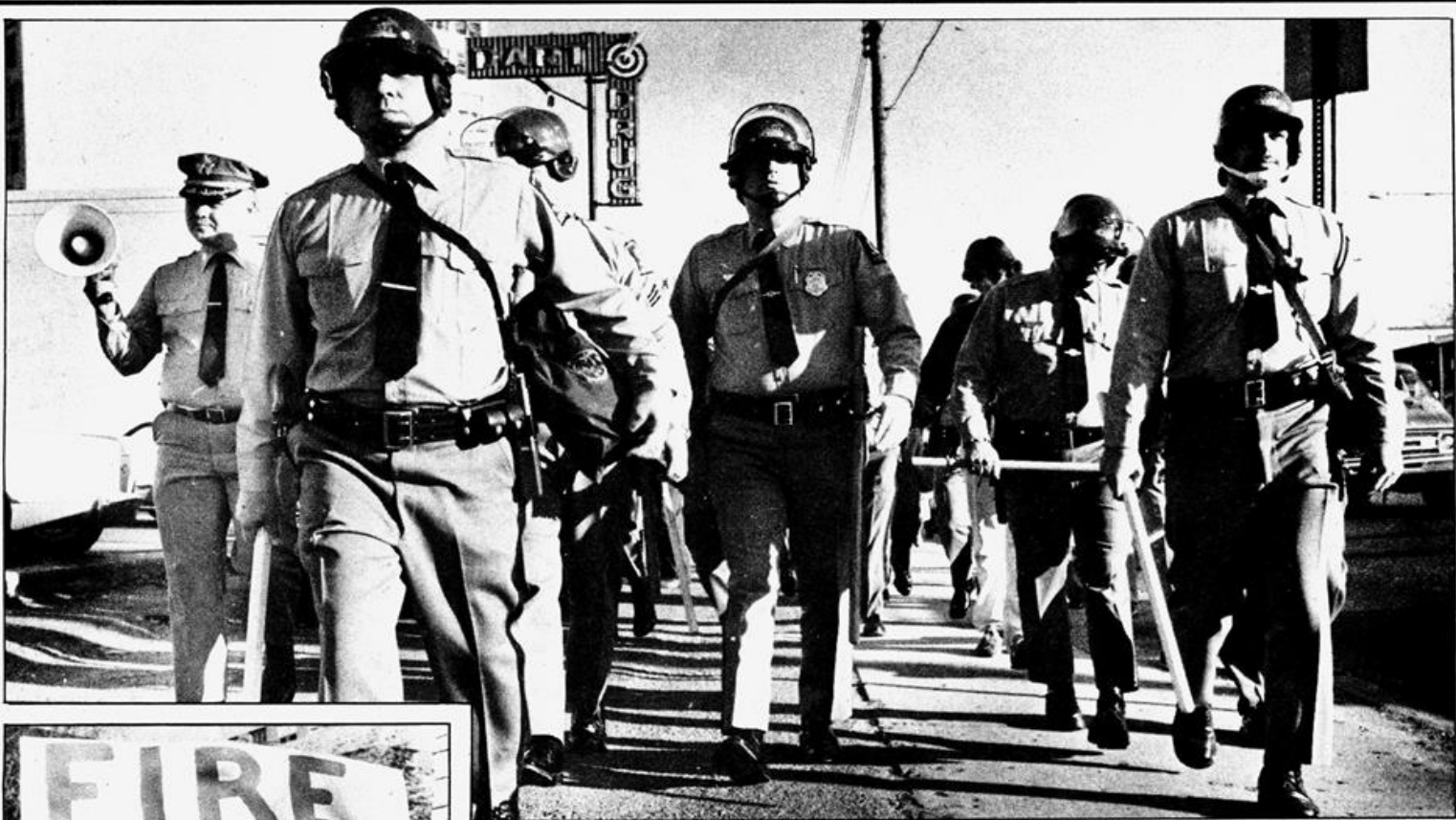
steward after six months on the job. "He seemed gung ho about complaining about management," explains Transit Union Local 1555 head Jim Danzy.

Britt was also a heavy dope smoker, coworkers said. "This guy would tell them after they finished work, 'Let's go smoke some pot,'" says Danzy. "A lot of people said he was always asking for dope, for marijuana." The news that Britt was a cop totally surprised a number of people who had known him for over a year. "To me he seemed to be a friend, a good guy," said one defendant, charged with a series of small stash sales to Britt totaling less than \$100. We used to have a drink together afterward."

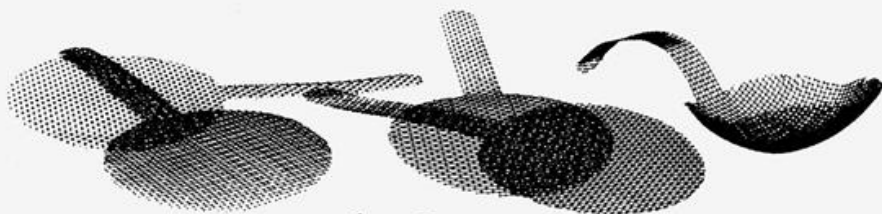
Over the year-and-a-half operation, Britt and the woman narc supposedly spent \$10,000 on buys, about half for coke and half for grass. None

of the buys was a major deal. "Jeez, I'm no dope dealer," protested one typical bustee. "All this has produced suspicion that the drivers are using drugs at work. That's ridiculous. They would be the first to know the danger. They don't do it."

Considering the exceptional length and expense of the operation, few informed people believe that dope was really the point of the BART management in instigating it. "I can't believe this nickel-and-dime bust was the sole purpose of the investigation," insists Danzy. "I knew we had snitches infiltrating our private meetings, and now we have a tendency to believe the snitch was Ed Britt, or whoever he is called." Local 1555 is contemplating charges against the BART narc, on the grounds that as shop steward he was legally obliged to keep the union members' interests—not BART's—as top priority.



Cops and high-school kids have been skirmishing continually in Chevy Chase, Maryland, since a smoke-in last fall. Police Chief di Grazia began busting kids for jays days after the event, sparking a series of outraged youth protests.



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High Crimes

30 Tons, 10 Million 'Ludes Sunk in New York Harbor

Biggest Bust in Big Apple History



When Gotham narcs descended on the 65-foot **Darlene C.**, they found hot food and coffee on the table and 10 million *Quaaludes* belowdecks. Most of the ship's 30-ton pot cargo had already been off-loaded.

An anonymous informer's tip to the Coast Guard led to the confiscation of **30 tons of Colombian reefer** and **10 million Quaaludes** at a closed dock in **Jamaica Bay, Long Island**. Although the dock was barely 100 yards from the Jamaica Bay Coast Guard station, the tip was called into the Guard's central station in New York Harbor, resulting in a bureaucratic snafu that delayed the raid for two hours. When the combined forces of the Coast Guard, DEA and Rockaway P.D. finally descended on the

place, the 25 to 30 men involved slipped away through a weedy junkyard nearby.

Most of the grass had already been off-loaded from a 70-ton vessel, the *Darlene C.*, into a couple of tractor trailers. The 'ludes, of Mexican make, were stowed belowdecks in ten wooden crates. When cops pried loose the boat's tacked-on name plaque, it turned out to be *Terry's Dream*, registered in Biloxi, Mississippi. Nearly every underground dope source in the New York area contacted by *High Times* claimed to be involved in the sensational incident in one way or another. One thing seems clear: the "anonymous informer" who snitched on the 30 tons of fume had no idea all those 'ludes were also involved.

● The **Kona, Hawaii**, drunk-driving task force chased a suspected drunken driver straight into **six acres of Kona gold** here recently. When they tried to pull a car over for a routine stop, the driver lit off through the streets of the town of Captain Cook, stopping briefly to discharge a

passenger, and was finally stopped a couple miles out of town. The drunk-squad cops found a pound and a half of Kona in the backseat and information that led them to get a search warrant for an open coffee field outside of town. There they found a 30-by-70-foot plot screened off with mosquito netting guarding a strand of tenderly cultivated young plants. In all, 171 plants, ranging in size from ten inches to 11 feet, were harvested from among the coffee plants, amounting to a combined wet and dry weight of 12 pounds. The driver of the car was arrested but later released pending further investigation.

● U.S. DEA narcs kept the lid on **1,760 pounds of hash** sitting at Leonardo Da Vinci Airport in **Rome**, bound for the U.S., waiting for someone to pick it up. The dope had been packed in 12 jute-wrapped boxes marked "ceramic objects," packed in Sri Lanka and flown in on Pakistani International Airways. Italian cops had bored in through one of the zinc cans and found the dope, but no one ever claimed it.

● A dope dog sniffed out **six pounds of Bombay opium** in a shipment of wooden elephant figurines passing through **San Diego, California**, Customs. The crates were tailed by Customs agents to a post-office box number, where a 19-year-old man and a 28-year-old woman were busted picking it up.

● A 53-foot fishing trawler loaded with **5,500 pounds of Colombian** was busted by **Broward County, Florida**, cops, who were tipped off by airborne Customs narcs. When the crew spotted the cops onshore they veered south toward Port Everglades, where they scuttled the craft on a reef and set it afire before diving overboard. However, a Coast Guard utility boat fished them out, doused the fire and saved the dope for future burning.

Simultaneously, the Miami SWAT team, aided by dogs and other narcs, stormed over the barbed-wire-topped wall of an Oak Street mansion and busted two men as the alleged shoreline connection for the trawler shipment.

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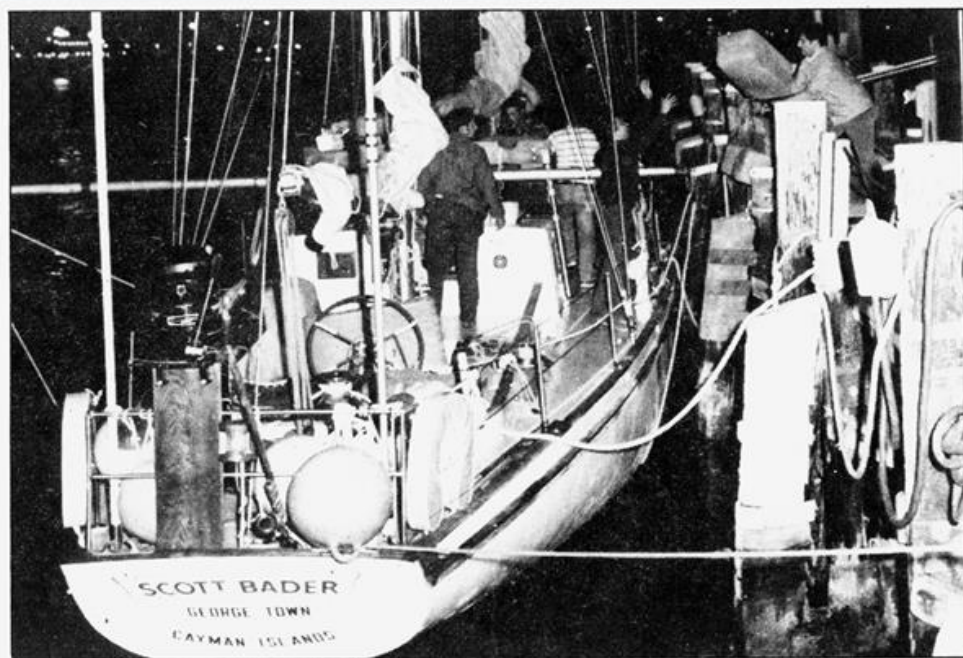
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Another shipment of Long Island-bound pot, this time seven tons, was busted aboard a sailing ship out of the Caribbean's Cayman Islands.

Bahama Cops Seize 450 Lbs. of Coke Stashed in Bushes

The latest monthly record breaker for Bahama's coke hauls is **446.16 pounds of pure toot**, which sat in suitcases for nearly a week on a little island before anyone showed up to claim it. The dope was found stashed in bushes on Staniel Cay near the point on the beach where a twin-engine Piper Seneca had been forced down by a Bahamian Marine Police reconnaissance plane. The pilot of the crashed plane apparently escaped. Cops staked out the seven cases for days, until two Americans and a Colombian finally came by, allegedly to look for them. The three are being held without bond.

● The Customs busts of two young female coke mules, carrying **39 pounds of snort** between them through *Miami International Airport*, led cops the next morning to a Miami "stashhouse" where **12 more pounds** and two men were picked up.

● The 30-year-old mastermind behind the proposed new Miami World Trade Center has been nailed holding a bag that DEA narcs claim held **15 pounds of snow**. The attorney was handing the bag to a coffee salesman, cops say, when both were busted at the salesman's *Coral Gables, Florida*, home. The lawyer has since resigned his post as president of the proposed \$20-million downtown construction project.

● *Brazos County, Texas*, sheriff Bobby Yaeger was recently summoned by a farmer who complained that his back pasture was littered with fat plastic bags full of white powder. When cops arrived at the farm they found **20 pounds of precut snort**, which they speculate had been dumped from a plane.

● Customs snoops at *Los Angeles International Airport*, inspecting an air shipment of wood products from Santa Cruz, Bolivia, discovered them to contain **five pounds of 98.9-percent-pure nose dose**. DEA narcs tailed it to its destination in San Francisco and busted the two men who showed up to claim it.

● One man among six busted with **1.2 pounds of toot** in *Columbia, South Carolina*, walked out of the DEA office there during pretrial questioning and hasn't been seen since. "I can't disclose the circumstances," says Special Agent Pierre "Pete" Charette. "There is an ongoing investigation. We are trying to determine how it happened."

● *Nashville, Tennessee*, socialite "Diamond Betsy" Inman has pleaded guilty of trying to move **47 pounds of white lady**, plus jewelry, through *San Juan International Airport*. Inman



Police chemist fondles 39 pounds of blow found on two young mules at Miami International.

arrived at Puerto Rico Customs off a flight from Caracas, bound for New Orleans and Nashville, carrying 13 separate pieces of luggage. Since she "appeared nervous," Customs narcs went through all her gear, turning up the coke, some 24 undeclared gold chains, six gold bracelets, 11 gold rings and a gold key chain. "The bags of cocaine, which could have fit in one suitcase easily, were wrapped in personal garments in two or three of the bags," says a DEA agent. "She obviously hoped the Customs officer would only conduct a spot check." Cops said she bought the coke in Bogota for \$200,000 cash and picked up the gold in Caracas.

● A New York City woman, having skipped bail in the *Virgin Islands* after being nailed there with **17.5 pounds of coke**, has been returned to St. Thomas by DEA agents for sentencing. The woman skipped out on an 18-month sentence, six months suspended, leaving her Colombian female accomplice on trial. Subsequently she was caught by the DEA in her Brooklyn neighborhood and extradited.

● Undercover narcs in *Phoenix, Arizona*, talked a Tijuana man into delivering a kilo of pure snort plus a kilo of mannitol to a motel room and then busted him there. The narcs say they were

trying to build up to a 50-pound buy, so as to nip an alleged Mexican syndicate that distributes coke all over the West, but since a kilo was evidently the best the man could do, they nailed him for it. "He was armed with a pistol and a stiletto," recalls Sergeant Allen Schmidt of the Department of Public Safety, "but he didn't make a try for it."

● **13.5 pounds of coke** in the possession of a Sebastian, Florida, man were seized at *Miami International Airport*.

● *Isla Verde Airport* Customs snoops in Puerto Rico, suspicious of a stuffed llama, pulled it apart and found **5.5 pounds of snort** inside. A 39-year-old Peruvian woman was busted for carrying it. U.S. magistrate Juan Perez sent the woman, a beautician, to Vega Alta jail in lieu of \$250,000 bail.

● A 47-year-old salesman in *Jacksonville, Florida*, has been sentenced to four years' probation after getting roped into a **ten-pound coke** deal by his brother-in-law and two other men. According to the salesman's attorney, the salesman's wife's brother had originally promised him \$3,000 and expenses for the use of his sailboat, the *Cajun Witch*, for an emerald-smuggling run to Barranquilla, Colombia, and back. Bad weather diverted the boat to Puerto Rico, though, where one of the men promptly scored the coke with the emerald money. The salesman/captain, in a panic, tried to set up a deal with a local pilot to fly the dope to Florida. But when the other smugglers started threatening his life, and his family's, the salesman agreed to sail it into Jacksonville—where all four were busted.

Hit Parade

It's spring and the world is mud luscious, and the little lame balloon man whistles far and wee, and Eddie and Bill come running from marbles and piracy, and it's spring, and the world is puddle wonderful, and the narcs and the Coast Guard are armed to the teeth, and it's spring, and the goat-footed balloon man is moving in tons under their noses as usual.

● **50,000 lbs.**, unloaded from two motor launches onto a Leesville, Louisiana, dock; 14 men, an 18-wheel tractor trailer and 10-wheel semi nailed by state cops.

● **20,000 lbs.**, on a 65-foot fishing trawler, 150 miles northwest of Miami; routine boarding by USCG *Dauntless* crew.

● **9,000 lbs.**, growing in field belonging to Monitor Sugar Company, hand-harvested by

Bay City, Michigan, cops; no arrests.

● **547 lbs.** of Paki hash, nailed at San Francisco International, after DEA agents tailed it from Lahore through New York Customs; five busted.

● **500 lbs.** of methaqualone and 1,900 lbs of precursor chemicals in a Valley Center home, 10 miles north of Escondido, California; one busted by LAPD.

● **5,727 plants**, Puna butter harvested near Upper Kaimu by Puna Task Force narcs; one man busted.

● **1,500 plants**, high up in the mountains near Santa Cruz, California, defoliated by county cops, who busted six for cultivation.

● **1,200 plants**, sinsemilla, burnt by Shasta County, California, sheriff's depts; two men busted.

● **500 plants** and 32 processed ki bricks, sinsemilla, seized near a Humboldt County, California, cabin by county cops; two busts.

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Narcs Nail Four-Year-Old Pot Farmer



Intrepid Santa Cruz County sheriffs in California raided a 42-plant suburban backyard pot patch and nailed the self-admitted cultivator—a four-year-old boy. "They're my son's," the cops were told by the woman who answered the door at the house where the grass had been spotted. Her boy, age four, was then grilled and admitted he took care of the plot and even guarded it from grassnappers. "Other people," he complained, "tried to take them away from us."

The cops confiscated the plants without busting anybody. The boy and his mother, they said,

had been illegally questioned before their rights were read.

● Massachusetts Senator Ted Kennedy, while making a speech on behalf of some local Democrats at the State Capitol in Madison, Wisconsin, was heaped with personal and political abuse by approximately 50 demonstrators. The demonstrators, from Take Over newspaper and the Madison Coalition to Stop S-1, began by chastising Kennedy for his unswerving support of S-1437, the repressive Criminal Code revision. However, the insults rapidly became more barbed as a number of the demonstrators began to heckle Kennedy about the death of Mary Jo Kopechne. Kopechne was killed when Kennedy lost control of the car they were driving in and it plunged off Chappaquiddick Bridge in 1970.

Kennedy remained calm during the chants of "Stop S-1," even allowing one of the demonstrators to come up and speak against the bill. However, he appeared quite flustered by the

sight of a woman dressed as the ghost of Mary Jo Kopechne. The woman carried a sign that read, "Teddy Why Did You Leave Me?" Though many in the crowd of 1,500 appeared displeased by the antics of the demonstrators, Wisconsin congressman Robert Kastenmeier made light of the affair, commenting, "It's politics as usual in Madison."

● The DC-6 originally used by Admiral William "Bull" Halsey in World War II has been sold by Florida narcs who seized the plane in a dope bust. The historic plane was found abandoned last spring on a strip near Vera Beach. When the registered owner, a Bahamian, failed to appear to claim the plane, Indian River County sheriff Sam Joyce sold it to Fort Lauderdale aviation broker Marvin Zylstra for \$22,296. Zylstra himself had sold the ship the year before to the absent Bahamian man for \$40,000. Police expect Bull Halsey's DC-6 to be back on the impoundment strip soon after its next sale.



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Ghosts from the past confronted Ted Kennedy in Madison, Wisconsin.

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Say Sen. Joe McCarthy Was Morphine Addict

Senator Joseph McCarthy, of the famous 1950s witch hunts against communist subversion in high places, was allegedly a morphine addict. Washington gossip Maxine Cheshire reports in a recent Ladies' Home Journal that throughout his super-patriotic career, McCarthy was scoring regular fixes of pharmaceutical morphine from a drugstore near the White House. The dope was provided on a special prescription arranged by his bosom chum Harry Anslinger, head of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics.

● **Richard "Rick the Vic" Mayes**, curate of St. Mary's Church in Southend, London, has been sentenced to nine months in jail for smoking grass with a teenage punk group called **Nigel and the Ripsnorters**. Prosecutor Guy Whitburn alleged that the Rev. Mayes, 30, had first met the group's members when his motorcycle broke down in their hometown. The mother of one of the youths involved invited him in for supper and let him camp in her garden while he fixed his bike. As three of the boys were helping him, "He rolled a joint and passed it around in a circle involving these young men," charged Whitburn. The youths, aged between 17 and 21, "had apparently not previously been introduced to the dubious pleasures of cannabis," Whitburn added. The three punkers testified that the Rev. Mayes had obviously assumed they'd tried grass before and that he vigorously condemned the use of alcohol, tobacco, speed and other stimulants.

The bust came down when Nigel and the Ripsnorters were invited to play a concert at St. Mary's and stayed at the vicarage. There, police busted Ric the Vic for supplying cannabis to the youngsters. It appears that the Rev. Mayes was turned in by his own grass connection—a 19-year-old London dealer—who got off with six weeks in jail.

● **Moe Koffman**, Canadian saxophonist who performed the "Swinging Shepherd Blues" back in the '50s, has been given two years' probation and fined \$500 in Ontario Provincial Court for possession of one ounce of coke in his home.

● District of Columbia patrolman Ronald Powell was on routine patrol around Georgetown when he spotted a 31-year-old man driving along smoking an obviously hand-rolled cigarette. When the cop stopped the man's vehicle, he allegedly was freely shown by the driver that indeed it was a marijuana spliff and that there was also a baggie holding two more ounces in the car. At that point a fight reportedly broke out between the two, which culminated in Patrolman Powell chasing, body-tackling and busting Drug Enforcement Administration agent **Donnie Smith**. Shortly afterward, agent Smith took his annual leave from the federal narc squad.

● Swedish discus thrower **Ricki Bruch**, bronze medalist at Montreal in 1976, has revealed that "101 percent" of all the athletes at the last Olympics were hyped up on dope, and worse. Bruch told London BBC interviewers that drugs given to a female Swedish gymnast to retard her development into puberty had given her cancer and that an overdose of anabolic steroids administered to a Russian weightlifter had caused his testicles to explode. Bruch himself, he claims, has had a nervous breakdown, which he attributes to steroid injections.

● **Richard Penniman**, aka **Little Richard** of "Good Golly Miss Molly" fame, has been off



Commie hunter Joe McCarthy: the senator was constantly stoned.

dope and on Jesus for three years now. "Using dope, marijuana, angel dust, cocaine and heroin" had previously been his chief recreations, he confesses. "All I wanted to do was have orgies, get high and sing all my old hits." Deaths in his family and among his friends turned Little Richard on to God, however, and nowadays he spreads the "beautiful word" for a Nashville

Bible corporation.

● One of Tokyo's most fashionable plastic surgeons, **Shohei Oshiumi**, has been busted with his wife on suspicion of violating the federal Stimulants Control Law. The couple, who ran a top eye-fixing clinic at Tsukiji in Tokyo's elite Chuo-ku district, were subjected to "stool tests" that police said turned up metabolites of speed.



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Challenge to Carter-Land Pot Laws Grows from Smoke-In Busts



CAMP coordinator Shay Addams: cops carried things too far.

Last spring nine people were busted in Atlanta during Georgia's first smoke-in, providing CAMP—Atlanta's Coalition for the Abolition of Marijuana Prohibition—with a test case for two sharp new legal challenges against pot laws. Arguing before state superior court justice Leroy Camp, CAMP attorney Scott McLarty charged that people busted for grass in Georgia are discriminated against unfairly. Under Georgia law, marijuana's medical uses can't be reviewed by the State Board of Pharmacy with a view toward its legal rescheduling, although

other drugs—like heroin—can be so reviewed. Junkies get a better break than grass tokers in Georgia, CAMP alleges.

Counsel McLarty is also citing a celebrated decision from antiwar days, which held that burning the American flag at a legal demonstration qualifies as a "symbolic protest," protected by the First Amendment right of free expression. CAMP contends that the burning of a joint at a legally assembled smoke-in is an equally "symbolic" act and that the constitutional rights of the nine bustees were therefore violated by the police. To defend themselves against this countercharge, says CAMP, the state's attorney will have to offer conclusive proof that grass smoking is materially harmful in its effects on humans.

● New Jersey's latest decrim bill squeaked out of the state Senate Judiciary Committee for an uncertain reception in an eventual floor vote.

"The outcome is very much in doubt," admitted Senator Frank Dodd (D.-Essex), promoter of the bill, which would ordain a \$50 fine for possession of up to an ounce of grass or six grams of hash. Currently, possession of more than 25 grams of grass or 5 of hash will get you six months at least in Jersey.

Opponents of the bill spent barely an hour in debating it—just long enough to shout down any attempts to further liberalize it.

Governor Brendan Byrne and Attorney General John Keegan have said that they support pot decrim.

● The Nevada Supreme Court has granted clemency to a man who was serving a life sentence for selling five ounces of weed. George S. Pickard of Hawthorne, Nevada, was convicted for the sale of grass two years ago under a state law, since revised, that gave his trial judge the choice of sentencing him either to parole or to life in prison. Pickering got a life term for the ounces, even though the dope had actually been stolen from him, according to his defense counsel, by a 15-year-old boy.

The kid, who was described by the defense as "no lily-white individual around Hawthorne," had been caught trying to sell the grass to friends. The boy fingered Pickering as his supplier—though indications were that he'd broken into Pickering's pad to steal his stash—and the result was a life sentence.

Calling this "a blight on the Nevada justice system," chief state supreme court judge John Mobray called a special session of the Nevada Pardons Board, which voted 4-3 to grant clemency to Pickering. Governor Mike O'Callaghan cast the deciding vote, at the same time recommending that Pickering "get his act together" before applying to the parole board for release.



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Two Fayette County, Ohio, deputies maneuver to outflank an enormous pot bush, one of a hundred nailed in a raid on a Jasper Township farm. No one was busted.

Mark Rea / Record Herald

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AFGHANISTAN

Local kabul hash	good	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	marbled	oz	40-70
Shirac hash	stupefying	oz	2-3
Mazar-i-sharif	black, primo	kilo	100-175
Opium	knockout	oz	5-8
		kilo	50-80
		oz	5-10
		kilo	150-250
		6 pipes	20

CANADA

Domestic	off season	oz	10-20
Commercial	glut	lb	100-125
Colombian		oz	30-45
Connoisseur	increasing flow	lb	350-450
Colombian		oz	40-60
Hawaiian	variety, good to excellent	lb	450-550
Thai sticks	up	oz	180-200
Afghani hash	black slabs, worthwhile	lb	2000-3100
MDA	lovers' delight	one	20-25
Methamphetamines	crystal, good	oz	160-200
Honey oil	amber, tremendous	lb	1200-1800
LSD	blotter, microdot, caveat emptor	hit	2-4
Cocaine	short and sweet	oz	500-800
		gm	4500-7000
		oz	35-50
		hit	450-600
		100	1-3
		gm	100-250
		oz	75-125
		oz	1450-2000

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	good selection, quantity	oz	4-10
Commercial	leafy brown	lb	55-75
Colombian	improving, still ho-hum	oz	2-4
Colombian	poor to fair	lb	30-40
Mushrooms	OK supply	oz	10-30
Cocaine	excellent flake and rock	lb	750-1250
		oz	150-200
		lb	1000-1250
		oz	3-5
		lb	100-300
		oz	200-500
		lb	3000-5000

DENMARK

Domestic	good if well cured	oz	5-15
grass	expensive	kilo	150-250
Jamaican	luxury	oz	120-150
Moroccan	just ordinary	gm	2-3.50
hash		kilo	1800-2400
Lebanese	tons, some	gm	2.50-4
hash	red primo	kilo	2000-3000
Pakistani	brown, rubbery	gm	2.50-4
hash		kilo	2000-3000
Afghani hash	quality varies	kilo	3.50-5.50
		gm	2000-3000
		kilo	4.50-6
Nepalese	temple balls, very limited supply	gm	4000-5000
hash	smoke, don't eat	kilo	12-15
Opium	red star tabs	one	5
LSD		100	350
Cocaine	trampled on	gm	125-175
		oz	2500-3000

ENGLAND

Moroccan	medium quality	oz	45-60
hash		kilo	1500-2000
Lebanese	blond OK,	oz	50-70
hash	black excellent	kilo	1600-2000
Afghani hash	varies, some excellent	oz	70-90
Nepalese	hard to find	oz	70-90
temple balls		oz	30-40
Domestic	improving	oz	3-4
grass	orange microdot, nice window-panes	one	20-25
LSD	good, sometimes overcut	gm	200-250
Amphetamine sulphate		oz	

HOLLAND

Moroccan	medium quality	gm	2.50
hash		kilo	1250
Lebanese	medium to good	gm	2
red		kilo	1000
Afghani hash	fine quality	gm	4
		kilo	3250
Pakistani	always available	gm	2.50
hash	limited stash	kilo	1500
Nepalese		gm	3
hash		kilo	2000
Domestic	very bad	free	
Colombian	hard to find	oz	50-80
grass		lb	450-650
Cocaine	decent rock	gm	75-125
		oz	1300-2100
Chitral hash	black, O.K.	gm	2.50
		kilo	1250

MEXICO

Torreón	breathaking	oz	8-12
violet		lb	30-75
Oaxacan tops	rising potency	oz	4-6
Guerrero gold	smooth, but seedy	lb	50-90
Pueblo	good	oz	3-6
Magic	fresh, excellent	lb	20-50
mushrooms		oz	3-6
Cocaine	brown to pure white	lb	20-70
Opium	not much	oz	5-10
		gm	50-125
		oz	30-50
		lb	300-500
		oz	30-50
		lb	300-400

USA

Contiguous			
Top-grade Mexican	tasty colas	oz	25-50
Quality	good brown, record crop	lb	125-275
Jamaican	much	oz	30-40
Commercial	likewise	lb	125-300
Colombian		oz	25-40
Connoisseur		lb	200-375
Colombian		oz	40-50
Seedless	top stuff, scarce	lb	250-450
Colombian		oz	50-75
Colombian	precleaned, lazy	lb	500-675
shake	man's special	oz	20
California	stash only, very powerful	lb	250
cannabis indica		not sold	
Indian hash	smooth and trippy	oz	125-160
Colombian	speckled beauties	lb	1000-1300
seeds		lb	25
Pseudo sticks	California made, mighty fine	oz	750-1000
Didrax ups	orange "upjohns"	lb	2000
Methaqualone	do-it-yourself 'ludes	single	1-1.25
powder		oz	500-750
"Downtown" heroin	clean, powerful	lb	500-750
Wild Upland	lumberry, but potent	gm	100-150
Thai	excellent	oz	1500-2000
Mojave blond	sinsemilla	lb	1500-2000
California	tasty, potent, plentiful	oz	200-225
red hair	delish	lb	1500-1800
California		oz	50-125
sinsemilla		lb	450-1000
Jamaican	spicy new breed	oz	75-100
sinsemilla	astronomical	lb	500-850
Hawaiian		oz	100-175
Puna buds		lb	800-1200
Moroccan	erratic supply	oz	75-100
hash		lb	625-800
Lebanese	dirty blond, sleepy	oz	85-120
hash	overpriced, fair	lb	1000-1400
Black Afghani	pressed balls, knockout	oz	150-200
hash		lb	1500-1800
Nepalese	just decent, no buy	oz	100-150
Paki hash	the bigger, the better	lb	1000-1200
Thai sticks		oz	75-100
		one	800-1200
		oz	15-30
		oz	150-175

Hawaiian	biggest crop ever	oz	150-175
Hash oils	more potent	lb	1000-1750
PCP	Afghani to honey powder, the pits	gm	25-40
LSD	blotter, microdot, others	oz	400-800
Mescaline	clear caps, good	hit	60-75
Psilocybin	available fresh, frozen, dried	100	75-200
mushrooms		oz	2-3
Peyote	fresh, available	oz	1000-1500
Quaaludes, 714s	rare, many "boots"	lb	25-45
Cocaine	various qualities	one	100-250
MDA	scarce	100	500-500
Black Beauties	beware of fakes	gm	60-120
Crystal meth	ace	oz	1000-2000
		hit	35-60
		gm	40-75
		oz	750-1500

Alaska

Commercial	good buzz, abundant	oz	50-60
Colombian	mind expanding	lb	450-525
Connoisseur		oz	60-75
Colombo	getting better	lb	500-675
Domestic	thin supply	oz	25-40
grass		lb	250-350
Regular		oz	25-35
Mexican	good supply	lb	250-350
Hawaiian	small and large	oz	175-250
Puna buds		lb	1000-1300
Thai sticks	good blond	one	10-35
Lebanese	worth looking for	oz	200-250
hash	commendable	gm	10-20
Hash oil	honey	oz	140-175
Quaaludes	712s	one	10-20
LSD	714s	one	130-175
Cocaine	good blotter	one	35-60
Crystal	quality varies widely	gm	3-4
methadrine	very fresh	oz	4-5
		one	3-5
		gm	85-120
		oz	1800-2200
		oz	70-90
		oz	1000-1300

Hawaii

Puna buds	juicy, fruity, unreal stone	oz	110-160
Kona gold	sweet and fantastic	lb	1000-1800
Mauna Loa	buds look sugar-coated	oz	100-140
Maui	big fat buds, choice high	lb	950-1600
Leper grass	Molokai export, killer buds	oz	100-130
Oahu shake	nice buzz	lb	1200-1500
Leaf sticks	big leaves	oz	100-150
High-grown		one	75-100
seeds		4	1000-1500
Cocaine	wide quality range	gm	20-40
Amphetamines	black beauties	oz	5-10
LSD	white crosses	oz	.25
Lebanese	mostly microdot	one	2-4
hash	and windowpane	gm	10
Hash oil	light color, not bad	gm	10
Magic	short-term high	gm	10
mushrooms	lots of fun	free	

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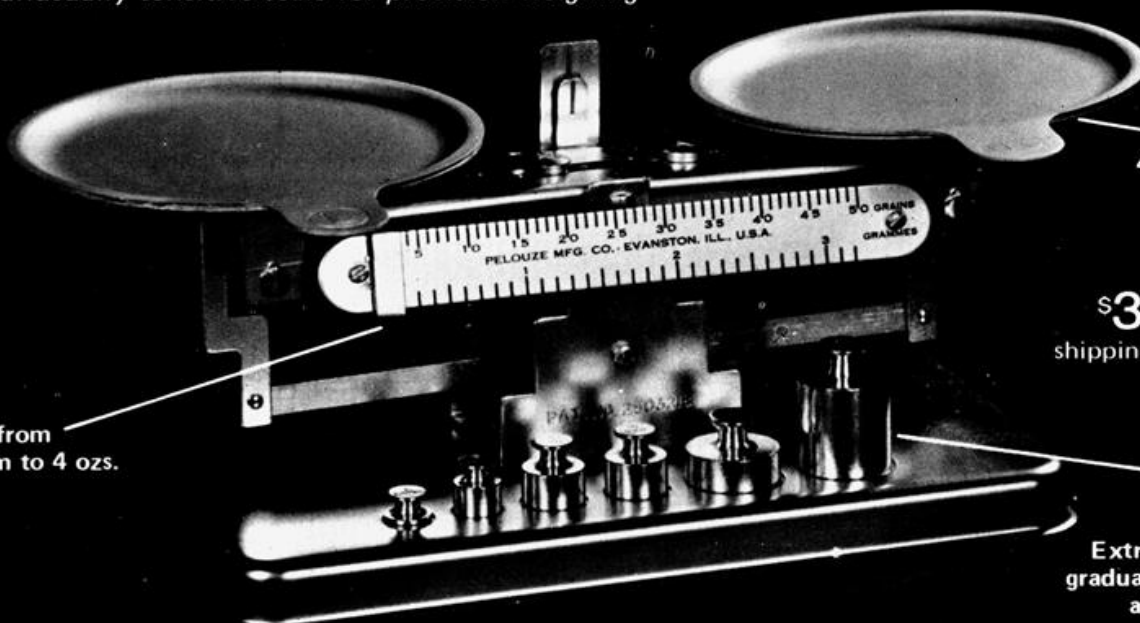
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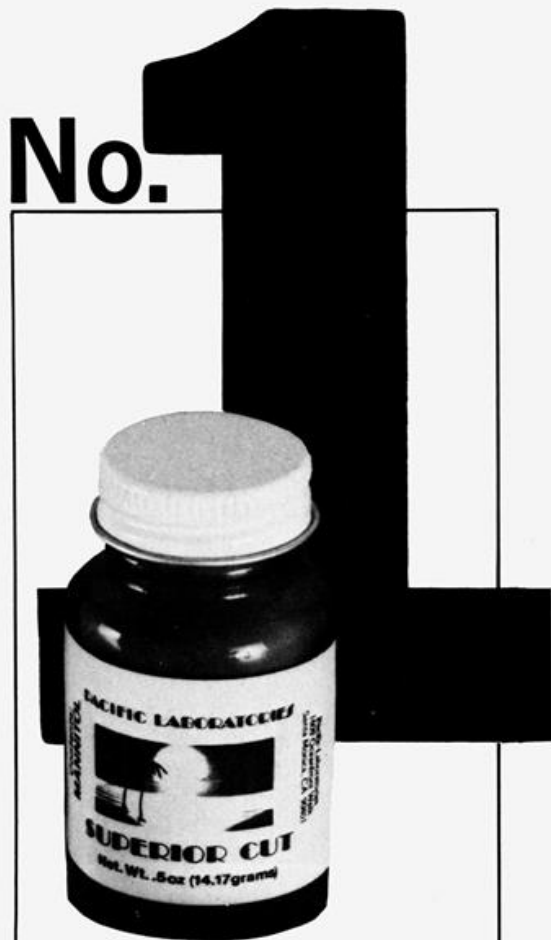
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It was the 35th anniversary of the discovery of LSD, and the **Grateful Dead** was playing the ultimate acid test at the Sphinx in Cairo, Egypt. Between sets, guitarist **Jerry "Captain Trips" Garcia** was asked if the Dead still represented the ideals of the '60s. "I think we are trying to uphold something else," said the bearded leader of a thousand guitar players and patron saint of a million and one rock 'n' roll acid trips, "not so much idealism, more a delicate state of anarchy. Anarchy in the USA."



High Times resident mutant microcephalic **Zippy the Pinhead** has been brought to three-dimensional life by the San Francisco-based **Ducks Breath Mystery Theatre**. The two-dimensional predecessor to "Saturday Night Live" 's coneheads is shown here attacking his creator, **Bill Griffith**, as the underground cartoonist waits for a cable car.



Novelist **Harold (The Carpetbaggers) Robbins** hosted a gala opening-night party for the West Coast premiere of the musical **Annie**. The cream of Hollywood's media mooks paid \$125 a head to be wined, dined and inundated with some of the New Wave's hottest rock sounds from the California-based all-girl band the **Runaways**. The Runaways, pictured here with actress **Suzanne Somers** ("Three's Company") and former Sex Pistols guitarist **Steve Jones**, rocked through a short set that climaxed when Jones jammed on his own composition "Black Leather." **Angie** ("Police Woman") **Dickinson** sat through the whole set with her fingers in her ears.



Edie Baskin

Former "Saturday Night Live" writer and bit player **Michael "Mr. Mike" O'Donoghue** became incensed when the art directors of Seventeen magazine ran a shot of the "Saturday Night Live" cast and crew with his head cut off. He dashed off a note of complaint on NBC stationery, saying that he "was going to come up to the offices and shine [his] shoes with their cunts." Several weeks later, a mysterious man was dispatched from the upper echelons of the network to remove all of the NBC-letterhead stationery from O'Donoghue's desk.



Wide World

As a player, Boston Red Sox manager **Don Zimmer** was beamed by many a fastball. While conducting a team physical recently, his doctor spotted three corklike plugs that had been planted into holes in "The Gerbil" 's skull. "My god, what's wrong with your head?" Zimmer recalls the medic saying. "He thought I was smuggling dope or something in there."

For the first time, the films of silent-era master comedian **Charlie Chaplin** will be sold to distributors in Red China. Chaplin was a close friend of deceased premier Chou En-lai.



Movie Star News



Jeff Tennyson

A tit contest for males was held recently in a New York disco. Judges included **Andy Warhol**, **Divine**, disco star **Nona Hendrix** and scene regular **Victor Hugo**. □

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Interview

Ralph Metzner

Psychedelic Pioneer

by Michael Hollingshead

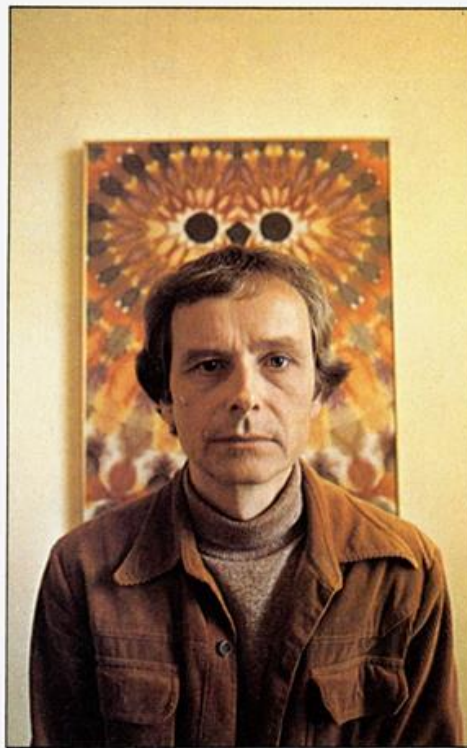
Dr. Ralph Metzner is one of the most influential former members of Leary's charmed Harvard Psychedelic Circle. A rationally educated psychologist, Metzner learned from LSD that there is no one individual indivisible Mind; rather, it is multi-dimensional in nature. Working on the hypothesis of a multi-planed, multi-faceted description of consciousness, he has discovered that certain universal symbols that have appeared throughout history can be used to help one locate these hidden esoteric areas in each individual's mind. Metzner has explored many areas of occult and esoteric knowledge. He has become an expert in the tarot, the I Ching, astrology, alchemy and tantra, which he has written about in his book *Maps of Consciousness* and which he claims can be used as effective tools for the exploration of what Aldous Huxley has called the "antipodes of the mind."

During the five years of his close association with Timothy Leary at Harvard, in Mexico and at Millbrook, Metzner perhaps took LSD over 200 times. It was also at this time in his life that he coauthored with Leary and Richard Alpert (Baba Ram Dass) *The Psychedelic Experience*. He was also the editor of the *Psychedelic Review*. Nowadays, however, he does his internal voyaging through the practice of intense and subtle yogas of both body and mind. He believes that we are able to perfect within ourselves new and more effective means of achieving what he calls wholeness. In this connection he finds significance in the fact that psychology today is moving into holistic models of the mind—that is, many psychologists, particularly in California, are turning more and more to the ancient symbols that have served man and his imagination in the past.

Metzner studied psychology and philosophy at Oxford and then went on to receive his Ph.D. in psychology at Harvard. He has written several books and plans to do several more. The interview took place in a small suburban town on the outskirts of San Francisco, where Dr. Metzner lives with his family and three cats.

High Times: How did you first get interested in psychedelics?

Metzner: At Harvard. I had got a scholarship to go to the graduate school in psychology, and I met Tim Leary. He was doing research at that time on new forms of therapy, and I took a course in it. His whole approach to behavior change and game theory was productive and had a lot of insight. Then, after Tim returned from vacation in Mexico, where he had had his first experience with mushrooms, he was talking about little else and so were some of the other graduate students; so it sounded like something that would be very interesting. The way people were



"Those professions dealing with the human mind fail to really respond to the challenge and opportunity of psychedelics."

talking about it indicated an intense experience.

High Times: So you signed up and had your first trip?

Metzner: Right.

High Times: When was this?

Metzner: March 13, 1961. It was at Tim's house on a chilly Sunday afternoon. Tim gave me six little pink tablets, each containing 2 mg of psilocybin, the active ingredient of the Mexican sacred mushroom. That first experience with psilocybin, which had lasted physically about four or five hours, had an immeasurable effect on my life. It was radically and totally different from anything I had ever experienced, yet during the course of the experience, I felt closer to my true self than I had ever been, more aware of my innermost feelings and thoughts.

High Times: Did you think that these drugs might possibly be used as tools for therapy? Did you explore that route?

Metzner: At that time, yes. Leary had started a project with prisoners in a maximum-security prison outside Boston. The project was designed to see if one could bring about behavior changes and insights in convicted prisoners. Although I had had just one prior experience with psilocybin, I joined the prison project and started arranging small group sessions inside the prison.

High Times: Would you like to talk a little

bit about what happened?

Metzner: Well, typically what we would do is go in and divide up the graduate students, who were Harvard people, and the prisoners; and half of the prisoners and half of the graduate students would take the drug. We felt it was important to take it with them so that the prisoners didn't get the feeling they were guinea pigs being drugged by crazy Harvard students, which they felt to a certain extent anyway. But we wanted to keep this fear minimal. The prison being a rather formidable environment, some of those experiences were not pleasant and were kind of hard for them. There were bars on the windows and you could see the guards with guns walking on the walls.

High Times: Wasn't it somewhat dangerous? I mean, here you are, a young Harvard student in your mid 20s, somewhat naive I imagine in the ways of the world, locked up in a barred room in the middle of a maximum-security prison, taking mushrooms with a group of hard-core cons. Was there any violence?

Metzner: It was interesting because they were not at all violent. Psychologically I think somebody who is more on a psychopathic type of structure doesn't have a problem with a lot of repressed hostility, because their hostility is being expressed quite up front already, whether through assault or robbery or mayhem or whatever. So they don't have the problem with repression being suddenly loosened up. I don't know if this made them more flexible. They have their own rigidity, but the experiences were often very moving for them, because it did allow them to fully get in touch with what I'll call more receptive and more emotional values—you know, really making them reflect on their life and giving them a degree of objectivity that many of them otherwise would not have had.

High Times: How did the prison experiences effect you as a psychologist?

Metzner: When I first started on the project I was very deeply into Freudian theory, and I was trying to figure out how one could explain these drug experiences in Freudian terms, but pretty soon I had to give that up. You see, when a Freudian goes into a session and has the belief that the drug is going to take away his mind—which it doesn't—and all he'll be left with are the raw, primal instincts of sex and aggression, then that's probably the kind of experience he'll have.

And that in fact is what happened a lot with psychologists experimenting with the drug in the early '60s. This also accounts for the fact that a lot of psychologists and psychiatrists significantly had really negative experiences, because their whole conditioning is toward pathology.

High Times: Simultaneously, at Harvard, you were also working with other graduate students, faculty and outside creative people like musicians and painters.

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Would you like to say something about that side of your work?

Metzner: Well, we were also working with the drugs ourselves, just exploring the effects really of these drugs as mind-revealing substances in nonpsychiatric, nonthreatening, nonclinical settings. We were also interested in their effects on creativity, so we ran a lot of sessions with various artists, musicians, writers, poets, painters.

High Times: Did you always take the drug with those you were taking through a first or even a second psychedelic session? And what was the reason for doing so?

Metzner: Yes, in most instances we would. We didn't want people to think that we were giving them something that we wouldn't take ourselves, because there was a certain amount of fear and apprehension on their part as well as on ours. Our approach was generally to suggest that we just be fellow explorers and that we were also not experts in this sort of thing.

High Times: You are currently working as a clinical psychologist in Berkeley and San Francisco. Do you find that the skills you developed at Harvard through running sessions is helpful in the work you are now doing?

Metzner: Well, what it did do is it taught me a lot about different states of consciousness and what can happen in different states of consciousness and what can happen when perception and awareness are altered. The result is that I feel I do have a much better ability to understand somebody who is going through a psychotic phase or some kind of profound alteration of perception and awareness that makes them very confused. So I feel from my personal experience with psychedelic drugs that I have the ability to empathize with that.

High Times: Could you perhaps give an example of how this knowledge is useful in your work?

Metzner: When I was working at Mendocino State Hospital, I had the opportunity to work with somebody who was on an LSD psychotic break, and who had been for months. I worked with him quite intensively, and we developed spontaneously an approach to handling that kind of experience. What I saw happening, and what I had experienced myself, was that he was being totally overwhelmed by an enormous influx of stimuli and sensations, from within his own body as well as from the outside environment, and he was confused because he could not make a distinction between the two. For instance, his eyes were rolling and he was babbling incoherently and his mind was going a million miles a minute.

What I felt we should do, and I proposed this to him, was to get him to what is called a sensory-deprivation environment where the external stimuli are reduced as much as possible. The setup was a room that was totally dark, and as quiet

as possible. It wasn't completely quiet but quieter than anywhere else in the hospital. I asked him if he wanted to go inside and just experience it for a while, and he was willing. He went in and lay down. I had an intercom thing set up so I could be in the next room and we could talk, and he was free to leave anytime he wanted to.

He stayed in that room for an hour. At first he talked through the intercom, but after a while he had stopped to the point where I thought he had fallen asleep. So after one hour I opened the door and looked in. He wasn't asleep at all. He was lying there wide awake but totally calm and was then able to talk completely

“Eventually there will be drugs that affect specific areas of consciousness—mental insight, feeling and perception.”

rationally and coherently. He said things like, “I’ve been schizophrenicized,” and had complete insight as to what was really going on with him. We worked like that on a daily basis for several weeks. What he validated was that the sensory-deprivation room was able to slow down the flow of stimuli and thus help him avoid this overwhelming waterfall of stuff that was coming to engulf him.

High Times: Do people who have an LSD psychotic break, albeit a tiny majority of those who use the drug, know that LSD was the trigger that brought about their confused condition?

Metzner: Yes, there is usually some lingering awareness that a drug was taken at some point that produced this experience.

High Times: Are there other ways to help people come out of it? Is enough known about treatment methods?

Metzner: Well, the way they usually treat them is to give them Thorazine or electroshock, and that just blacks out the experience and that's it. That's the way psychosis of any kind is treated, whether drug induced or not. But that to me is not really using the experience to its fullest extent or really benefitting the person. I feel that generally, as far as psychedelic research is concerned, those professions in this culture dealing with the human mind—and here I include psychologists, and psychiatrists, philosophers, ministers and teachers—fail to really respond to the challenge and the opportunity that we discovered the psychedelics opened up.

High Times: What about the new range of mind drugs? Is there anything there?

Metzner: There are good drugs besides LSD, some of which are a little different. A drug such as MDA actually has, I think, an even greater potential than LSD as far as therapy is concerned, because it is not so visual or sensory oriented. It's not as

cosmic. I believe that eventually there will be drugs that affect very specific areas of consciousness, drugs that will increase mental insight or feeling qualities, which MDA does. Others may enhance perception. Yet others will work purely on the physical level, certain kinds of stimulants that will enhance physical experience. On the other hand, although the potential is there, there will always be other vested interests who would counter the use of mind-expanding or awareness-expanding substances of that nature, and they are very, very strong.

High Times: But it seems to me that LSD is very effective in helping people work on themselves, that perhaps new drugs are unnecessary when we already have LSD?

Metzner: I don't agree with that at all. I think with MDA you actually can work on yourself better than you can with LSD. You're not so spaced out, so you're not as much into the cosmic range. If I were doing psychedelic therapy, which I'm not, I would first use MDA before using LSD. I think LSD comes way at the end of the line to give a person, because really it is an experience of cosmic consciousness.

MDA would be much more suitable for working through interpersonal conflicts, hangups and emotional conflicts stemming from the past. What the drug does is produce an incredible sense of emotional acceptance and the ability to calmly experience and review all of one's emotional states. Ketamine is another new drug similar to that. It has a factor of producing a detachment and ability to look through different levels and layers of reality and different levels and layers of concepts and images that one has and to see how these different concepts and images are operating in one's consciousness.

High Times: I know that in your book *Maps of Consciousness* you tend to see human types as very much the product of different layers of experience and therefore of consciousness, that a person operates at several different levels simultaneously and that, for one reason or another, a person may be “blocked” from seeing the whole of the personality. Would you like to say something about that line of thinking and perhaps how it stands in relation to your drug work?

Metzner: Well, the idea was to review and to some extent synthesize some of the maps of consciousness that we have—from alchemy, the tarot, astrology and so on—that have been brought out in the past, not so much in relation to drug experiences necessarily but just to consciousness in general and human evolution in particular. There have been many Eastern and Western attempts to map out some of the stages of evolutionary growth in humans, and I was led to these because I found that some of the areas, what today we would call transpersonal, go beyond the usual personal experiences. Our Western psychological concepts and ideas are not adequate for understanding some

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of these very deep experiences. I think these symbolic approaches have the potential for tapping into and illuminating and focusing in on certain very deep levels of the psyche.

The early pioneers in this area point out that consciousness is unlike what the Freudians say; it is not just a repository of a snarling, vicious beast that's waiting and lurking to get out; rather, it is the source of creativity, of insight, of feeling, and the source for tremendous personal growth. Actually I would now, after my experience and involvement with the actions of these teachings, not so much think of the unconscious as a single realm but as being *realms of consciousness*. And there are many realms and worlds of consciousness, both above and below the usual level of awareness at which we operate, and these can be tapped into and opened up by various means. Drug means is one way. Meditative or yoga techniques are others. I have been very interested in these symbolic approaches for about ten years now; how certain techniques work with the direct transmutation and transformation of energy that is locked up in the psyche.

High Times: What techniques do you favor in particular?

Metzner: Well, the techniques are light-fire, that is, tapping into sources of light-fire within nature and directing it through the body and through different areas of consciousness to dissolve blocks to energy.

High Times: What do you mean by "blocks to energy"? Is that what we'd call mental blocks?

Metzner: Blocks to energy can be experienced physically as discomfort or as pain and can be experienced emotionally as conflicts or blocks within the self, such things as confusion, inability to think, anxiety, worries, depressions. These energy blocks one might call negative or lower-frequency manifestations of energy. However, the energy block that holds the energy in a negative pattern can be dissolved so that the energy can be transformed into something higher, something positive, and therefore into something useful to that person.

High Times: A sort of alchemic process of transmutation within the self?

Metzner: Yes, the actual transmutation, for example, of rage into positive things or of fear into positive understanding.

High Times: So these light/energy techniques can break through and dissolve barriers and blocks to internal and interpersonal communication?

Metzner: Yes, in all areas of life—healing, mental, creative, interpersonal, family relations.

High Times: When did you first discover that you had this gift for healing?

Metzner: Well, I've always been drawn to healing, and going into clinical psychology at graduate school and then continuing to study the mind and to understand it has

always been a strong motivation. Part of it was to be able to help people in some way—that's part of my nature. I've worked with prisoners, institutionalized patients, hospitalized alcoholics, drug addicts, juvenile delinquents, children; adults, the mentally retarded. I'm also teaching others the actualism techniques showing them tools to help them heal themselves.

High Times: In your experience, how long does it take to master these actualism techniques?

Metzner: That depends of course on how far the person wants to go. Evolution or growth is not something that you take to a

"There will always be vested interests who would counter the use of mind-expanding substances, and they are very strong."

certain point and then stop. To me it is a never-ending process. Nor would I ever want it to end. There are stages of development as there are stages of growth, but I see these as constantly expanding experiences. I do not feel that humanity in general has begun to tap anything like the potential for growth that it has. It is said that 90 percent of our brain is unused. Then why do we have it? Our creators have given us this incredible instrument not out of a random whim but surely for a purpose—namely, to learn to discover what it is.

High Times: There have been quite a few new books—by Gail Sheehy, Dan Levinson of Yale, Roger Gould of UCLA—that deal with adult growth, and they all seem to agree that humans evolve in stages, usually during seven-year cycles.

Metzner: I feel that the burgeoning of interest in lifestyle cycles and development is really healthy, because it is getting away from the more traditional view that says simply that when a person leaves childhood he or she becomes an adult and that's it until the person dies. But if we go back to certain Eastern and ancient cultures, we find that they have a much stronger recognition that life is a continuous evolving growing process and that there are different stages people pass through in time.

For example, in India, there is a long and venerable tradition of the household-er who, after running his business and raising his family, will retire not to a retirement community but rather to an ashram or some place of spiritual retreat or will undertake a pilgrimage. In other words, he will devote the latter part of his life to spiritual growth or meditative or yogic kinds of pursuits.

High Times: And that is what you meant

by using the word healthy in connection with adult growth?

Metzner: Yes. I see a trend developing where people would drop back out of, say, a career path and follow an educational path or a spiritual path, perhaps for a two- or five-year period, during which they would work on themselves, do something for themselves, and then go back into family and career and obligations of that kind.

High Times: But when would a person know he or she is ready to undertake that sort of work? What are the diagnostic tools they or you would use to assess which area of the self needs the most work?

Metzner: Well, what a person needs in terms of his or her own development, what the next step is—I find astrology is a very helpful indicator. It is something that has interested me for a long time. I have found astrological symbolism helps people, again, as an evolutionary map of growth. The life-cycle stages of Erikson, Levinson and Gould are all mapped out rather precisely by astrological progression.

High Times: Could you perhaps explain further?

Metzner: Just as an example, let's take Saturn, which is generally considered to be the most fundamental and important influence. It has a basic 28-year cycle divided into four sections of seven years each, and that seven-year cycle is so important in the human growth cycle of our society.

For instance, at age seven, which is the first quarter, this is the time when the child first makes a major step in terms of moving outside the family matrix into school and all that. The age of 14 is the next Saturn opposition, and this is the time of becoming aware of the opposite sex, of adolescence, of awareness of biological and emotional interrelationships. Then comes 21, the next quarter. This is a time of being able to vote, to drink, to go to war, and it is around this time one starts to raise a family of one's own. Although in our Western culture the age of 28 is not recognized as particularly significant, there are some cultures where it is regarded as essentially the end of childhood, real maturity. The cycle is then repeated and comes around again in the mid 50s.

High Times: I noticed only the other day that there is a new book out dealing with "the psychic side of sports"...

Metzner: Well, there's an interesting tie-in there again with astrology. The whole increase and phenomenal expansion of interest in things like jogging and running and sports can be traced astrologically to the cycle of Neptune. Neptune's cycle is a 14-year cycle that seems to affect different patterns that people will want to seek out in expanding their consciousnesses, because jogging is not only a physical health thing but can also be seen as something

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that affects one's state of consciousness. **High Times:** Do you jog much yourself? **Metzner:** I do four miles a day. And you? **High Times:** I seem to be singularly unaffected by Neptune. I'm afraid. But let me ask, were there all kinds of heavy astrological influences with which to account for the LSD explosion in the late '50s and through the '60s?

Metzner: Yes. From 1956 to 1970 Neptune was in the sign Scorpio, which is the period we had drug intensification and intensification of emotional experiences. It was a time when psychedelic drugs were being used on a wide scale by people seeking to attain deeper understanding of their own and others' emotional nature and to release blocks to emotional expression in relationships.

In the period from 1970 to 1984, with Neptune in the perceptual fire sign Sagittarius, we can expect a substantial expansion of the power and influence of intuitive and spiritual values. As perception is expanded, whether by drugs, by new electronic techniques such as bio-feedback, or by the higher forces utilized in meditation, there will be an increasing acceptance of psychic phenomena by the scientific establishment.

High Times: So at the moment we have Neptune in Sagittarius, and this accounts for the acceleration of popular interest in jogging?

Metzner: Yes. Sagittarius is related to sports, especially to the leg and to running and to anything that increases one's ability to move physically.

High Times: Does this also affect Russia, say? Are people jogging around Red Square every morning like they do in Central Park or across the Golden Gate Bridge?

Metzner: I think there is jogging in Russia.

High Times: Do you think a country like Russia will have to go through its own sort of psychedelic movement such as we experienced in America?

Metzner: No, I don't see why they would have to.

High Times: But don't you think they have some catching up to do in that area, the area of expanded consciousness?

Metzner: No. I think socially LSD was really an experiment that failed. An experiment that misfired. I think the residue in terms of how people are using it now is not that constructive. And they're not using it for spiritual purposes. They're either not using it or they're using it to freak out. So the attempt to introduce it into the culture as a beneficial, growth-enhancing, evolutionary, promoting tool has failed.

High Times: It really depends on what you mean by the word failure.

Metzner: Well, of course there's no such thing as failure, it's just something that happened, and we should make the best of it and learn from our experiences. So from the larger point of view, this is a time of transition into the New Age when

many different approaches, philosophies, tools, techniques—scientific, spiritual, religious and so forth—are being used in an accelerated way to affect peoples' consciousnesses.

High Times: How does that square with what seems to be an increasing scale of world violence?

Metzner: At some levels, in some ways, even things like terrorism, violence and war can exercise an indirect evolutionary effect, because through horrible experiences such as pain, loss, death, injury and so forth, albeit indirectly, unwittingly, the effect can be to make a person become more a seeker. Somebody who has confronted death or narrowly missed death,

“Astrological symbolism helps people as an evolutionary map of growth.”

or died and come back or who has lost a close friend or a relative, or who has had experiences of injury or something like that, is very often motivated to take a more enlightened and more aware look at his or her life. This is not to say that this is a technique to be recommended! But as a general approach to the question, and from a higher point of view, it does have that effect.

High Times: Let's take, for instance, a city like Rome at the moment. Everybody seems to carry firearms; so if you go to a party, it is a bit like entering those saloons we see in Westerns, where everyone has to hang up their guns before anyone will serve them liquor. Now in your theory, fear, or paranoia, would be a blocked form of energy. Could these frightened Romans tap into this fear and release positive growth and creative energies?

Metzner: That's right.

High Times: Well, we're both in California, so perhaps to that extent we're lucky. But what I would really like to ask is: How come California always seems to be ahead in what we might call progressive explanations to account for human happinesses and unhappinesses. I mean, there is such a proliferation of theories concerning the way people behave or shouldn't behave that it is always a big puzzle for someone like myself who spends a lot of time in New York, where there is relatively little real interest in anything except work and play, you know, the hedonic side to living?

Metzner: I don't know what the reason is for that, but it's historically so that different areas of the world become for a time the leading edge of evolutionary growth and exploration. At certain times it was Europe, sometimes it was England, sometimes it was Greece, Persia, China,

India. But at this present time it does seem to be the United States and particularly the West Coast. California is more aware of and more sensitized to the consciousness aspects and the spiritual aspects.

High Times: I notice that a lot of pot gets smoked in California. Actually, official statistics suggest that something like 25 million Americans smoke dope regularly. Is this because pot is used a lot for meditative practices such as some of those we've been talking about?

Metzner: Well, sure. Pot to me is a drug that enhances sensory awareness, while also producing sedative effects; so it can be used as a way of enhancing one's sense of perception, whether this is in meditation or aesthetic experience or interpersonal situations. It can also counteract anxiety. However, it can also—depending on the dosage and the sensitivity of the individual—produce some kind of scattering of awareness and a dispersal of awareness.

High Times: And booze?

Metzner: It is interesting to me that the two most widely used recreational drugs, alcohol and pot, have such very different polarizing effects. Alcohol seems to have the effect of loosening up the dynamic or expressive side of nature, the yang side of nature. It seems to release inhibitors on the expression of feelings and thus facilitate communication. That's why people have alcohol at a party. They can say things they otherwise would feel too inhibited to say.

Whereas pot has the effect of opening up a person's receptive or magnetic side. It makes a person more sensitive. It changes their sense of time. They can become more aware of aesthetic stimuli such as music or art or of sensual types of stimulation. But it also makes a person more passive. It doesn't do anything for their activity level. The pot party is going to be unlike a booze party. There are going to be more people involved in their own subjective inner experience rather than in being expressive. Therefore there is much less association of pot and violence than there is with alcohol and violence.

High Times: Do you see any drawbacks in the way people actually use, or abuse, either of these two drugs?

Metzner: It's often pointed out with drinkers that they drink too much too fast before they really have a chance to observe what the amount they've already drunk is doing to their body. The same happens with pot. So people need to learn to be much more discriminating about what they put into their bodies. That's again part of this increasing trend towards body awareness also.

High Times: I would imagine that this also applies to what one eats, one's diet?

Metzner: Yes, being aware of how different dietary elements affect one's psychological and physical state.

High Times: So you take a person's diet
(continued on page 77)

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The first step on the way to your 45 or LP is recording—taking the sounds and laying them down on tape. On this move, would-be record moguls and rock stars have two options. You can bring your act to a recording studio equipped with professional, multitrack tape machines and an equally professional staff to turn the dials, or you can set up your own recording facility. Both options have their seductive qualities, but in the end your choice should be determined by your needs, your desires and, of course, the amount of money you have to play with.

What a good studio will give you is a recording capability of 12 to 24 tracks (depending on their machine-

ry), state-of-the-art microphones and such accessories as graphic equalizers and noise-reduction units, controlled acoustics, and a recording engineer to pull it all together. Many studios also boast special-effects gear and an array of musical instruments and amps. In other words, a quality studio will have just about everything you could possibly need to get your tunes on tape, except a little cocaine.

If you haven't already guessed, the hitch is that big recording studios charge big bucks, anywhere from \$25 to \$100 per hour, and sometimes more. If you have a tight, well-rehearsed band and you want to go in and slap out two quick "live" tracks for a 45-rpm disk, the recording studio becomes a financially tenable proposition. But if your interests lie in creative multitrack recording (adding new elements to, and/or modifying, previously recorded material), or even if you just want to put out a bare-basics "live"

album, renting studio time could cost you a mint. Fortunately, though, the high price of studio time need not keep you from your appointment with destiny, because with the right equipment you can punch out those tapes at your whim and convenience, in the privacy of your very own home.

Acquiring multitrack tape capacities is, in the long run, a sound and practicable solution to the problem of prohibitively expensive studio fees. In the short run, however, it'll cost you bucks, bucks well spent, but bucks nonetheless. What you'll need to produce a tape of sufficient quality to eventually become a record is:

1) A four-track /

four-channel, open-reel, *simul-sync* tape deck.

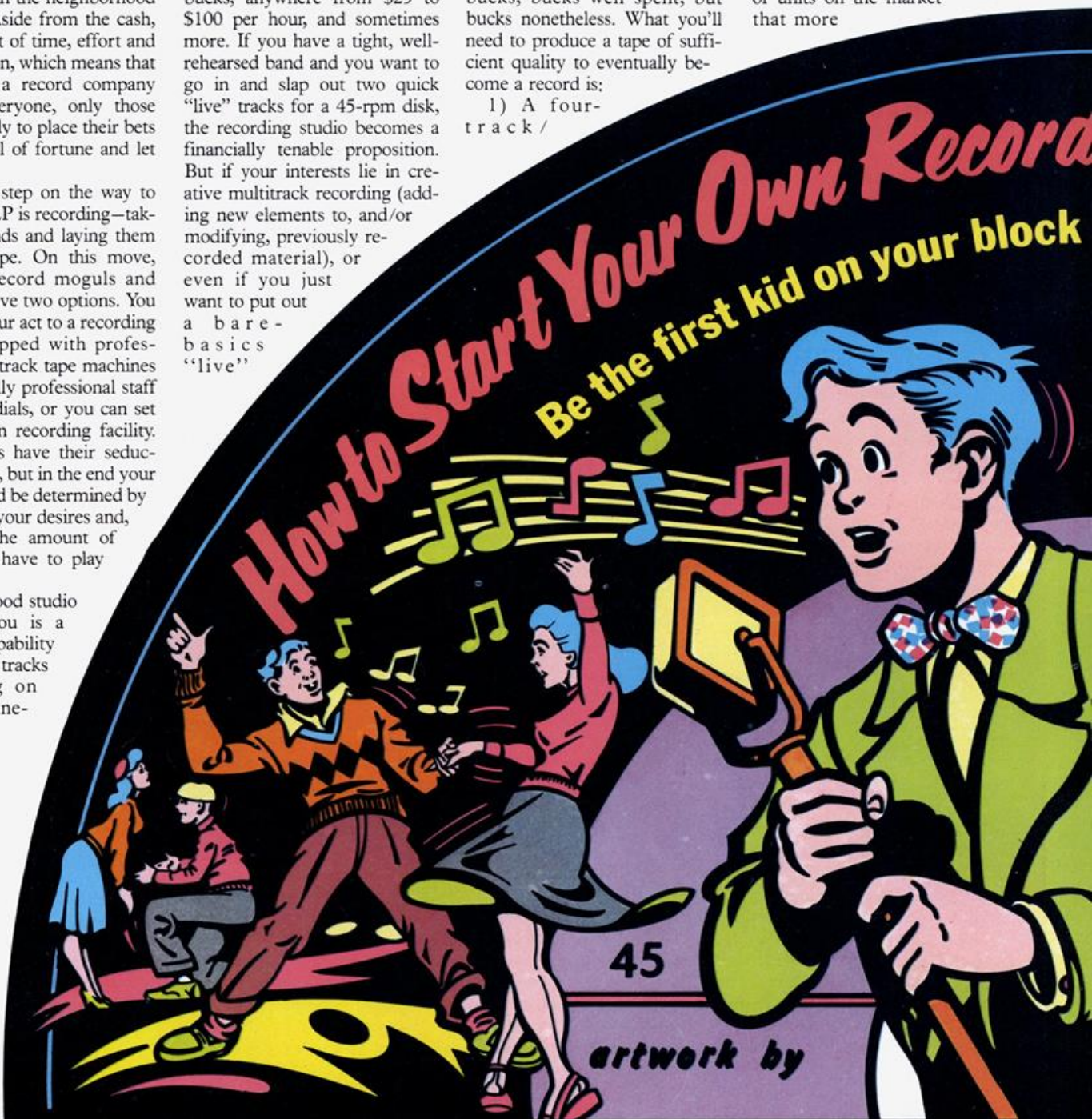
2) An open-reel stereo deck to be used for mastering.

3) An audio mixer.

4) Four microphones.

5) A quadraphonic or stereo amplifier with speaker to match.

The single most important item in your system will be the main tape deck. It should be a reliable, versatile, four-track/four-channel, simul-sync machine, and, needless to say, it should provide perfect sound reproduction. There are a number of units on the market that more



or less fit the bill. All are top-of-the-line, semiprofessional rigs, and while sharing the same essential features they differ in several respects. The Akai GX-630DSS, for instance, has four heads and a top tape speed of 7½ ips (inches per second), while the Sony TC-788-4 has only three heads but a superior maximum tape speed of 15 ips (higher tape speed equals higher fidelity). Most major hi-fi firms market similar machines, but with few exceptions comparisons are inconclusive. Had it not been discontinued about a year ago, the

best bet for budget-minded buyers today would be the Do-korder 7140, a deck designed for creative recording, which went for as low as \$420. (Pot used to be \$20 an ounce, too.) Choosing a tape deck to fill such a critical role is no easy task. We know. It was only after searching, shopping, pricing and probing for more than six months that the clear light came upon us and suddenly we knew that no matter where we had gone or where we were going, all roads lead to Teac, or more specifically the Teac A-3340S four-track/four-channel, simul-sync tape deck.

Aside from being the only machine consistently recommended by professionals in the recording

industry, the Teac A-3340S offers virtually every feature needed for the making of a studio-quality tape, with the added plus of high-level flexibility provided by such extras as mike/line mixing, expanding the number of potential input signals from four to eight without the use of a mixer. But perhaps the most weighty entry on the A-3340S's list of credits is the fact that it has been used in numerous professional recording projects, including (according to a reliable source) the soundtrack of *Star Wars*.

Though usually priced in the area of \$900, at the time of this writing at least one New York hi-fi emporium was selling the A-3340s for \$789, just five dollars above wholesale. The winds of trade, however, blow fickle and cold, for according to Teac management topcats, the A-3340S is being phased out in favor of the new A-3440S,

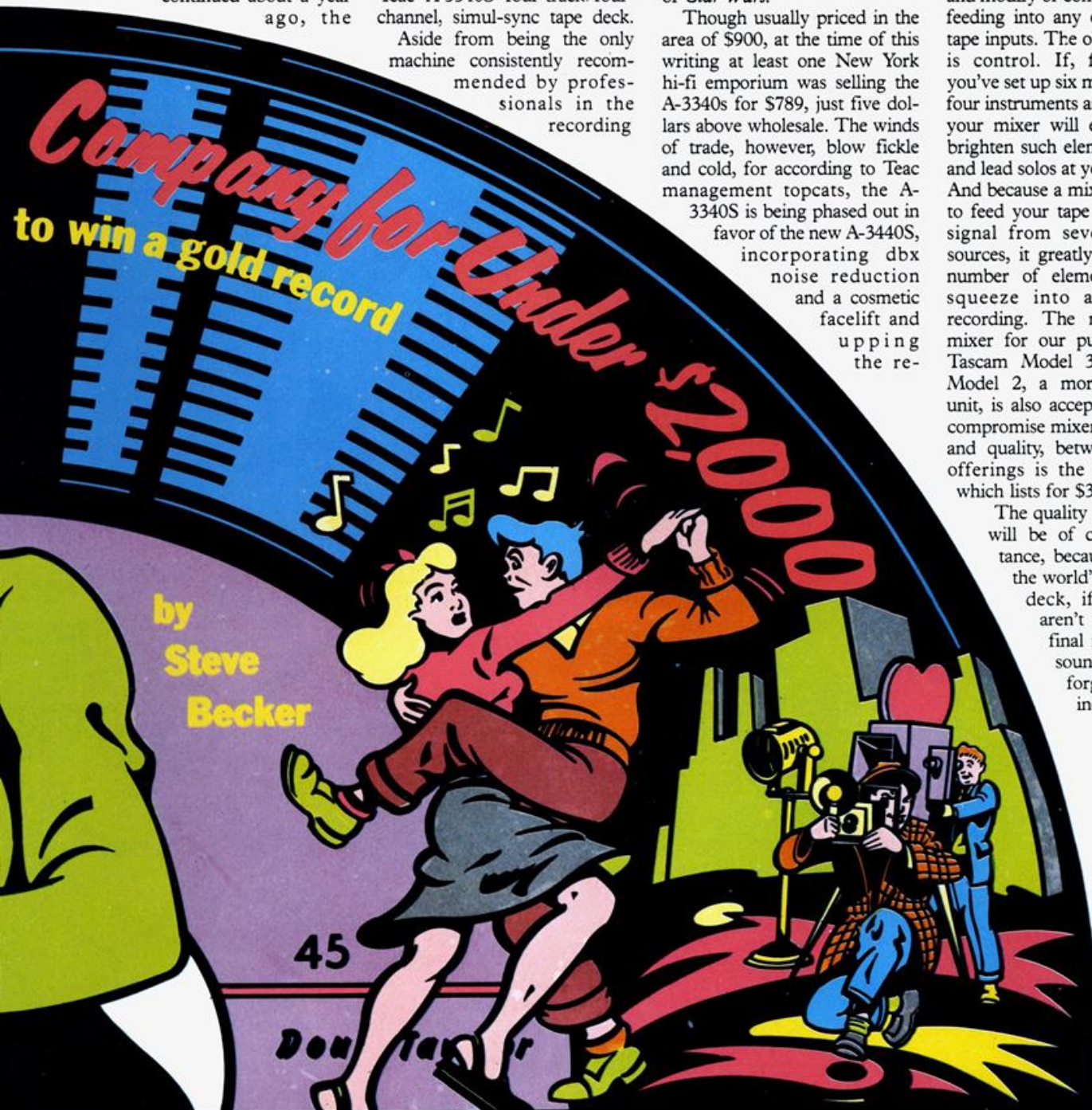
incorporating dbx noise reduction and a cosmetic facelift and upping the re-

tail price about \$100.

Since your second deck, a two-track stereo unit for mastering, won't have to do anything fancy, you'll have a wide range of makes and models to choose from. It need only be capable of faithful signal reproduction. While high speed (15 ips) units are preferable, slower (7½ ips) decks can yield good results. One good recorder designed for mastering is the Teac A-3300SX-2T.

An audio mixer will allow you to take a given number of signals and modify or combine them for feeding into any or all of your tape inputs. The obvious benefit is control. If, for example, you've set up six mikes to record four instruments and two vocals, your mixer will enable you to brighten such elements as voice and lead solos at your discretion. And because a mixer allows you to feed your tape deck a single signal from several separate sources, it greatly increases the number of elements you can squeeze into a multitrack recording. The made-to-order mixer for our purposes is the Tascam Model 3, though the Model 2, a more economical unit, is also acceptable. A good compromise mixer, both in price and quality, between the Teac offerings is the Tapco 6200, which lists for \$333.

The quality of your mikes will be of crucial importance, because even with the world's greatest tape deck, if your mikes aren't up to par, the final recording will sound like shit. So forget about the inexpensive car-



bon, crystal or ceramic models. What you'll need is either moving-coil, ribbon or condenser mikes, at least four of them. Two nominations for the title of basic rock 'n' roll workhorse mikes are the Shure SM-57 and the Electro-voice EV-1776 condenser.

If you already own a quadraphonic amplifier (or two stereo amps) and four speakers, all you have to do next is pick up some tape and start playing. But if your present amp is a two-channel stereo, with a little repatching you can use your mixer to combine the tape deck's four output signals into two, or else simply purchase the small Teac AX-20 mix-down panel built for the specific purpose of making four-channel decks compatible with two-channel amplifiers.

Recording considerations such as room acoustics and mike placement will vary in each individual case. The best way to learn what's right for you is through informed trial and error, otherwise known as experimentation. Here's the informed part: soft materials—sheetrock, carpets, pillows, draperies, etc.—absorb sound, making it softer and less resonant; hard materials—like rock, metal and concrete—reflect sound, sharp and intact, creating echo, or reverberation. Where you place your mike in relation to a sound source will determine the extent to which room acoustics will affect your tape. Close miking, for the most part, defeats room acoustics, while distant miking reproduces the environmental modifications of sound.



Goin' for gold: demo recording at the complete home studio.



Clockwise: Shure SM-57 microphone; Teac 3300SX two-track masterer; Teac 2340SX four-track simul-sync masterer.

Equipment Options

Homegrown:

Teac 2340SX 4-track/4-channel, simul-sync, 7 1/2 ips	\$699
Sony TC-377 2-track stereo deck for mastering, 7 1/2 ips	\$349
Teac AX-20 Mix-down Panel, for mixing multitrack to stereo	\$ 35
Electrovoice 1776 Microphones (4)	\$276
No audio mixer. Limited audio mixing with the 2340SX on board controls.	

Total cost: \$1,359

Commercial:

Teac A-3340S 4-track/4-channel, simul-sync, 15 ips	\$789
Sony TC-377 (as above)	\$349
Teac AX-20 Mix-down Panel (as above)	\$ 35
Teac Model 2 Audio Mixer	\$269
Shure SM-57 Microphones (4)	\$304

Total cost: \$1,746

Primo:

Teac A-3340S (as above)	\$789
Teac A-3300SX-2T 2-track stereo deck for mastering, 15 ips	\$625
Teac AX-20 Mix-down Panel (as above)	\$ 35
Tascam Model 3 Audio Mixer	\$700
Shure SM-57 Microphones (4)	\$304

Total cost: \$2,653

Note: The Sony TC-377 is suggested as one of many low-priced, open-reel stereo tape decks available to the prospective buyer.



The producer's pal: Tascam Model 3 audio mixer.

Buyers' Guide

Tape Decks:

Uncle Steve's, 343 Canal Street, New York, N.Y. 10013. (212) 226-4010

Teac AX-20 Mix-down Panel:

Teac Hi-Fi, 29 West Eighth Street, New York, N.Y. 10011.
(212) 475-7776

Teac Model 2 Audio Mixer:

Stereo Warehouse, 19 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.
(212) CI7-0069

Tascam Model 3 Audio Mixer:

Sonocraft, 29 West 36th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018. (212)
760-9300

Microphones and Tapco Mixers:

Audio Sound Techniques, 11 Avenue of the Americas, New York,
N.Y. 10013. (212) 925-8149

Glossary

Tracks are the separate bands of tape that your deck will record.

Heads are the electromagnetic devices over which the tape passes, responsible for recording, playback, monitor and erase functions.

Live describes an as-is recording of a performance, without the addition of new tracks after the fact.

Multitrack, or creative recording, is the process of recording music one track at a time. This allows sound elements or groups of sound elements to be recorded individually, rather than in one rehearsed and perfected session.

Simul-Sync is the Teac brand name for the tape function that permits multitrack, "sound-with-sound"

recording. In ordinary tape decks there is a physical gap between the recording and playback heads. Therefore, when a musician listens to music on track 1 while recording an accompaniment on track 2, the two parts will be out of sync. With simul-sync, a monitoring feature is built into the recording head, so the sound you hear comes from the exact same point as where your additional sounds will be recorded, rather than an inch before or after.

Tape mastering is the process of mixing your multi-track recording down to a two-track stereo recording on a second deck. The sound on the resulting master becomes the sound on your vinyl disk.

How to Stop Hiss

One big problem with homemade tapes is high-end hiss. Often this disturbing and very unprofessional noise gets on a recording and stays there simply because the speakers used in monitoring just aren't sensitive enough to pick it up. And if you don't hear it, you can't fight it.

One good way to avoid potential disaster (nobody likes a record with a hiss) is to get yourself a pair of Hartke High-End Units. The Hartkes, small aluminum-coned

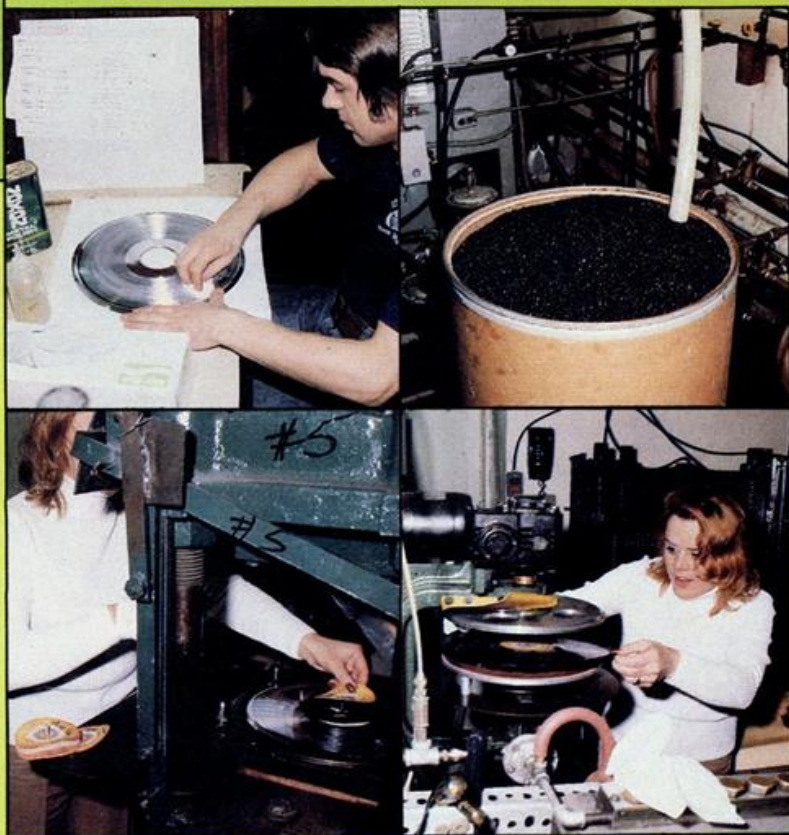
speakers that can be easily connected to your present system, function to bring the upper registers of sound up on top of the music, where you can hear it clearly. If you're serious about getting the best possible quality tapes out of your equipment, Hartke High-End Units are a must. They're available for \$175 a pair from Hartke Systems, 42 Orchard Street, Bloomfield, New Jersey 07003.

Getting Your Vibes on Vinyl

Whether you've built a home recording system or gone the studio route, at some point you'll have a master tape on your hands that you'll want to transform into either a 45-rpm or an LP disk. While self-reliance might solve your recording problems, this next phase will be pretty much out of your hands. Disk making is a complex process requiring

highly specialized skills and machinery, so even if you could do it yourself, you probably wouldn't want to. That's why there are so many firms around that specialize in record pressing. You'll just have to pick one out, truck in your tape and pray.

An itemized bill for the actual manufacture of your record will list charges for the mysterious



Look, dear, they're pressing our song.



Hot off the presser and into its very own dust jacket comes your smash. Shrink-wrapping extra.

rituals of disk mastering and matrixing, along with labels and pressings. Plain white sleeves are often included in the total fee. Disk mastering is the process by which the signal on your tape is passed through a stylus and converted into grooves on a lacquer disk. In matrixing, the lacquer platter is coated with a thin film of silver and then electroplated with nickel. The result, when metal and lacquer are separated, is a metal negative called a master, with outward projecting ridges instead of grooves. This master negative is then electroplated itself to provide a positive "mother" that can be played on a turntable for quality-control purposes. Finally, the positive mother is electroplated to produce one last

negative, the stamper, whose job it will be to transfer your tunes to vinyl.

The cost of all this will vary from place to place, but one New York firm, queried at random, gave the following general prices for the manufacture of a 45-rpm disk:

Disk mastering . . . \$20 per side
Matrixing \$30 per side
Pressings (1,000) \$200
Labels (1,000) \$15
Sleeves (plain white) Free
Total price for 1,000 45's . . \$315

Printed sleeves, artwork and fancy labels will add to your final bill by whatever sum you allocate for them. And if you want to do an album, the ante doubles.

Record Pressers

Disc Communications
743 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 371-0390

Raleigh Records
250 West 57th Street
New York, N.Y. 10019
(212) PL7-1795

A-1 Sound Studios
2130 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10023
(212) 362-2603

Clarion Record Manufacturing
1021 Ridge Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.
(215) CE6-5252

(For local listings, consult your Yellow Pages.)



of friends scattered across the country can easily be converted into an independent distribution network. These sales tactics alone, if you work them right, could very well cover your capital outlay and a little toot besides. But the big money is in nationwide distribution and export. Whether or not you can tie up with a firm that'll get your disk in every town, or an export outfit buying for record marts in Germany and England, will depend largely on the relative timeliness and quality of your product coupled with the sophistication and effectiveness of your sales pitch.

It's a gamble, the same kind of gamble you take when you plant an acre of reefer. It could yield a small fortune in red hair, or it could come up ditchweed. But either way, the knowledge and experience gained in putting out your own record from beginning to end can be assigned no dollar value. As a musician, the very least you can get out of it is a vinyl calling card to flash at the major record companies, and as a would-be entrepreneur, you'll have the satisfaction of being able to look back one day and say, "I did it. I gave it my best. I tried." That brave energy is the noblest and most enduring of all human expressions.

On the brighter side, there's always the possibility that you'll be the right person, in the right place, with the right product, at the right time. In which case, ten years from now you'll probably be a millionaire. If that should happen, this writer would greatly appreciate your reminding him with any tax-deductible contributions you might care to make. Good luck. ■

Taking It to the Streets

With any luck, at some patch of tar down the pike you'll be sitting very carefully on a thousand or so records, less the ones you zipped off to your relatives and all the other pessimists who said you couldn't do it. You'll also be out a hefty hunk of cash and hungry as hell to make it back, and that's where distribution comes in.

If your hopeful disk is a traditional or a rock 'n' roller, you stand a good chance of getting it into the retail bins, since record shops in many cities often stock independent labels in their new-wave and folk-music sections. Just show your stuff around and see what happens. If you have a working band, you can also do some platter pushing at gigs. Mail order is another outlet worth exploring. And a handful

Dealing Your Disks

The following is a brief selection of distributors and exporters headquartered in New York. For local listings, consult your Yellow Pages.

Distributors:

To consider requests for their services, distributors require sample records plus an outline explaining the quality of disks you wish to sell and the price you expect to get for them.

Sunshine Record Distributing
Attn: Howard Rumack
710 12th Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10019
(212) 265-3530

Beta Records Distributors
599 Tenth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10036
(212) 230-0440

ERH
221 West 57th Street
New York, N.Y. 10019
(212) 582-4200

Exporters:

In addition to sample records, exporters also need promotional flyers or catalogs to show their overseas customers. Query for exact requirements.

Albert Schultz, Inc.
116 West 14th Street
New York, N.Y. 10011
(212) WA4-1122

Daro Exports
1468 Coney Island Avenue
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230
(212) 252-4355

Mail Order:

Mail order is strictly a do-it-yourself enterprise. To play, you must determine 1) what kind of people will want to buy your record, and 2) what publications they read. Then draw up an ad for your product, listing price and ordering information, place it in the appropriate newspaper or magazine and await the returns. If, for example, you've got a band called Lester Haddock & the Loose 'Ludes, one good place to advertise would be in the classified section of *High Times*.



The Proof Is in the Platter

Low-priced record production isn't a pipe dream, it's a solid reality. I know, because while writing this article I've also been setting up my own record company, and by the time this piece sees print, my first release—a 45-rpm disk, recorded, pressed, and packed for under \$2,000—will be on the market. The featured artists will be Jeen Sisaro & the Six-Inch Boners, playing their wild tunes "Keep It Up" ("If you go down on me, mama, I'll keep it up for you") and "I Wanna Stay High." For your copy of "Keep It Up," on Flaming Vulva Records & Tapes (a division of Becker Productions), send \$3 to Steve Becker, 307 Church Street, New York, N.Y. 10013.

Author's note: If after digesting this article you've found it to have something of a New York flavor and orientation, that's because New York is the town I call home. The Apple, however, can hardly be called the center of the universe when it comes to recording music and pressing records. All of the electronics mentioned here are available coast to coast from major hi-fi outlets everywhere. Recording studios and record manufacturers can be found within striking distance of almost every major population center, and there are numerous facilities to choose from in such cities as Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, Memphis and San Francisco, just to mention a few. Seek and ye shall find.



At Blecker Bob's record shop, the private-label hit makers deliver their own. In fact, there's John Tiven of the wild "Yankees."

Homegrown Hits

New-wave rock, the current craze among teens and latter-day hips, owes much of its popularity to early, independently produced disks. Major labels originally shied away from new-wave acts, says one CBS exec, because of a general softening trend in the programming of so-called "progressive" FM rock stations, a trend that reflected the inevitable aging of the rock audience. Nonetheless, independent 45-rpm singles, often produced and paid for by aspiring entrepreneurs and new-wave type bands with little or no distribution capacities, did appear sporadically throughout the '70s, and some were extremely popular, though on a microscopic scale. As early as 1975, a 45 by the Dictators called "America the Beautiful," pressed, according to Punk magazine editor John Holmstrom, in a limited edition of ten, ended up in the juke box of a West Side, New York City, S&M bar and became that establishment's theme song.

By the time the Sex Pistols concretized punk in the public eye, hip record shops in many major cities were already carrying a variety of new-wave sounds on small,

kitchen-sink labels. Apparently they sold. And more than one big-name performer can credit Yankee ingenuity and derring-do for their current success. One of Patti Smith's early attention getters, for instance, was a 45-rpm single called "Piss Factory," put out on the independent Mer label. Now recording both LP's and singles for Arista, Patti has achieved mainstream superstar status. The quickly famed and recently defunct Television stirred up early interest with the 45 "Little Johnny Jewel," on Ork Records, before going on to sign with Elektra. *Marquee Moon*, Television's first Elektra LP, received rave reviews. Some even called it a masterpiece.

Other artists who began their recording careers with independent singles that may, in part, have helped them to land major record contracts include Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers, 999, the Buzzcocks, the Cortinas, the Damned, Elvis Costello, Nick Lowe, and Sham 69, just to mention a few.

So go forth with courage and good cheer. Who knows, you could be the maker of tomorrow's stars. ☐



A historic memoir of America's greatest existentialist

KEROUAC

by William Burroughs

Kerouac was a writer. That is, he wrote. Many people who call themselves writers and have their names on books are not writers and they can't write—the difference being, a bullfighter who fights a bull is different from a bullshitter who makes passes with no bull there. The writer has been there or he can't write about it. And going there he risks being gored. By that I mean what the Germans aptly call the Time Ghost—for example, such a fragile ghost world as Fitzgerald's Jazz Age—all the sad young men, firefly evenings, winter dreams, fragile, fragile like his picture taken in his 23rd year—Fitzgerald, poet of the Jazz Age. He went there and wrote it and brought it back for a generation—he wrote the Jazz Age. A whole migrant generation arose from *On the Road* to Mexico, Tangier, Afghanistan, India.

What are writers, and I will confine the use of this term to writers of novels, trying to do? They are trying to create a universe in which they have lived or where they would like to live. To write it they must go there and submit to conditions which they may not have bargained for. Sometimes, as in the case of Fitzgerald and Kerouac, the effect produced by a writer is immediate, as if a generation were waiting to be written. In other cases there may be a time lag. Science fiction has a way of coming true. In any case, by writing a universe the writer makes such a universe possible.

To what extent writers can, actually do, or how useful it is for their craft to act out their writing in so-called real life, is an open question. That is, depending which way you come on it—like are you making your universe more like the real universe or are you pulling the real into yours? *Winner Take Nothing*. For example, Hem-

**I pointed to the vultures.
“They’ve given up, like
old men...” Whipping
out my pearl-handled .45
I killed six of them in
showers of black feathers.**

ingway's determination to act out the least interesting aspects of his own writing and to actually be his character was, I feel, unfortunate for his writing. Quite simply, if a writer insists on being able to do and do well what his characters do, he limits the range of his characters. However, writers profit from doing something even when done badly; as I was for one short week—brings on my ulcers to think about it—a very bad assistant pickpocket. I decided that a week was enough and I didn't have the touch, really.

Walking around the wilderness of outer Brooklyn with the Sailor after a mooch (as he called a drunk) came up on us at the end of Flatbush: “They’ll beat the shit out of us... you have to expect that...” I shuddered and didn't want to expect that and decided right there that I was going to turn in my copy of the Times—the one I used to cover him when he put the hand out. We always used the same copy—he said people would try to read it and get confused when it was a month old, and this would like keep them from seeing us. He was quite a philosopher, the Sailor was... but a week was enough before I got what I “had to expect”....

“Here comes one... yellow lights too...” We huddle in a vacant lot...speaking

for myself at least, who can always see what I look like from outside, I look like a frightened commuter clutching his briefcase as Hell's Angels roar past.

Now if this might seem a cowardly way of cowering in a vacant lot when I should have given myself the experience of getting worked over by the skinny short cop with the acne-scarred face who looks out of that prowler car his eyes brown and burning in his head, well, the Sailor wouldn't have liked that and neither would a White Hunter like a client there to get himself mauled by a lion. Fitzgerald said once, to Hemingway, “Rich people are different from you and me.”

“Yes... they have more money.” And writers are different from you and me. They write. You don't bring back a story if you get yourself killed. So a writer need not be ashamed to hide in a vacant lot or a corner of the room for a few minutes. He is there as a writer and not as a character. There is nothing more elusive than a writer's main character, the character that is assumed by the reader to be the writer himself, no less, actually doing the things he writes about. But this main character is simply a point of view interposed by the writer. The main character then becomes in fact another character in the book, but usually the most difficult to see, because he is mistaken for the writer himself. He is the writer's observer and often very uneasy in this role and at a loss to account for his presence. He is an object of suspicion to the world of nonwriters unless he manages to write them into his road.

Kerouac says in *Vanity of Dulooz*: “I am not ‘I am’ but just a spy in someone's body pretending these sandlot games kids in the cow field near

St. Rita's Church..." Jack Kerouac knew about writing when I first met him in 1944. He was 21; already he had written a million words and was completely dedicated to his chosen trade. It was Kerouac who kept telling me I should write and call the book I wrote *Naked Lunch*. I had never written anything after high school and did not think of myself as a writer and I told him so. "I got no talent for writing..." I had tried a few times, a page maybe. Reading it over always gave me a feeling of fatigue and disgust and aversion towards this form of activity, such as a laboratory rat must experience when he chooses the wrong path and gets a sharp reprimand from a needle in his displeasure centers. Jack insisted quietly that I did have talent for writing and that I would write a book called *Naked Lunch*. To which I replied, "I don't want to hear anything literary."

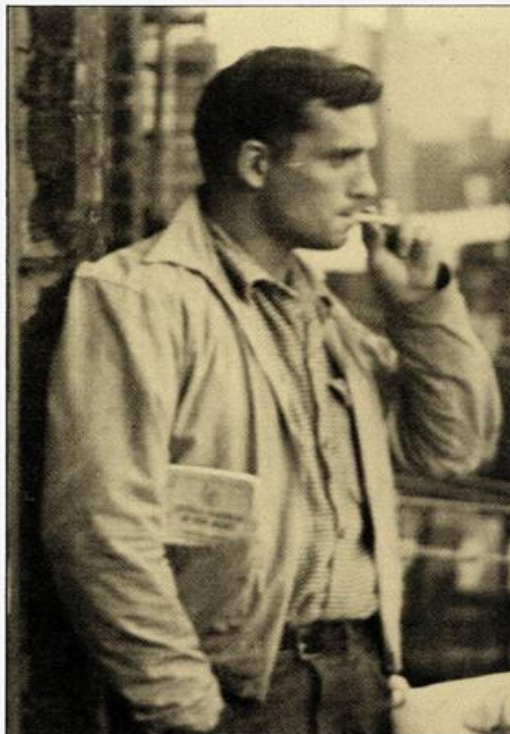
Trying to remember just where and when this was said is like trying to remember a jumble of old films. The 1940s seem centuries away. I see a bar on 116th Street here and a piece five years later in another century; a sailor at the bar who reeled over on the cue of *Naked Lunch* and accused us—I think Allen Ginsberg was there and John Kingsland—of making a sneering reference to the Swiss Navy. Kerouac was good in these situations since he was basically unhostile. Or was it in New Orleans or Algiers to be more precise, where I lived in a frame house by the river, or was it later in Mexico by the lake in Chapultepec Park... there's an island there where thousands of vultures roost apathetically. I was shocked at this sight since I had always admired their aerial teamwork, some skimming a few feet off the ground, others wheeling way up, little black specks in the sky—and when they spot food they pour down in a black funnel—we are sitting on the edge of the lake with tacos and bottles of beer... "*Naked Lunch* is the only title"... I pointed to the vultures.

"They've given up, like old men in St. Petersburg, Florida... go out and hustle some carrion you lazy buzzards!" Whipping out my pearl-handled .45 I killed six of them in showers of black feathers.

Black wood table in the booth rum and Coca Cola Hong Kong Blues on the juke box no that was another bar on 42nd Street.

The other vultures took to the sky... I would act these out with Jack, and quite a few of the scenes that later appeared in *Naked Lunch* arose from these acts. I remember we were in the University Club, of which I was a member, and a spastic member on a crutch got in the elevator and we got the idea of tripping him and taking his crutch away and mimicking his twitches. When Jack came to Tangier in 1957 I had decided to take his title and much of the book was already written.

In fact during all the years I knew



Kerouac was born knowing. He told me what I knew already, which is the only thing you can tell anybody.

Kerouac I can't remember ever seeing him really angry or hostile. It was the sort of smile he gave in reply to my demurrers, in a way you get from a priest who knows you will come to Jesus sooner or later—you can't walk out on the Shakespeare Squadron, Bill. Now as a very young child I had wanted to be a writer. At the age of nine I wrote something called the *Autobiography of a Wolf*. This early literary essay was so strongly influenced as to smell of plagiarism of a little book I had just read called the *Biography of a Grizzly Bear*. There were various vicissitudes including the loss of his beloved mate... in the end this poor old bear slouches into a valley he knows is full of poison gases, about to die... I can see the picture now, it's all in sepia, the valley full of nitrous yellow fumes and the bear walking in like a resigned criminal to the gas chamber. Now I had to give my wolf a different twist, so saddened by the loss of his entire family he encounters a grizzly bear who kills him and eats him. Later there was something called *Carl Cranbury in Egypt* that never got off the ground really... a knife glinted in the dark alley. With lightning speed Carl V. Cranbury reached for the blue steel automatic under his left arm... frozen forever an inch from his blue steel automatic... These were written out painfully in longhand with great attention to the script—the actual process of writing became so painful that I couldn't do anything more for Carl Cranbury as the Dark Ages descended—the

years in which I wanted to be anything else but a writer. A private detective, a bartender, a criminal... I failed miserably at all these callings, but a writer is not concerned about success or failure, but simply about observation and recall. At the time I was not gathering material for a book. I simply was not doing anything well enough to make a living at it. In this respect Kerouac did better than I did. He didn't like it but he did it—work on railroads and in factories. My record time on a factory job was four weeks. And I had the distinction to be actually fired from a defense plant during the war.

Perhaps Kerouac did better because he saw his work interludes simply as a means to buy time to write in. Tell me how many books a writer has written... we can assume usually ten times that amount shelved or thrown away... and I will tell you how he spends his time. Any writer spends a good deal of his time alone, writing. And that is how I remember Kerouac—as a writer talking about writing or sitting in a quiet corner with a notebook, writing in longhand. He was also very fast on the typewriter. You felt that he was writing all the time; that writing was the only thing he thought about. He never wanted to be anything else.

If I seem to be talking more about myself than about Kerouac, it is because I am trying to say something about the trade of writing and also something about



A spastic on a crutch got in the elevator, and Jack and I got the idea of tripping him and taking his crutch away and mimicking his twitches.

the particular role that Kerouac played in my lifscript. I had given up as a child on writing, perhaps unable to face what every writer must: all the bad writing he will have to do before he does any good writing. It would be an interesting exercise to collect all the worst writing of any writer—which simply shows the pressure that writers are under to write badly, that is, not to write. This pressure is of course in part simply the writer's own conditioning since childhood to think (in my case) white Protestant American or (in Kerouac's case) to think French-Canadian Catholic. There are many other pressures from well-established pressure groups in big business and the mass media. Writers are potentially very powerful indeed. They write the script for the reality film. Kerouac opened a million coffee bars and sold a million Levi's to both sexes. Woodstock rises from his pages. Now if writers could get together into a real tight union, we'd have the world right by the words. We could write our own universes, and they would all be as real as a coffee bar or a pair of Levi's or a prom in the Jazz Age. Writers could take over the reality studio. So they must not be allowed to find out that they can make it happen. Kerouac understood this long before I did. "Life is a dream," he said.

"My birth records, my family's birth records and recorded origins, my athletic records in the newspaper clippings I have, my own notebooks and published books are not real at all, my own dreams are not

dreams at all but products of my waking imagination..." This is then the writer's world—the dream made for a moment actual on paper you can almost touch in the end of *The Great Gatsby* and *On the Road*. Not that I am comparing the two works, but both express a dream that was taken up by a generation.

Life is a dream in which the same person may appear various times in different roles. Years before I met Kerouac, a friend from high school and college, Kells Elvins, told me repeatedly that I should write and was not suited to do anything else. When I was doing graduate work at Harvard in 1938 we wrote a story in collaboration, entitled "Twilight's Last Gleamings," which I used many years later almost verbatim in *Nova Express*. We acted the parts out sitting on a side porch of the white frame house we had rented together and this was the birthplace of Doctor Benway... "Are you all alright?" he shouted, seating himself in the first lifeboat among the women; "I'm the doctor..."

Years later in Tangier, Kells told me the truth: "I know I am dead and you are too..." Writers are all dead and all writing is posthumous. We are really from beyond the tomb and no commissions... all this I am writing just as I think of it according to Kerouac's own manner of writing... he says the first version is always the best.

In 1945 or thereabouts, Kerouac and I collaborated on a novel that was never

published, and it is in fact difficult to remember what it was about; the manuscript has been lost. Some of the material covered in this lost opus was later used by Jack in *The Town and the City* and *Vanity of Duluoz*. At the point the anonymous gray main character William Lee was taking shape. Lee who is there just so long and long enough to see and hear what he needs to see and hear for some scene or character he will use 20-30 years later in writing. No he wasn't there as a private detective, a bartender, a cotton farmer, a lush worker, an exterminator; he was there in his capacity as a writer. I did not know that until later. Kerouac it seems was born knowing. And he told me what I knew already, which is the only thing you can tell anybody. Sooner or later you can't walk out on the tender criminal. A very young child wanted something called the autobiographical recall. A little book just did better than I did. Unreplied an inch from his blue steel automatic... I can't remember writing became so painful hostile sort of smile. Writers are to write in. Tell me how many books for the reality film. Writers could get together in writing and that is how I remember we could sitting in a quiet corner all be real as a coffee bar. Fast on the typewriter, writers could take over the time. Perhaps unable to face published books are not real at all.

I am speaking of the role Kerouac played in my script, and the role I played in his can be inferred from the enigmatically pompous Hubbard Bull Lee portrayals which readily adapt themselves to the scenes between Carl and Doctor Benway in *Naked Lunch*. Kerouac may have felt that I did not include him in my cast of characters, but he is of course the anonymous William Lee as defined in our collaboration—a spy in someone else's body where nobody knows who is spying on whom. Sitting on a side porch he was there in his capacity as a writer and this was the birthplace Kerouac it seems was born knowing... the only thing you can tell. On the tender criminal a young painful smile... (Unreplied. Posthumous.) This I am writing just as I remember writing the first coffee bar. Fast on the typewriter. Years before I met Kerouac a character William Lee was taking shape told me repeatedly that I should write enough to see and hear what he was doing, collaboration entitled *Twilight's Last White frame*. Doctor Benway told me what I knew already.

"Are you all alright? Sooner or later you can't walk."

"I'm the doctor..."

Child wanted something called years later in Tangier. Kells told me book just did better than I did... "I know I am dead and you are too..." Kerouac and I are not real at all. The only real thing about a writer is what he has written and not his so-called life.

And we will all die and the stars will go out one after another.... ☐

Black Harvest

Text and photos by Laurence Cherniak

The opium trade flourishes today as it has for centuries. Opium is still carried out of Persia in camel caravans. Mules still bring it down out of the Golden Triangle, and sampans sail daily out of Hong Kong and China.

But the international distribution of opium has become quicker and more efficient. Trucks convey opium from Turkey to Europe, steamers from Burma head out to the high seas, and jets fly opium from wherever it is grown to everywhere else in the world.

Behind this thriving commerce is the poppy, a fast-growing plant that needs relatively little time to mature. The opium poppy begins its growth looking much like a lettuce plant. As it grows to maturity it changes rapidly and acquires a unique appearance. It may grow to between one and a half and three feet high. During the initial growth it produces a long stem and buds that look like the open end of a peeled banana.

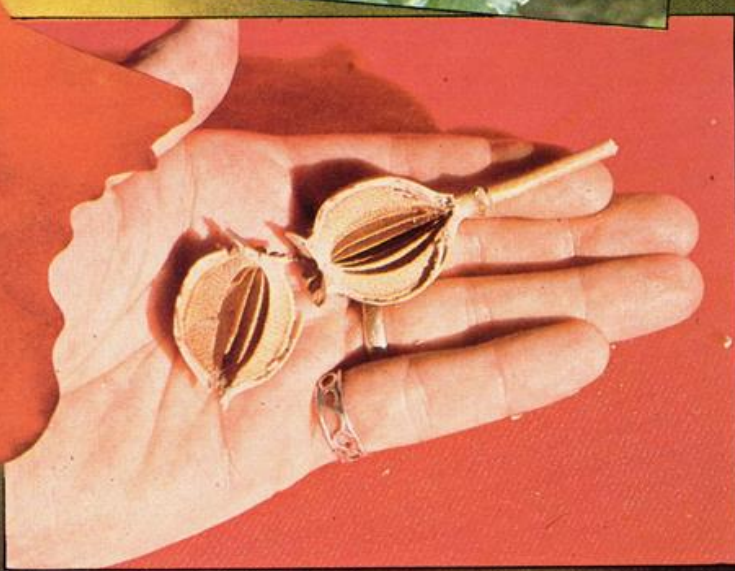
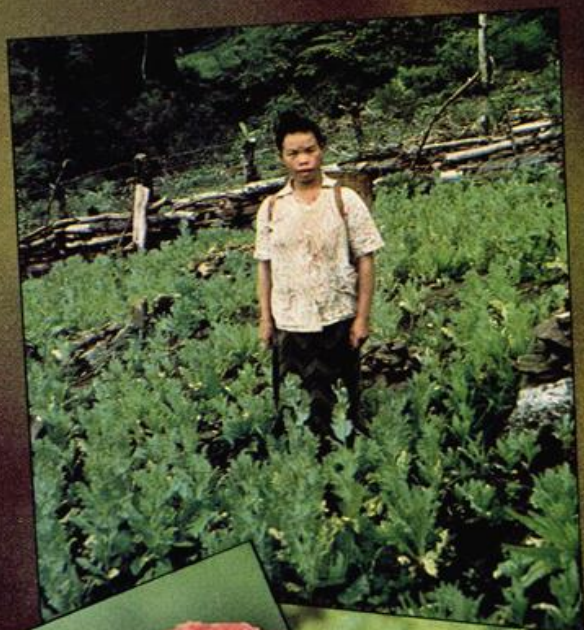
These buds soon open into pretty, slightly fragrant blossoms, which range in color from snow white to pale yellows, strong oranges, intense reds and powerful purples. They may be all of any one color or streaked with several. Within the center of each bud as it opens into a blossom, there has already started developing a round opium bulb.

Shortly after the petals fall the farmers will cut little vertical incisions down the sides of the bulb. It is during this cycle that the life forces and choicest juices of the plant begin to flow up toward the bulb. These juices carry the building blocks to create and form the seeds. As these juices travel up the stem they thicken into a gooey sticky substance, and that is what is bled from the bulb. This ooze from the bulb is the creamy opium base.

If the bulb is not slit at this time, it will ripen. The interior will begin to dry out as a result of the air passing in through the little holes under the cap, and the bulb will go to seed.

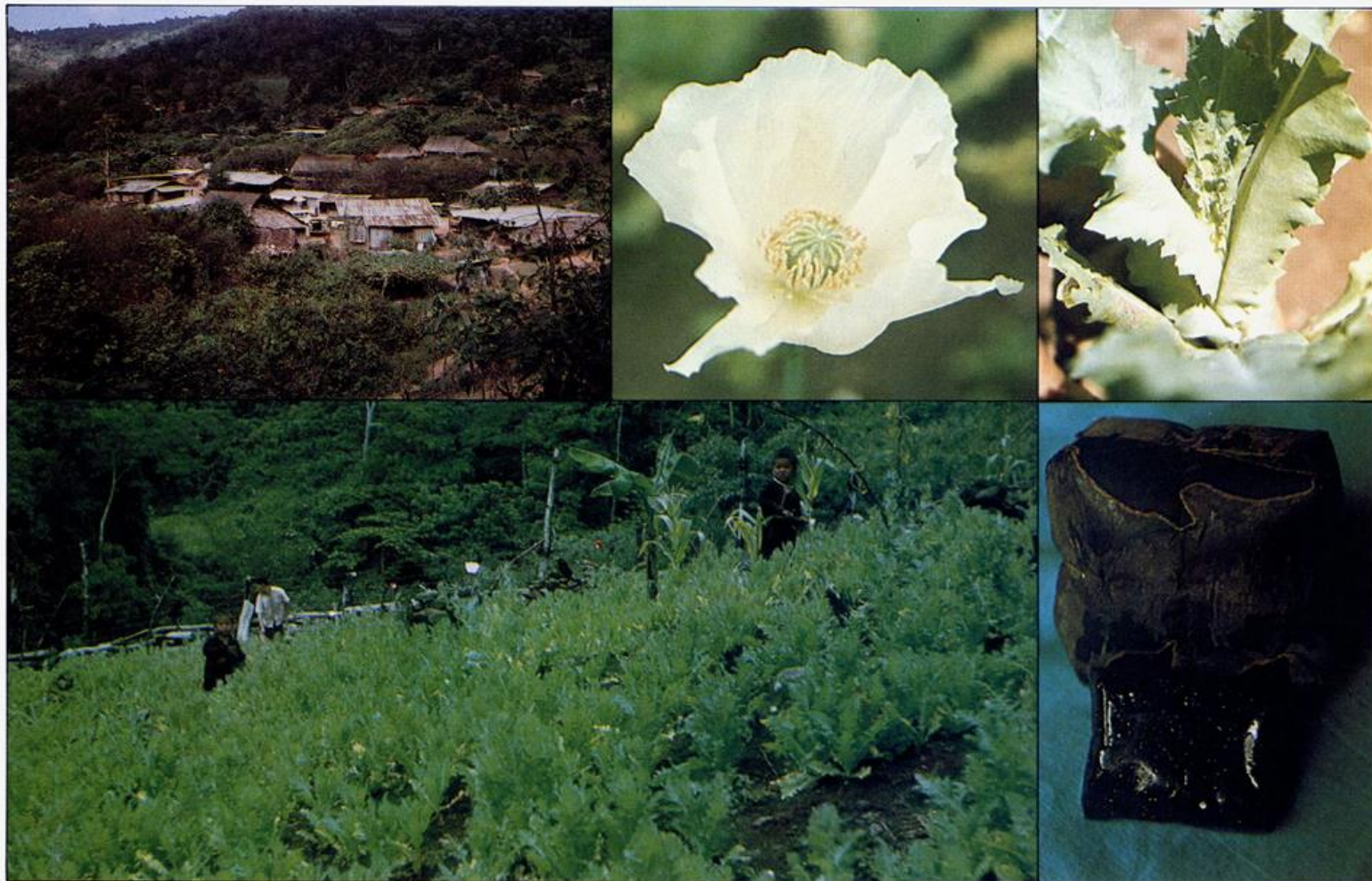
But when the bulb is slit at the proper time the plant reacts by trying to mend the incisions with its vital juices. These clog the slits, trying to form a scab, and the bulb will











In the terraced fields of a far-off Burmese hamlet grows a colorful crop of ecstasy: opium.

simply go about the business of completing its natural cycle.

Harvesting the creamy ooze every couple of days enables the plant to continue manufacturing the scab-forming ooze. This harvesting can last, depending on the size and health of the bulb and plant, up to three weeks.

Even then, some of the seeds will have managed to form. After the harvest is done the bulb will try to seal itself and generate even more seeds.

These later seeds will almost certainly be somewhat smaller and somewhat less potent. The plants that grow from them

will also be smaller and less potent.

The diminutive plant, however, may pass on to its seeds the original hereditary characteristics.. These third-generation plants if not bled will return to the original size and potency of the first plants.

When the plant is dried out it becomes very brittle and the slightest wind will snap the spindly stem of the bulb. This allows the ripe seeds, which heretofore had been clinging to the inner chamber walls of the bulb, to fall easily out the holes and germinate into new plants.

The seeds look just like the poppy seeds you can buy in the spice department of

many stores, perhaps a touch blacker. They can be eaten by sprinkling on candies or mashed and cooked in food. If they are smoked, they will give a little buzz. They are very oily and difficult to burn, which results in any pipe getting very clogged.

When a sufficient amount of the creamy opium base is gathered it is cooked down. Then it becomes a dark, thick and very slow-stretching black toffeelike material. It has a pungent smell of its own, and the more times it is cooked the stronger it smells and more potent it becomes. The residue that is left sticking to an opium cooking pot is extremely strong to smoke.



Cooking the sublime goo down to its final black potency is swift work for the oriental opium chef.



Preparing the traditional opium pipe is a subtle skill requiring the correct materials. The opium paste is softened for smoking over a low flame and spun by a thin stylus. Then it is smeared on some corn husk to dry before being put inside the bowl by hand.



In the Far East, crude anti-opium propaganda is helpless against the lure of the local opium shop.

For example, imagine you have just finished cooking chocolate pudding, which you are especially keen on. In fact you love it so much that you begin to scrape out the pot, when suddenly you notice that if you keep scraping, the results are very similar to the powder you started out with in the first place.

The scrapings that come off the walls of the opium pot are much like this in appearance. This residue is very potent and desirable, so it is scraped off very patiently. Then it is mixed in with the rest of the black taffiesque opium. The powder absorbs much of the moisture of the gooey opium and allows it to burn more freely.

If the opium cook considers the freshly

The creamy opium base cooks down to a thick, slow-stretching, black toffeelike material with a pungent, potent smell.

boiled opium and the concentrated scrapings too strong when mixed together, he or she will often use the following steps to smoke the opium: Put a small piece (about one-third of a gram) on a long sharp pin. This is an opium pin or stylus. The end in which the opium is contained will be held over a small flame or candle. As the opium begins to sweat, hiss and bubble, the smoker then damp-dries it on any absorbent material to remove the sweat. After this is done a couple of times it will be ready for smoking.

Opium pipes come in many different styles and shapes, depending on the local traditions. The pipe hole is almost always an inverted cone shape. The wider opening on the outside surface of the conical bowl makes it easier to suck the fumes into the pipe and through the stem.

This funnel-shaped bowl is often lined with a tiny metal (one-half thimble size) casing, which prevents the wooden bowl from burning into the opium smoke or even from catching fire, since opium burns at very high temperatures.

With better pipes one can remove this small thimblelike cone for cleaning. Opium can plug the hole where the inside tip of the cone meets the stem, so the six-to-eight-inch-long pin comes in handy again.

The pin is used to pierce the bubbling and melting opium. Then air can be sucked through, drawing with it the vapors of the opium. The opium stylus pin is also used to keep the rolling, bubbling, flowing, black lavalike opium from escaping through the wide opening of the bowl, which is held on its side, facing down slightly so the flame can easily heat the opium.

Most people smoke opium in a reclined position—this makes it easier to relax and to enjoy the sublime dreams associated with the opium cult. ■



Night of the HUMAN TOMATOES

Why is Washington pushing the new lobotomy?

Some of them have sat in wards since the 1940s—dead, graying, wooden, fibrous faces, inert human broccoli. The scars over their left eyes—where the surgeon's scalpel plunged in and in and in until their front brains died—have long since healed. They must be wiped on the toilet, spoon fed and rolled around in wheelchairs; their legs have died from disuse. Row upon row of them infest the unvisited back rooms and basements of mental hospitals like mushrooms pullulating under a porch; they are the undead, the living dead. There are more than 100,000 of them—victims of the lobotomy craze of a quarter-century ago.

Such were the effects of an operation that was once billed in mental-hospital amphitheaters throughout the country as the "magic cure" for mental illness. And still is.

Psychosurgery is back. Not that it ever was away, but much to the surprise of many this experimental form of blind-folded surgery is still going on and finally, after years of legal and medical debate, is about to be given the stamp of approval by HEW's Joe Califano with the tacit okay of his boss in the White House. The number of these experiments, now estimated at 500 a year, is expected to double. And though the technique has advanced since the days when brain tissue was stirred until it bore a close resemblance to Maypo, still little is known about how psychosurgery works, if it works at all.

Begin at the site of the Inca ruins where

by Martin Porter

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hundreds of skulls with holes bored through them have been unearthed. Trepanning, as it is called, was an ancient procedure that attempted to relieve mental stress by cutting open the head in order to release evil spirits trapped within. This direct, no-holds-barred approach is the logical antecedent of all future psychosurgery.

Then, in the late nineteenth century, Dr. Gottlieb Burckhardt cut out chunks of six patients' brains, killing one, at a Swiss insane asylum, only to stop when condemned by local medical authorities.

In 1935 the practice was brought into the modern era when Dr. Egas Moniz, a Portuguese neurosurgeon, was credited with inventing the prefrontal lobotomy technique, eventually winning the Nobel Prize for Medicine for his work on 100 mental patients. Moniz was also stopped; in 1944 a disgruntled, lobotomized subject

shot him, leaving him partially paralyzed for the rest of his life.

It was during this early period that Rose Williams, daughter of an aristocratic Southern family and the older sister of playwright Tennessee Williams, was lobotomized. Her schizophrenia had been getting worse for a number of years when her father finally committed her to a state hospital in St. Louis, where American doctors were first trying their hands at the new surgical technique. They told Rose's parents that a prefrontal lobotomy was the only solution. The operation was performed, and as with most of these early victims Rose Williams was left passive, an empty shell of her former self. Tennessee Williams, who was away at the University of Iowa at the time, would never forgive anyone involved with this travesty; he would write about the subject in *Suddenly Last Summer*, where a young woman is lobotomized by her family to save them the social inconvenience of having a "lunatic" on their hands. Possibly the most poignant statement was made by Rose Williams herself in a 1951 letter to her by then famous brother. She wrote, describing her condition: "Sick as a dog, happy as a king."

The man responsible for bringing lobotomy to its prime was Dr. Walter Freeman, a Georgetown University psychiatric researcher who zealously espoused the virtues of this dubious therapy on nationwide tours, leaving an estimated 4,000 patients lobot-



Frances Farmer, a promising, albeit "temperamental" starlet in the early '40s. She also had a booze problem, which brought her to court in 1943.



When she said, "I hear voices day and night," the judge remanded her to a nut ward. Farmer's reaction was diagnosed as "pathological."



After a series of rapes in the ward, Frances was lobotomized in an all-woman assembly-line spectacular.

Photos: Wide World

omized in his wake.

It was Freeman who is credited with the lobotomy of Frances Farmer, the promising young actress of such '30s film classics as *Rhythm on the Range* (1936) and *Toast of New York* (1937), a self-professed radical who rejected the early Hollywood starmaker machinery. Who then suddenly disappeared.

According to her biography, *Shadowland*, by William Arnold, Frances Farmer had either been driven or labeled insane and shipped off to a life of oblivion in a public mental hospital in Washington state. There she was used in early drug experiments, was sexually abused, and then finally had her meeting with the man who would cure her. Arnold describes the operation:

"The famous doctor was describing his procedures. He declared that he had helped develop the prefrontal lobotomy and that he felt it was now obsolete. His new operation, he claimed, could be administered as easily as a penicillin shot and would not even leave a scar. He said that its potential for controlling society's misfits—schizophrenics, homosexuals, radicals—was truly revolutionary and that he had already successfully performed the operation on a sane person. As he concluded his briefing, the first woman was wheeled before him. He put electrodes to her temples and gave her electroshock until she passed out. Then he lifted her left eyelid and plunged the icepick-shaped instrument under her eyeball and into her brain. Another woman was wheeled before him and he repeated the procedure, and then another woman and another and another...

"Near the end of the row of patients was Frances Farmer. From that moment on, she would no longer exhibit the rest-

Lobotomist Freeman listed his favorite subjects in the following order: older patients, women, blacks and those with "simpler" occupations.

less, impatient mind and the erratic creative impulses of a difficult and complex artist. She would no longer resist authority or provide controversy. She would no longer be a threat to anyone."

"Eyewitnesses of other Freeman operations portrayed him as the P.T. Barnum of the operating amphitheater. He performed his operations not only for a packed house but also for the cameras. He set up lights and provided himself with a backdrop, posed with his golden icepick in hand, ready to poke it into somebody's head. He often operated on ten patients in a row, sometimes two at a time. As with most evangelists the show was the thing; the subjects whose minds were being severed were incidental props. He candidly listed his favorite subject types in the following order: older patients, women, blacks and those with simpler occupations.

His goal was to clear out the insane asylums as quickly as possible by making the patients more manageable. With this benevolent ambition in mind, the destruction of "self" or blunting of personality was a side rather than a direct effect. He described in his opus *Psychosurgery* a black woman who had to be locked away in her room at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in

Washington because she was strong and violent. After the operation, Freeman wrote: "We could playfully grab Oretha by the throat, twist her arm, tickle her in the ribs and slap her behind without eliciting anything more than a wide grin or hoarse chuckle."

Freeman spread the word of the "magic cure" so wide that soon families were actually requesting the operation for their mentally deranged members. The most famous example is that of Rosemary Kennedy, the forgotten member of the clan famed for its Saturday touch-football games on the lawn at Hyannis Port.

It has long been rumored that the Kennedy family had had Rosemary lobotomized because of her mental disorders. She was described in most family biographies as somewhat slower than her siblings but otherwise healthy enough to remain a part of family life in Massachusetts and England until her late teens. Then suddenly in 1941 her condition deteriorated and she had to be sent off to a convent school, St. Coletta, near Milwaukee, Wisconsin, only to be seen publicly again in Joe Kennedy's limousine during the inauguration of her brother Jack.

The rumors were finally confirmed by Rose Kennedy's memoirs, published in 1974. She described how the girl had become violent. Eminent medical specialists were consulted, and the advice was that the girl should undergo "a certain form of neurosurgery." Rose Kennedy's description of the results of this surgery leaves no doubt what form that was.

She wrote: "The operation eliminated the violence and the convulsive seizures, but it also had the effect of leaving Rosemary permanently incapacitated. She lost



Rosemary Kennedy, everyone knows, was JFK's "mildly retarded" sister. Certainly, in this typical photo with the president-to-be, she seems to be "mild" enough.



Rosemary was a tempestuously emotional and independent person who frequently "embarrassed" the Kennedy family. So one day, old Joe had her taken away and lobotomized.

everything that had been gained during the years by her own gallant efforts and our loving efforts for her. She had no possibility of ever again being able to function in a viable way in the world at large."

Psychosurgeons of today like to call stories like these tales from the dark ages. They try to differentiate themselves from the early lobotomists like Freeman. However, their frequent and overt political motives and characteristic desire to control what the world at large considers deviance has brought them and their work under fire. Though critics maintain the procedure still hasn't proven therapeutic, other than in cases of epilepsy and intractable pain, they concede that today the operation itself is more controlled—now called stereotaxis—where an electrode is pinpointed on a target sector of the brain. This target, however, changes like the fall fashions and now resides somewhere in the recesses of the inner brain in a section called the limbic lobe.

As in the days of Freeman, women still tend to be the most frequent targets, though alcoholics, heroin addicts and children all draw close seconds. It has been alleged, though never fully substantiated, that minority groups are chosen more frequently than whites. A neurosurgeon at the University of Mississippi Medical School, Dr. O.J. Andy, has been charged with using black, mentally retarded children in psychosurgery experiments. Though the race of his subjects has never officially been disclosed, the results of his work in itself are damaging. In a 1966 experiment he described J.M., a nine-year-old boy suffering from seizures and various behavioral disorders. A 1970 follow-up study revealed that after four separate brain operations J.M. was finally

**"We could playfully grab
Oretha by the throat,
twist her arm,
tickle her ribs or
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without eliciting anything
more than a wide grin
and a horse chuckle."**

beginning to adjust to his environment and his memory was finally improving. Andy confessed, however, that J.M. was intellectually deteriorating.

The control of deviance has always been a concern of lobotomists. A famed 1968 experiment by neurosurgeons in Göttingen, Germany, involved operating on a group of male homosexuals—all of whom had a record of child molesting—and obliterating the sex-drive centers of their brains. The only other surgical choice, castration, was discounted as too brutal.

The control of homosexuality has been a concern of American psychosurgeons too. Tulane University experiments using the latest form of mind control, ESB (electro stimulation of the brain), hoped to condition homosexuals to the pleasures of heterosexuality. Electrodes were sunk into the pleasure centers of their brains and were activated while the subjects watched reel after reel of stag films.

The dean of ESB, Dr. Robert Heath, has had inordinate success in controlling human emotions and personality by way of these and other electrodes connected to a terminal and placed strategically in various points on the brain map. He has

had as many as 120 electrodes hooked up to a subject at one time. Heath has described individuals who carry self-stimulation packs around with them on their belts. And despite the obvious levity, the political potential of his work cannot be ignored. Especially since the prime practitioner himself has long been associated with groups to whom such human control could be of great value: the CIA and the army.

Heath has been linked with the CIA mind-control project ARTICHOKE/BLUEBIRD for work he had agreed to do with a brainwashing drug on prisoners. Though he has denied ever doing psychosurgery for the CIA, it has been suspected that Heath was part of a 1955 army experiment in which LSD and mescaline were administered to individuals who already had electrodes implanted in their brains. A *High Times* Freedom of Information Inquiry has confirmed for the first time that Heath was indeed a member of this research team, whose work the army has confessed was unethical.

Most recently Heath has made news as a result of a personal antimarijuana campaign in which he claims to have found that the weed has serious and previously undisclosed side effects. He claimed to have found microscopic, but still permanent, changes in the brain in two rhesus monkeys trained to smoke the equivalent of one joint a day, five days a week, for half a year. The change was an enlargement of the "synaptic cleft," across which the nerves send signals.

Heath's findings were met by heavy criticism by scientists, who discounted them because of his heavy antimarijuana-propaganda approach and because the monkeys the study was based on were

two that had mysteriously died in the middle of the night.

While Heath is the leading ESB practitioner, its leading theoretician, who clearly expresses the political potential of the technique, is Dr. Jose Delgado, formerly of Yale, now of the University of Madrid. Delgado has been able to control human behavior by way of a remote-control terminal. He has claimed in his 1969 book, *Physical Control of the Mind: Toward a Psychocivilized Society*, that "we have reached a critical turning point in the evolution of man at which the mind can be used to influence its own structure, functions and purpose, thereby ensuring both the preservation and advance of civilization."

His work on monkeys puts this comment into frightening perspective. He has been able to successfully activate the followers in monkey groups to depose their leaders and in turn activate the leaders to crack down on the followers.

The political abuses of psychosurgery came into focus upon revelations by Washington, D.C., psychiatrist Dr. Peter Breggin in 1972 that the Department of Justice (DOJ), still under the Mitchell aegis in the late '60s, had funded psychosurgery experiments on the control of violence by three noted Boston researchers: William Sweet, Vernon Marks (both of Harvard) and Frank Ervin (a Heath apprentice at Tulane).

Remember, these were the days of the Detroit and Watts riots. Congress had allocated \$1 billion to the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration to help curb further trouble. They granted \$1 million of their money to the Boston team to discover if brain dysfunction could cause urban rioting. The threesome had published a letter in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in 1967 addressing this very question. They had claimed "the real lesson of the urban rioting is that, besides the need to study the social fabric that creates the riot atmosphere, we need intensive research and clinical studies of the individuals committing the violence. The goal of such studies should be to pinpoint, diagnose and treat those people with low violence thresholds before they contribute to further tragedies."

Work under the contract with DOJ wasn't well received. In documents acquired by Freedom of Information Inquiry from DOJ, *High Times* has learned that an evaluation of the threesome's study of the biological factors of violence had judged their work a failure. It was said that the authors had come up with no information that would warrant further investigations.

The greatest condemnation of their work, however, came from their own follow-up study of one of the subjects used in the course of their federally funded work—the case of their most famous patient, Thomas R., who served as the



Doctors performing a prefrontal lobotomy.

Reluctance to ban psychosurgery could prove an embarrassment to Jimmy Carter, since the practice was outlawed in the Soviet Union in 1953.

real-life model for Harry Benson in Michael Crichton's best-selling *The Terminal Man*. The story that has emerged from published reports as well as a follow-up study by Dr. Peter Breggin is as follows:

Thomas R. was a brilliant engineer, partly responsible for the development of the Land camera. However, he suffered from epileptic seizures and was having serious marital problems. He admitted to throwing cans of food at his wife. It was this, rather than the epilepsy, that directed Thomas R. to the Boston team, who were looking for someone with whom to begin their violence studies.

Four electrodes, each containing 20 smaller electrodes, were implanted in Thomas R.'s brain for either direct stimulation or destruction of brain tissue. He would complain to his nurses that he was a guinea pig of the government and went wherever he was ordered by the group; he said he felt like some sort of robot. But his complaints were ignored, brushed off by his family as science-fiction fantasies.

In 1968, as Marks and Ervin were first publishing successful accounts of their surgery on Thomas R., the patient himself was on his way downhill. He was admitted to a California V.A. hospital, hallucinating and confused, for the first psychiatric hospitalization of his life. The following year the V.A. declared this once brilliant scientist officially disabled. And it was then that the first real violence began. While his V.A. physicians were ordering both physical and chemical restraints to curb his violent outbursts, his

surgeons were claiming that he had been cured. Nowhere was their mention of his partial blindness, blackout spells and chronic schizophrenia, which had followed their work.

The work of Sweet, Ervin and Marks stimulated interest among psychosurgeons throughout the country. In Michigan, Dr. Ernst Rodin began experiments, funded by the state legislature, to compare the effects of psychosurgery and hormone treatments. His first subject was a mental patient referred to as John Doe who had agreed to be used as a guinea pig. However, in January 1973 Ann Arbor attorney Gabe Kaimowitz intervened on the subject's behalf, claiming that the researchers had no right to use him in such an experiment; a three-judge panel set a legal precedent on the subject, holding that an involuntarily confined person cannot give consent to participate in an experiment of such "hazardous and irreversible nature."

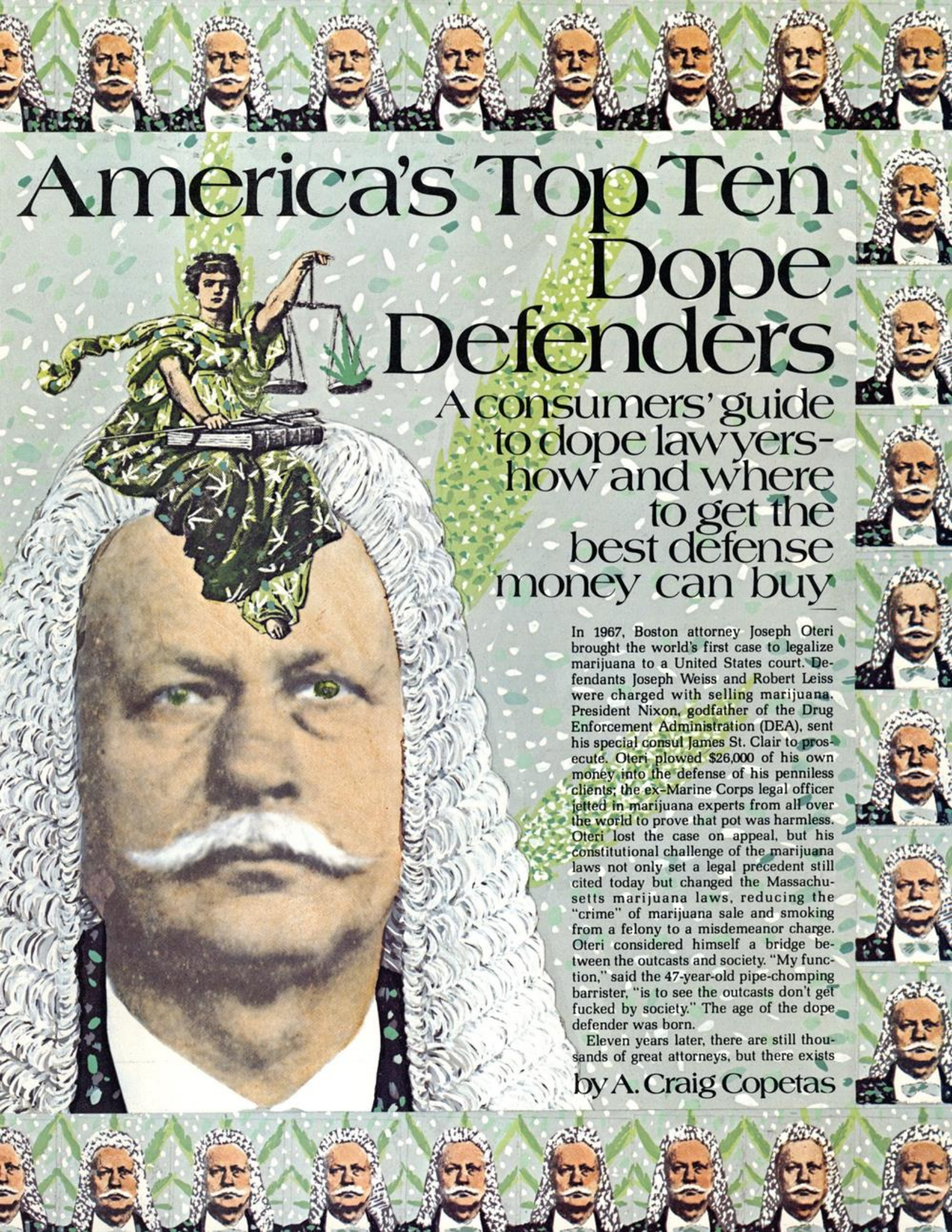
That fall an amendment was tacked onto the National Research Act to put a two-year moratorium on psychosurgery; however during debate the moratorium provision was deleted.

Then the National Commission for the Protection of Human Subjects of Biomedical and Behavioral Research was formed, to pass judgment on all areas of human experimentation. The commission report on psychosurgery was issued in the spring of 1977 and recommended to continue the practice, while keeping it under strict observation. The report came as a shock to psychosurgery critics like Dr. Breggin, who called it in an interview "a whitewash." It came as a surprise to one commission member, who in her dissenting opinion claimed that she was shocked by the decision in the light of the scarcity of hard facts.

It had been left up to Professor Elliot Valenstein, of the University of Michigan, author of the definitive text on the subject, *Brain Control*, to come up with the hard facts on the subject. However, in his commission report he admitted that a computer scan of the medical literature on psychosurgery revealed that it is all based on "pure conjecture and indirect, heterogeneous and often tortured sets of arguments."

In an interview Valenstein reported that he believed the commission recommendations resulted from the fact that "they got nervous in the role of government legislating such an innovative technique, and nervous about the application of such controversial legislation concerning setting up controls to block the procedure."

At a time when Jimmy Carter is taking on half the world on the issue of human rights, such a nervous reluctance to ban psychosurgery could prove an embarrassment, especially since the practice has been outlawed in the Soviet Union, a country already condemned for its political abuses of psychiatry, since 1953. ■



America's Top Ten Dope Defenders

A consumers' guide to dope lawyers—how and where to get the best defense money can buy

In 1967, Boston attorney Joseph Oteri brought the world's first case to legalize marijuana to a United States court. Defendants Joseph Weiss and Robert Leiss were charged with selling marijuana. President Nixon, godfather of the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), sent his special consul James St. Clair to prosecute. Oteri plowed \$26,000 of his own money into the defense of his penniless clients; the ex-Marine Corps legal officer jetted in marijuana experts from all over the world to prove that pot was harmless. Oteri lost the case on appeal, but his constitutional challenge of the marijuana laws not only set a legal precedent still cited today but changed the Massachusetts marijuana laws, reducing the "crime" of marijuana sale and smoking from a felony to a misdemeanor charge. Oteri considered himself a bridge between the outcasts and society. "My function," said the 47-year-old pipe-chomping barrister, "is to see the outcasts don't get fucked by society." The age of the dope defender was born.

Eleven years later, there are still thousands of great attorneys, but there exists

by A. Craig Copetas

only a handful of attorneys who can fuse an exacting knowledge of the law, social consciousness, morality and guts in order to battle repressive laws, outrageous sentences, the DEA, ill-informed juries, zealous prosecutors, mad judges and skeptical bar associations.

"Law schools are built to protect the ruling class," said Craig Kaplan, director of the Association of Legal-Aid Lawyers. "It takes a special person to get involved in dope work."

First of all, dope attorneys empathize with their clients. Many have been tailed, hassled and wiretapped along with their clients. Unlike many of their fat corporation-law colleagues who get rich off of charging clients as much as 30 cents for a Xerox copy, the dope defenders often work for the sole satisfaction of helping someone who needs to be helped. Even the wealthiest dope attorneys, who defend multi-ton smuggling operations, find time to donate to NORML.

When *High Times* conducted its first search for America's foremost dope defenders in 1975, we highlighted attorneys who were highly respected by their peers. The first great crop of dope defenders came in the early '70s: attorneys like big-bust expert Michael Kennedy, cocaine crusader Gerald Lefcourt, homegrown advocate Michael Stepanian and LSD defender Leonard Rubin. These attorneys, and others, were examples to today's dope defenders.

Since then, 11 states have decriminalized possession of small amounts of marijuana, a number of courts have accepted challenges to the legality of the marijuana and cocaine laws, and NORML has organized an effective nationwide network of dope attorneys who can be dispatched to a major problem area in a matter of days. But unlike the fledgling dope defenders of ten years ago, today's dope-law specialist is not only committed to the issue of legalization but has a knowledge of international law, pharmacology, search and seizure procedures, the Spanish language and the federal bureaucracy. The challenge, too, is greater now than a decade ago. The DEA continues its illegal surveillance techniques and has recently involved the military in busting marijuana smokers and importers. State and federal narcs have placed hundreds of undercover thugs throughout the country and asked the Congress for \$10 million more to purchase "undercover" information. The State Department and DEA have increased their involvement in making overseas busts, have organized campaigns to destroy decriminalization, have dropped paraquat and 2-4-D on Mexican pot fields and have stepped up marijuana enforcement at home and abroad; and several states have attempted to institute a devastating series of anti-paraphernalia laws, have increased jail sentences or have formed DEA local task forces. In Hawaii, the National Guard was

called out to attack local marijuana farmers who have taken to booby-trapping their fields to ward off the narc invasion.

"Dope law is a field particularly concerned with the dividing line between freedom and repression," says dope defender David Michaels in New York. "Lester Maddox once said that the jails aren't going to get any better until we put a better class of people in them. But you meet better people in criminal law than in corporate law."

Gerry Goldstein

"You want to know how many drug cases I handle a year? I handle too damn many drug cases a year. I've seen 300 marijuana smokers get arrested in San Antonio in just one night. I've seen an 82-year-old grandmother put behind bars for delivery of one ounce. I worry about my clients. I worry if anybody else would help them."

Gerry Goldstein graduated from the University of Texas Law School in 1967 and joined his father's corporate law firm. But within a few hours of his arrival at the Tower Life Building law office he met a woman, bought two tickets to Europe, got married and returned to Texas to defend draft resisters in federal courtrooms.

When Goldstein fought his first dope case in 1969, it was a tough time for dope attorneys in Texas. "I got burned by the jury. They gave staggering sentences back then, life imprisonment for one ounce of marijuana. I tended to get a little pissed. Now I'm bothered by an ugly rub, a very ugly aspect. There are some shits who smoke marijuana but get on juries and burn people. I'll feel a lot better after legalization. The best dope attorneys are not out to make a fast buck. Pay as much as you can, because a good chunk of that cash goes to defend the guys who can't afford to pay. I know I'll be damned if a marijuana smoker rots in jail because he can't pay court costs."

Goldstein bubbles a calm passion, but mention the letters DEA within earshot and he explodes like a brick through a 24-inch Sony.

"Those bastards should be abolished.



John Brooks

Gerry Goldstein

The DEA is not a police force. They have no police skills. Some of them can't even take a fingerprint. They are trained as spies, spies. They are nothing more than a bunch of cloak-and-dagger goons who torture kids in Mexico, tap phones and peek through a keyhole. It's a clandestine espionage organization designed to operate under the skin of America."

Norman Reimer

Norman Reimer was sworn into the New York State Bar in February 1978. He hasn't spent much time out of court since then.

"I've already forgotten how many times I've been in court," said the 26-year-old graduate of NYU Law School. "Dope cases... let's see here.... If I said I was working on 20 at the moment, that might be a bit low."

Reimer's office window overlooks the tacky blight of lower Manhattan's Canal Street, within spitting distance of the criminal courts. The dope-law wunderkind already has streaks of gray in his dark hair. He considers himself a criminal lawyer, a job that happens to encompass dope law.

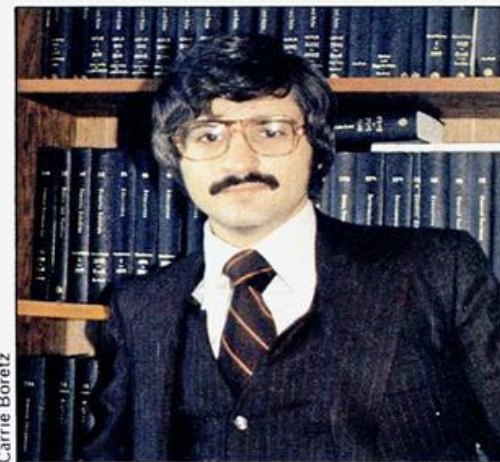
"Give Norman ten years and he'll be the best criminal attorney in the country," said a New York attorney who knows only of Reimer's reputation.

"Reimer's still feeling out the water," said an attorney pal. "But at 26, he's better than most of the criminal attorneys twice his age."

"I've always wanted to be a criminal-defense lawyer," beamed Reimer from behind a pair of blond horn-rims. "People think that all of us are out to make a fast buck. But I became a criminal lawyer because I want to help people."

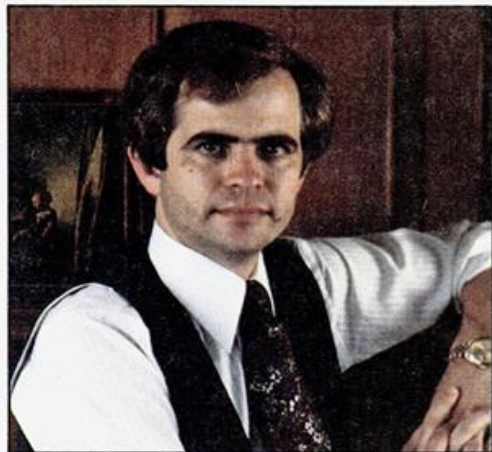
"I don't know what the answer to the dope question is. I look on each case as an individual problem. I don't see myself as a cause lawyer. I don't feel hatred toward the DEA. That's not my approach."

"We roll up our sleeves, go to the scene of the crime and really get into a case. It's a great privilege to stand with the accused. I'm the luckiest person in the world."



Carrie Boretz

Norman Reimer



John Brooks

Ed Mallett

Ed Mallett

Cherubic Ed Mallett, in a Texas courtroom, can turn into an avenging angel when riled. But people who know the 33-year-old Houston attorney say it takes a "heck of a lot to get Ed's drawl going in court." With Texas drug laws sometimes drawing up to life in prison Ed Mallett can get very riled.

A Texas native, Mallett is a long-time member of NORML and a fierce critic of the Lone-Star State's "life and lice" marijuana laws. He has not only middle-manned deals to get kids out of Mexican jails but dared defend the mercenaries who busted 14 people out of the Piedras Negras prison in 1976.

"The quality of prison life down there is still proportionate to income up here. To get someone out on the local level costs over \$1,000. But once those kids get into the diabolics of the Mexican federal sys-

tem the price tag can read 50 grand."

A graduate of the University of Texas Law School, Mallett jumped right into the Prairie Legal Commune, defending VISTA workers, underground newspapers and "too many Texans for possession and cultivation of marijuana."

"The Piedras Negras jail break caught the imagination of Texas," he explained. "It proved that the Mexican situation was a very emotional one. Mike Hill, one of the dope merces, was like an old gun-fighter. He busts into a jail south of the border with a 12-gauge alley sweeper, gets the kids safely out, comes back to the States and doesn't spend one day in jail.

"The Texas juries still don't understand the politics of pot. But the real fight is with the DEA. They're licensed to commit crimes for the sake of statistics. Nobody seems to be able to do anything about them. And that leaves them for us to take care of in the courtroom."

Jack DeNaro

"Dapper Jack" DeNaro heads what many believe to be Florida's top dope-law firm.

"Half my practice is concerned with drug cases," said DeNaro, shuffling papers over a New York-Miami telephone patch. "Let's see what I have here, large quantities. Between 5 and 50 keys of cocaine, 25 tons of marijuana outside Boston, these guys were great navigators..." DeNaro reels off ten more clients. All dope heavyweights.

"I don't view the dope laws as political in nature," said DeNaro. "This stuff is legally contraband. The price of cocaine in this state is six times that of gold. If one looks upon the dope laws as a political



Phil Brodatz

Jack DeNaro

creature, it can cloud your perspective."

"DeNaro knows both U.S. and foreign law," said a Miami dealer who has had a long association with the Florida import scene. "I wouldn't use any other attorney. I've never heard him turning down a dope case because it wasn't big enough. You get DeNaro fired up and he'd take the possession of a pot seed to the Supreme Court for free while wheeling a 200-ton dealer out of a federal rap. The guy is really amazing."

"There are 12,000 felony charges in Florida every year," said DeNaro. "Some 40 percent of these charges are for possession of drugs. Nearly 80 percent of the federal cases in the southern district are drug cases. I keep busy."

Drug defense is seasonal: "I work harder right after a harvest. Many people don't realize that dope traffic has become a significant part of the American way."

(continued next page)

How to Choose a Dope Defender

In the really weighty cases the question is always whether to go with a local or import the out-of-town heavies. The local attorney knows the background of the judge, the temper of the community and the way the City Hall political wheels turn. If your bust is small and you live in a liberal community, the local attorney may be just the ticket. But if your bust is page one and your neighbors are burning crosses on your lawn, call in the big guns.

The dope defender has the increasingly specialized skills necessary to tackle an extremely complex drug case. The dope defender is a specialist, and the nonspecialist—no matter how sincere—often ends up botching things. Above all, don't be misled by the local lawyer with connections. This scheme works less well than most people think. Attorneys with pull might be able to land a plant contract for a client in Cleveland but can be totally worthless against a simple charge of get-

ting high on marijuana.

Don't overestimate your case. Don't hire more lawyer than you need. It usually costs nothing to talk to an attorney, and in the course of the interview you can discover how quick the lawyer is, how good his or her ideas are on how to beat your case, how much dope law he or she knows, how long the case is going to take and how much it is going to cost.

Bargain with your lawyer. Don't bring your parents along to the law office. As soon as parents are involved the price rises. Never pledge your entire fortune, because many lawyers will gladly take it. Try to extend your payments out as long as possible. Find out exactly what you will get for your money. Will the attorney go through pretrial and appeal?

Some attorneys will make a deal that you pay no fee unless you get off. This is a good deal if you can get it. When the arrangement is complete, obtain a letter of

agreement of the deal or a written contract detailing the specifics.

Don't be afraid to check out the public defender's office. Or call one of NORML's two referral numbers: (202) 223-3170 on the East Coast, and (415) 563-5858 on the West Coast.

Get to know your attorney. Tell your attorney everything: both your life and your defender's career are on the line if the prosecutor stands up in court and cuts your case to shreds over some little thing you "neglected" to mention during pretrial.

Although each dope defender is different, in the diverse group of attorneys profiled here, there was one common belief: that the dope attorney holds a post of honor and strikes a blow for freedom. Before 1979 is over, some 450,000 people will be arrested for possession of recreational highs. May our defenders be strong and smart and honest.



Lillian M. O'Connell

John Zwerling

John Zwerling

"If I need a lawyer," said NORML director Keith Stroup, "I call John Zwerling."

"That's quite an endorsement," chuckled the soft-spoken Alexandria, Virginia, attorney, whose first dope case was defending a suburbanite who grew a two-inch pot plant on his windowsill.

"Actually, fighting the dope laws in the court is only half the battle. We have to go into the statehouses and the Congress and change the laws. All of that takes time. The best way I've found to combat these laws in the courts is for all of us dope attorneys to get together, talk about our cases, share ideas, pool resources and help each other develop our motions."

Zwerling began his legal career defending the Grove Press films *I Am Curious (Yellow)* and *I Am Curious (Blue)*. The 35 year old then became a core member of the Drug Defenders' Rights Committee and joined the National Lawyers Guild, both forums for Zwerling to carry the banner of dope law into legal quarters throughout the U.S.

"I see over a hundred dope cases a year, and I don't like any of them. It's a 24-hour, seven-day-a-week, uphill fight. We've got a quadriplegic in a Virginia jail right now for smoking marijuana. Can you believe that?"

Michael Morchower

If the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration is breathing down your neck, then it might be time to call on Michael Morchower in Richmond, Virginia.

"I'm a gun for hire," barked the ex-FBI agent turned dope defender. "But my role is to defend."

"Every case is my biggest case. Especially when my client is facing the possibility of incarceration. When you walk into a courtroom you have a 50-50 chance of winning. I don't like to lose."

Morchower is a trench fighter. He has represented thousands of drug defendants, mainly in Virginia, home of America's most repressive dope laws.

"In this state they identify a lawyer



Warren Johnson

Michael Morchower

with his client. We're all the same to them. I ran for the House of Delegates here and lost by 3,000 votes."

In 1965, Morchower started working for the FBI as a special agent. Two years later he left. "I got out before they began breaking into homes."

Since he was one of *them*, Morchower knows what *they* will do to us. So he rises at dawn, argues in at least three courts a day, visits the jails and goes to any length to see that his clients don't get burned. Most recently Morchower successfully defended Robert Eby, alleged pot pilot of the Polk County pot plane.

"Michael is the best," said Eby. "Always at the jail, always available and always on your side."

"The Agency," says Morchower, with widening eyes, "taught me how to stay one step ahead of them. I know how to operate like them, how to think like them and what they do to us. They really don't trust me anymore."

Al Kreiger

A court-wise cocaine dealer working out of Miami told me, "If you want the best damn cocaine attorney in the country, a man that's been driving state and federal prosecutors crazy for years, a guy who looks like Kojak, then go and see Al Kreiger. The guy has more money than he knows what to do with, shouldn't have to



Phil Brodatz

Al Kreiger

work another day in his life, but still gets up in the morning with the zeal of a storefront attorney going after the throat of some corrupt slumlord."

"This is my 30th year of practice, and I'm tired," bellowed the 55-year-old Kreiger, one of the few to take on narcs the likes of Popeye Doyle, who broke the French Connection, and live to tell the tale.

Cops call Kreiger big and bad. They should. Among most cocaine dealers it's Al Kreiger or a quick flight to Brazil for the duration. An old-timer by dope-law standards, Kreiger still refers to marijuana and cocaine as "narcotics."

"Everybody, and I mean everybody accused of a crime, is entitled to the best representation available. Period," said Kreiger. "These attorneys who discriminate among clients are like doctors who won't treat boils because they don't like pus."

"My first narcotics case was in the '50s," quipped Kreiger with barstool savvy. "So long ago even I forget what it was about. Back then I'd defend musicians. Once I was sitting in the southern district and saw this trombone player get ten years for two joints. It's changed since then. But the damn drug laws are still politicized. The courts still refuse to address the problem as one of health and not crime."

"But my life is changing. I don't need more clients," chuckled the man who defended former Allman Brothers aide Scooter Herring in a massive cocaine-conspiracy appeal in Georgia. "I don't handle that many drug cases anymore... but if something comes up... well... I'll devote some time..."

"I do care. If you are a human being, then justice strikes a responsive chord down within the bones. Standing in a courtroom, one gets a great sense of the grace of God and the enormous power of a judge. You need to see a federal judge in a temper tantrum to really see what dictatorial power is all about. The passion and insight of an attorney can combat that often misused power."

Mark Soler

Mark Soler began his dope-law career during his third year at Yale Law School in 1972 when he wrote a definitive constitutional challenge to the marijuana laws, a legal brief still employed by every dope attorney in America. It keeps the 33-year-old San Francisco practitioner busy. In less than six years of practice Soler has defended well over a thousand dope clients.

"It certainly has become a specialized field. The way to go about it is to remain calm. Don't let the emotional nature of a drug charge prompt you to go yelling and screaming into a court."

"The cops usually make fools of themselves on the witness stand anyway,"



Bill Owens

Mark Soler

observed Soler. "They often lie and do things during your arrest that are clearly illegal. That's what a good dope attorney goes after.

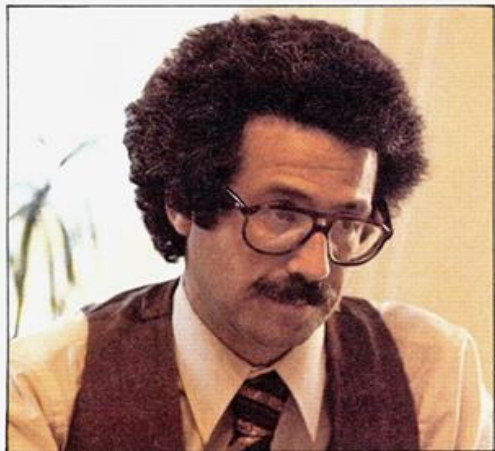
"I can't even remember the last time a California jury convicted for possession of pot," said Soler. "Juries here have learned not to view the recreational drug user, or any drug user for that matter, as a criminal. Drug regulations should be made by NIDA, not the DEA. This is not an enforcement issue.

"When DEA brings a case to court their agents come sauntering into the courtroom very spit-and-polish. You have to slowly chip away at those guys on the stand.

"But the state narcs..." laughs Soler. "Hell, they actually had to be trained not to chew gum and stutter while on the stand."

Eric Sirulnik

Eric Sirulnik comes closer to being a full-time professor of dope law than any other attorney in the country. "But don't let Sirulnik's academic gleam fool you," quipped a New York dope attorney who has sat in on Sirulnik's George Washington Law School seminars. "Having the professor sitting at the defense tables scares the shit out of prosecutors. He knows the intricacies of dope law better



Lillian M. O'Connell

Eric Sirulnik

than anyone in the country."

Sirulnik didn't smoke marijuana until his second year of law school. "I was antimarijuana. Thought it bad for everybody involved. Then I discovered it was only the marijuana smokers whom I agreed with on the important social issues of the time. Turned me right around.

"The heart and soul of a good dope attorney is his knowledge of search and seizure," nodded the 34-year-old Boston University law graduate while excitedly stroking his curly black hair. "Become a master of search and seizure, invasion of privacy, understand the concept of vic-timless crime, and you can beat them most of the time."

But if the defense can't beat them on civil rights, then it's time to call in the scientific experts, and Sirulnik, who also teaches a course at George Washington Medical School on dope pharmacology and the law, just happens to be one of those experts. "A good attorney has to cover all possibilities.

"The best defense is to convince a jury that the dealer is providing a social service while remaining a constructive member of society."

Mark Amsterdam

Mark Amsterdam once worked for Wall Street's second-largest law firm, a multi-titled group of corporate mouthpieces whose life work consists of litigating Xerox, Ma Bell and other assorted multi-nationals over 20 volumes of Securities and Exchange Commission nuances. It's boring but profitable work.

"Then Vietnam came into the picture and everything I was doing became totally irrelevant," said the 34-year-old attorney, scratching behind the ear of his bearded collie Sundance. "I became totally disenchanted."

A representative of the Center for Constitutional Rights, Bill Kunstler's home base, called Amsterdam and told him the Center was seeking an attorney to go to Okinawa for six months and defend court-martialed soldiers. Three weeks later Amsterdam landed in Okinawa with the marines, founded a law library, defended hundreds in court and consulted thousands more soldiers on a variety of charges ranging from possession of marijuana to insubordination.

"The black GIs had great difficulty saluting white officers. It was interesting and valued work. I ended up staying for two years."

Returning to the States in 1972, the New York-born attorney took a staff job at the Center. He helped defend the really big political cases of the early '70s, including the 133 federal defendants at Wounded Knee. "The only reason the government prosecuted that case was to keep the Indian leaders from organizing. Keep them busy preparing a defense and they didn't have time to do anything else."



Carrie Boretz

Mark Amsterdam

Primarily recognized as one of the East Coast's best and most dedicated criminal lawyers, Amsterdam's dope practice ranges from the multi-ton bust to helping out kids arrested while driving the Jersey Turnpike with a few lids in the glove compartment. "A lot of people were driving up from Florida with dope in the car. The state cops indiscriminately stop them on a forced pretext of a broken taillight or a low tire, search the car and bust the kids.

"It's a horrible business I'm in," said Amsterdam, shaking his head. "Every criminal case has political overtones, especially the drug cases. The people we want on juries, however, stand up when a judge asks them if their views of the dope laws would cause a problem in reaching a decision. They stand up, tell the court how outrageously oppressive the laws are and get bumped. This is happening more and more.

"The first problem we face is whether the DEA is involved. If the state is initially involved, then it's just a state case. But when DEA gets into it they'll ask you to cooperate. If you do, then it remains a federal case. If you don't, they turn it over to the state. The state conviction rate is lower, but the sentences are much higher, especially in New York. There is also no plea bargaining on the state level. The DEA takes serious risks when they go to trial on the federal level. It also costs them a hell of a lot of money to prosecute.

"The cost of a multi-defendant dope trial is astronomical. It can run over \$500,000. It will cost \$10,000 to \$20,000 for a three- or four-day trial. But a big case made over a small amount can cost \$25,000, considering extensive pretrial motions, good research and preparation. It's an expensive proposition and the government knows it. They are out to wipe out the dealer's profits, but my desire is to get that person off no matter what the cost.

"I just had a cocaine case in Puerto Rico. Got the woman off on probation with her record erased afterwards," beamed Amsterdam. "We did well on that one. She is free." An infectious smile came across his face. "Never got paid." ■

Mom, Apple Pie & Cocaine

Jimmy Carter
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. President,

As a patriotic American, I'd like to see this country healthier, more independent and more energetic. I'm sure you would too. So here's my modest proposal: get Congress to pass legislation aimed at encouraging Americans to grow their own coca.

Coca--coca, not cocoa--is, as Drs. Bourne and DuPont have probably briefed you, the source of cocaine. [Editor's note: Dr. Peter Bourne was until recently the president's drug adviser. He has just come out for the decriminalization of cocaine. Dr. Robert DuPont is director of the National Institute on Drug Abuse.] It is also a first-rate food package, better even than the peanut. One hundred grams of coca leaves provide 18.9 grams protein, 46.2 grams carbohydrates and more than the recommended daily allowance of vitamin A, vitamin B₂, vitamin E, calcium, iron and phosphorous (and, incidentally, anywhere from .5 to 1.5 grams of cocaine hydrochloride). If one cannot live by coca alone, one can certainly live longer and more happily than on a diet restricted to coffee or coca-cola, the standard American stimulants.

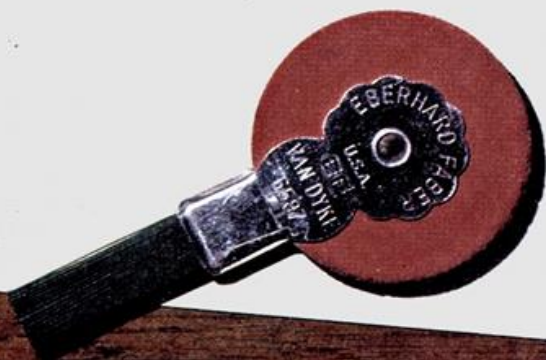


An open letter to President Carter explains how Americans can get legal blow

by Richard Ashley

Being a practical, nuts-and-bolts sort of fellow, you will of course wonder how a plant indigenous to the humid eastern slopes of the Andes--where it thrives at altitudes of 1,500 to 6,000 feet in a mean average temperature of 64.4 degrees Fahrenheit that varies little between night and day--can be successfully grown in this country. Well, Mr. President, cultivation in controlled environments is the only practicable course for North Americans. Heated greenhouses would do the trick but are inconveniently expensive. An 8-by-12-foot glass house costs from \$800-\$1,400; installation usually doubles this cost; and if you can't tap into your present heating system, there'll be the additional expense of an auxiliary system. (Whatever the ecological advantages, a sun-heated glass house simply won't do. On a winter day in the Northeast, for example, you can't expect to maintain temperatures above 50 degrees, which isn't warm enough to grow coca.) The best bet is an interior room equipped with a thermostat, humidifier and grow lights. Set the thermostat at 64.4 and the humidifier at "High."

(Continued)



The next consideration is proper soil. In a natural environment coca does best in the limestone-free red clay common to the Andes; under artificial conditions a limestone-free mixture of leaf mold and sand affording good drainage is preferable (according to Angelo Mariani, inventor of Vin Mariani, the coca-based wine beloved by, among other notables, Thomas Edison, Jules Verne, William McKinley, Pope Leo XIII and the Grand Rabbi of France. Mariani was also the leading authority on growing coca in artificial environments).

Having established the proper environment in terms of soil, temperature and high humidity, young coca plants may be started either from seeds or cuttings. They should be planted in boxes allowing one square foot per plant. Though plants started from seeds will begin pushing through the earth in two weeks, the leaves aren't ready for picking until the plant is 18 months to two years old. A long wait, Mr. President, but worth it. The optimum yield (and why settle for less?) from a modest 8-by-12 growing area would be in the neighborhood of 864 ounces, calculated on three harvests per year of 72 plants.

For those who may wish to convert their leaves to cocaine, the late W. Golden Mortimer, author of the classic *Peru, History of Coca, "The Divine Plant" of the Incas*, cited the following simple home procedure:

"One hundred grammes of finely ground leaves are moistened with 100 cc of 7-percent solution of sodium carbonate, packed in a percolator and sufficient kerosene added to make 700 cc of percolate. This is transferred to a separator and 30 cc of 2-percent solution of hydrochloric acid added and shaken. After separation the watery solution is drawn off from below into a smaller separator and this process repeated three times, the alkaloid being in the smaller separator as an acid hydrochlorate. This is precipitated in ether with sodium carbonate and evaporated at low heat with constant stirring."

The cocaine content of coca varies considerably, but with luck and attention to detail 122 grams of high quality cocaine can be obtained from 864 ounces of leaves.

Of course I'm well aware, Mr. President, that however worthy you may consider this proposal, your first consideration must be its political feasibility. It would hardly do, for example, to spend the political capital remaining to you on such a hopeless cause as, say, promoting the domestic consumption of betel nuts (chewing betel stains the teeth a strong un-American red). Let me assure you that no such problems attend the use of coca. Those willing to chew it, as do the Indians, will find that coca keeps the teeth white and the gums healthy. And whether masticated or taken in tea or some other tasty beverage there is every reason to

agree with the Incas that coca is a gift bestowed by heaven to better the lives of people on earth.

Besides being the only drug capable of releasing energy, clearing the mind and inducing cheerfulness, while at the same time providing substantial nourishment, there is solid evidence attesting to a number of unusual therapeutic properties of coca. It tones the smooth muscle of the gastro-intestinal tract and thus both prevents and relieves chronic indigestion; it is a respiratory stimulant, aiding breathing during heavy exercise and at high

Coca, from which cocaine is made, is a first-rate food package—better even than the peanut.

altitudes; it relieves fatigue of the larynx (of interest to any public speaker); it appears to be a rather reliable stimulator of sexual potency; and if the longevity of chronic users is any indication, it is conducive to a long life.

This is obviously a product worth getting out in front of, Mr. President. Americans will eat it up.

The next question for the pragmatic politician is whether the country is ready for his ideas. Like premature ejaculation, premature espousal is seldom appreciated. In this case, happily, the timing couldn't be better. Your drug-law-enforcement policies have not only virtually guaranteed the immediate acceptance of growing coca at home by the trend setters but have created a skilled labor pool capable of implementing the scheme.

Just how far rising prices and paraquat have contributed to the greening of America was brought home to me only last week at a gathering of old friends. The celebrants were without exception unconditional urbanites. The kind who find it impossible to sleep in the country because of the roaring crickets. Yet there they sat, Mr. President, animatedly discussing soil composition, drainage and the virtues of cowbleep. Never having been able to distinguish a perennial from a semiannual I felt somewhat out of place, until I walked into the back room and saw the cause of their new enthusiasm: a wall of three-foot-high marijuana plants thriving under grow lights. Necessity has clearly sparked the will to cultivate. In some cases, indeed, it has apparently produced in a few short months genetic modifications in *Homo sophisticans*. A demonstration of this remarkable fact was given by a celebrated attorney and sinsemilla freak who to my knowledge had previously been unable to read the headings in case books without the aid of

a magnifying glass. "*****!" he exclaimed, spotting a male plant at ten paces, "Aren't you going to separate them?"

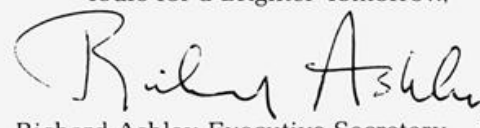
It's worthwhile to mention a few other benefits that will accrue from home-grown coca. For the nation at large it will be a decidedly anti-inflationary measure. The price of illicit coca has risen 300 percent over the last seven years and a solid 25 percent in the past four months. Growing your own will help a lot here. Ditto the balance-of-payments situation. We're several billions on the wrong side of the ledger with Bolivia alone! But the more we grow, the less we must import.

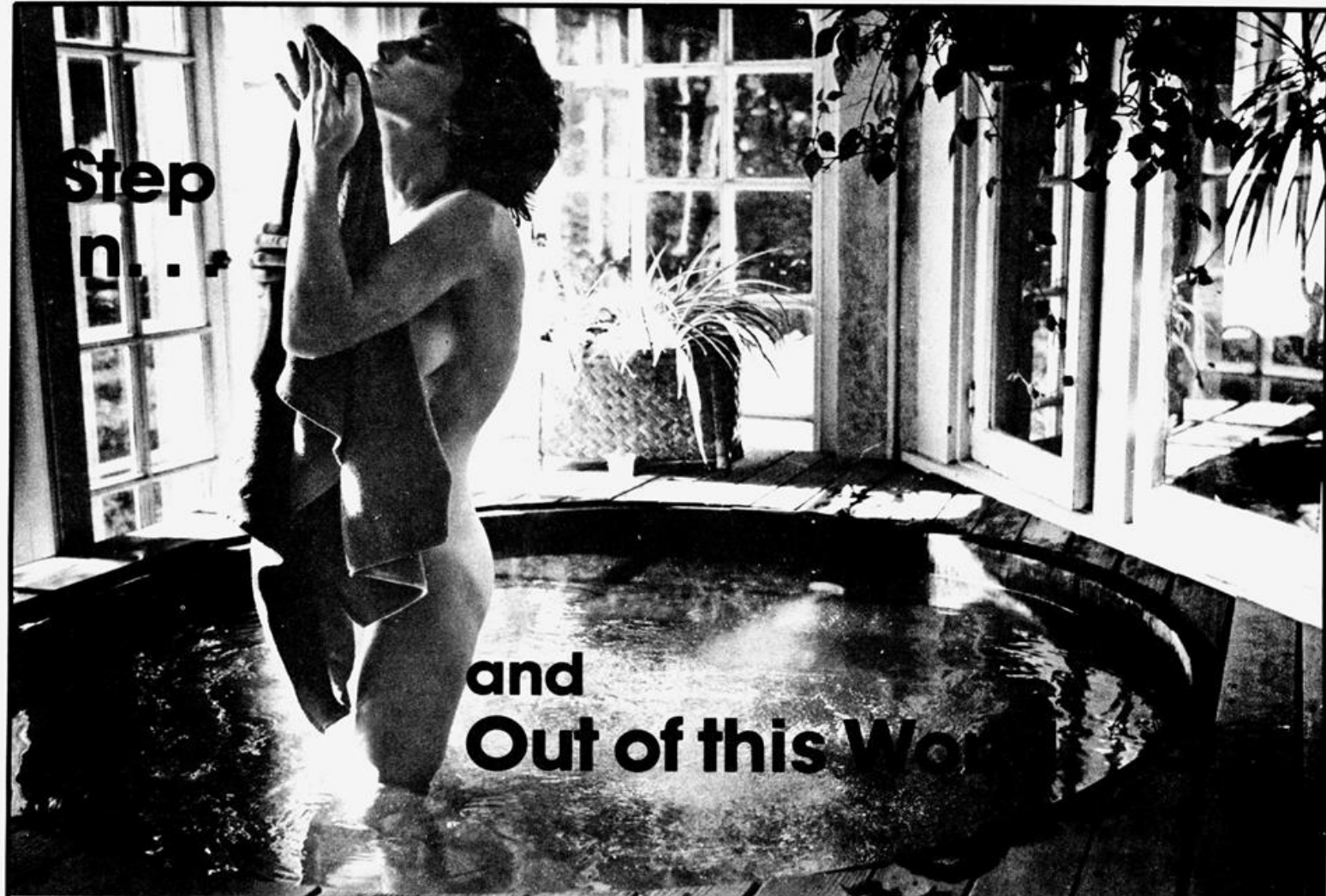
Finally, Mr. President, let me point out the personal advantages this proposal has for you. According to government estimates, eight million Americans use cocaine. There are probably double this number, but even assuming the government figures accurate, eight million grateful citizens are nothing to sneeze at come election year.

The Home-Grown Coca Bill will, of course, meet with some opposition. That, coming from the uneducated sector of the populace, can be easily handled by a fireside chat explaining the virtues of coca. That, coming from your Republican and Democratic rivals, can be fielded almost as easily. For though their hired consultants will undoubtedly alert them to the seed problem—unlike marijuana, coca seeds rarely retain their potency longer than 15 days, and the nearest source of supply is several thousand miles away—this can be readily and truly branded a phony issue. Our efficient transportation and distribution network should have no trouble getting potent seeds into the hands of growers. And if the legitimate truckers can't do it, the smugglers surely can.

The real poser will be the 18-month to two-year period required for the plants to reach maturity. After all, as the price of legal cocaine—\$25 to \$30 per ounce—makes plain, legal coca is very cheap. So why, the critics will carp, wait so long and spend so much money when the stuff can be imported so cheaply? If coca is good for the country, it's good right now. The way to deal with this, Mr. President, is to remind the country of the oil problem. Then, after a few pointed remarks on where taking the easy and profitable road led to there, finish up by suggesting that those who don't have the patience and guts to make America strong can always trot down to the corner and pick up a hundred-dollar gram of false courage.

Yours for a Brighter Tomorrow,


Richard Ashley, Executive Secretary,
Coca Growers Association
of Greater New York



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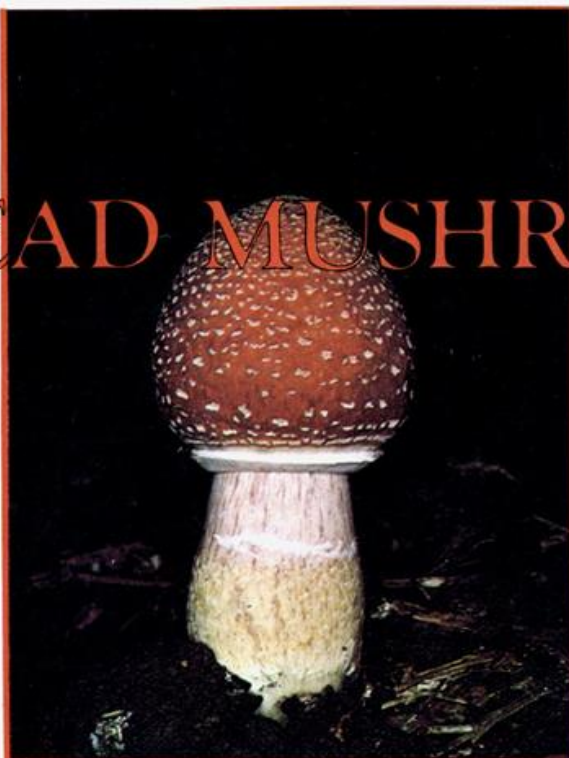
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Ralph Metzner

(continued from page 45)

into account when you're working with a patient.

Metzner: Definitely. I evaluate their diet in case they might be deficient in minerals or vitamins. I advise them to tune in more to their own body, because the body is constantly giving us messages as to what's good for it and what isn't. Most people don't listen to those messages, or they confuse them with other kinds of messages. But trusting your body and the messages you get from it doesn't mean trusting only your taste, because taste can be misleading. You have to learn what the body as a whole wants and needs. That's part of the unifying body awareness, too.

High Times: It seems to me just listening to you that in your work you have had to master many exacting disciplines—and then some! It seems that what you do requires a whole list of skills.

Metzner: It is not necessary to do all those things. People working in actualism generally specialize in one or two modalities—holistic healing or special kinds of training and education. But one must have an overall understanding of the field and then become really expert in one or more modalities.

High Times: When did you last use a psychedelics?

Metzner: About five years ago. I took peyote with some American Indians, members of the Native American Church, who use it as a sacrament. It is also used to give a person insight.

High Times: How often do the Indians take peyote?

Metzner: Once a year, possibly. Or every now and again, especially at a crisis point; if they are really ill, for instance. They can then get an understanding as to what extent their illness is caused by physical or psychosomatic factors. But basically they use the sacrament to get to a feeling of contact with their own inner divine self or their higher self. If you are at a crisis point, then your god, the god within you, talks to the Great God or the Great Spirit, and you try to arrive at an understanding that way.

The American Indians have a long tradition of finding a vision by which to live. I think there is a significant feeling among many people that, quite apart from the psychedelics, we have a lot to learn from the Native Americans. Not in the sense that we should totally adopt their lifestyle, but we can learn about their connection with nature, their ecological awareness of the interrelation of all forms of nature, their respect for the earth and for all forms of life, plants as well as animals. They possess a lot of wisdom, and we would do well to learn their basic survival wisdom and to encourage it in our own children. ☐

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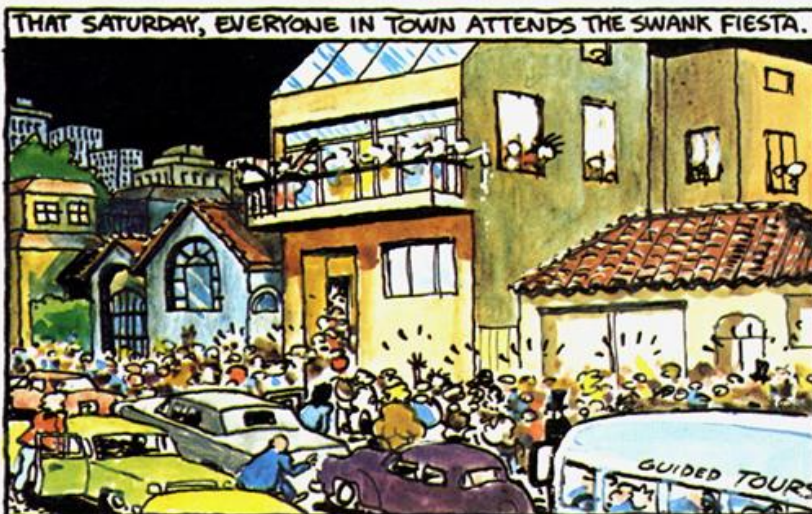
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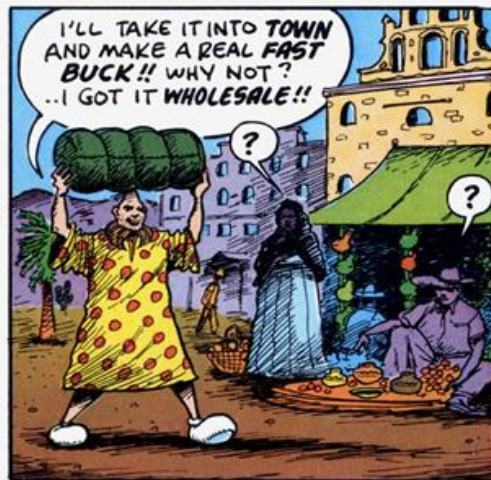
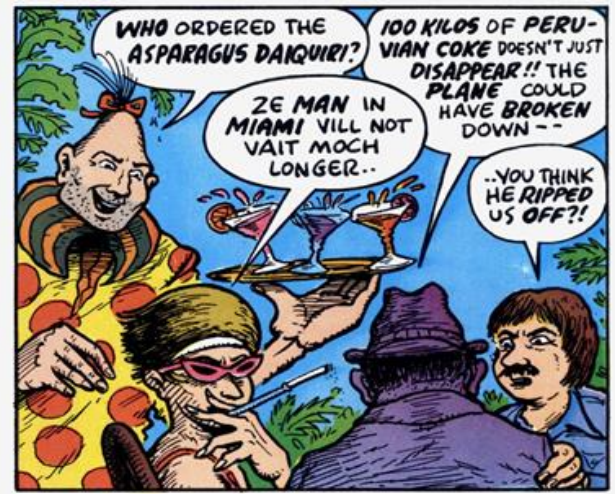
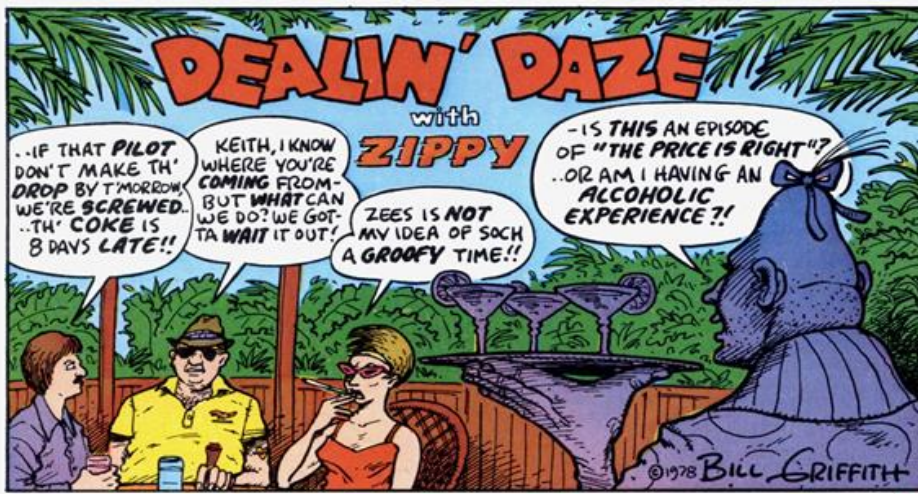
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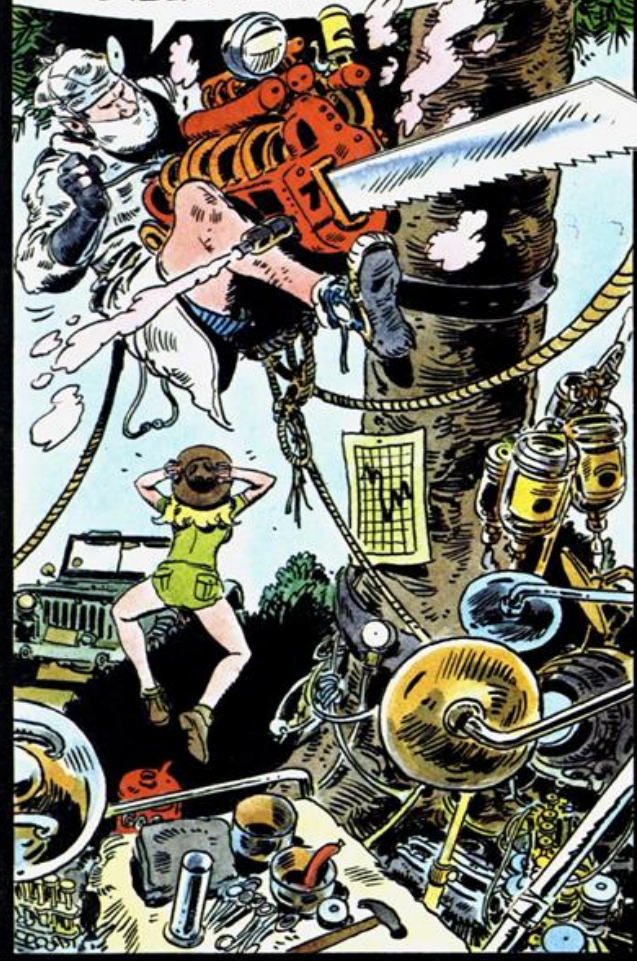
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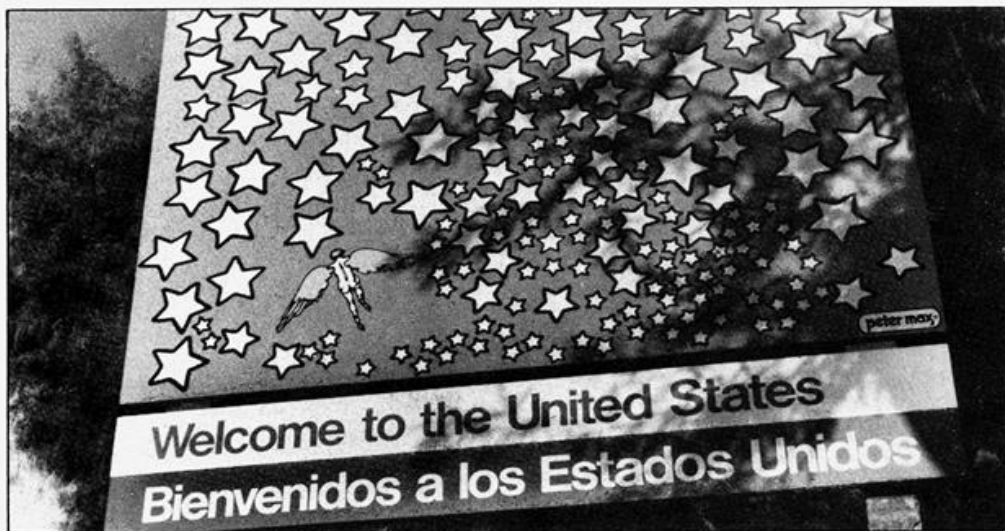
Steven H. Pollock, M.D.



Customs Honcho Blasts Psychedelic Border Posters

YUMA, ARIZONA—"It looks like something in a magazine for a pothead!" exploded Customs Inspector James Evans when federal authorities finally compelled him to decorate his border installations with Peter Max posters. The '60s-style pseudo-psychedelic posters were installed this year at all U.S. Customs posts after General Services Administration chief Joel Solomon heard that First Lady Rosalyn Carter was an avid Peter Max admirer. One poster depicts two human profiles in silhouette, facing each other, while the other portrays a nude angel flying through an infinity of stars. Says GSA chief Solomon—who spent \$300,000 on the Max project—the pictures "represent the warm spirit of America."

Inspector Evans, however, who continually conducts drug searches at the San Luis and Andrade points of entry into the U.S., regards Max's work as a product of the dope-riddled psychedelic '60s. (Artist Max, a transcendental meditationist, says he has never taken drugs.) "Law enforcement is a conservative job, and, good or bad, this isn't the place for that sort of thing," gripes Evans. As to what Mexicans must think when they first spot Max's "oddball"



Customs thinks this Peter Max poster might give Mexicans starry-eyed ideas about the U.S.

posters over the greeting "Bienvenidos a los Estados Unidos," Evans speculates: "They

probably just think it's another of those crazy things put up by those crazy Americans."

Wildlife Renaissance Thrives in Cities



Two rural revolutionaries plot to leave their old lives behind and become urban guerrillas.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—"Wild animals are invading the suburbs," exclaims one delighted naturalist, "there's no other way to describe it!" Minor shifts recently in the typical American

urban ecosystem have led to a reappearance of several species of wildlife in cities, which hadn't housed such creatures in a great many years.

Warrens of wild foxes have been discovered in

every major city in the country since 1973, and the raccoon population has been exploding in places as diverse as San Francisco, Toronto, Brooklyn and Miami. Otters and mink lately abound everywhere, and falcons and hawks have been spotted in the skies over Manhattan and Chicago.

These creatures appear to thrive on the abundance of garbage and vermin—mainly rats—spawned by urban culture. Moreover, the animals enjoy the virtual absence of their larger natural predators like bobcats and pumas. Scientists are still puzzled by this abrupt flourishing of wildlife in the suburbs but tentatively attribute it to the combined effect of many small factors, such as a general warming of the climate nationwide and mild advances in anti-pollution techniques.

But the energy crisis seems to be mainly responsible. "The gasoline drought," suggests a naturalist, "has put a crimp in many state highway budgets, so that grass growing along the roadsides is no longer clipped. So it provides cover for these animals and leads them straight from the forests into the cities, where they discover new food sources."

Born-Again Left Plots for the '80s



Still-living legends from "the most important decade in American history"—the 1960s, that is—congregate at the U. of Wisconsin to plot out an '80s renaissance. Visible from left: Bobby Seale, Tuli Kupferberg, Allen Ginsberg (in suit), Wavy Gravy and Dana Beal.

MADISON, WISCONSIN—Some 1,500 people, including a squad of '60s luminaries such as Wavy Gravy, Allen Ginsberg and Bobby Seale, flocked to the "Moving Out of the '70s" conference here in an attempt to resurrect the radical left for the "challenge of the '80s." Most of the speakers concentrated on decrying the disintegration of the "Movement," the decline of faith in liberal

reform and the emergence of the Me-First Generation.

"A lot of good ideas that came out of the '60s have been more permanent than the trends of the '70s," said Yippie leader Dana Beal. "Nobody has ever convinced me not to be a revolutionary."

The Madison conference, which some here

claim was the most important radical gathering since the Port Huron Conference spawned the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) in 1962, broke down into a series of caucuses where several "radical platforms for the '80s" were reached.

The major plans of action agreed upon were:

- A concentrated move against nuclear power, "the most important challenge of the '80s."
- A lobbying effort to counter that of the American Medical Association, emphasizing alternative healing methods.
- The formation of a legal defense fund for American marijuana prisoners.
- The implementation of the Yippie plan to begin a series of "Rock against Racism" concerts throughout the country.

At times the week-long conference crumbled into political infighting between different factions of the radical left, long a hallmark of such meetings.

"I thought it was great," exclaimed one youthful student observer from the University of Wisconsin. "This is the first time I've had the opportunity to meet and speak with the living legends from the most important decade in American history."

U.S. Meat-packing Jobs Worse Than Ever

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS—Conditions in American meat-packing plants are worse now than in 1910, when muckraker Upton Sinclair wrote *The Jungle*, reports the U.S. Labor Department. Over 35 percent of all meat workers are injured on the job every year, compared to a national industrial-accident rate of 9 percent. Workers regularly come down with respiratory ailments from inhaling chemical-disinfectant fumes, and nearly all develop chronic tendonitis from the repetitive hand motions involved in deboning hundreds of limbs every day. Arthritis develops in many workers from constantly slipping on blood-stained floors, and accompanying injuries are commonplace.

The blame for these conditions, says the Labor Department, goes to the big meat-packing corporations. Most have speeded up their daily

output of meat more than 1,000 percent over the last ten years, without installing sufficient modernization or safety facilities. As a result, employees are severely overworked in hazardous

conditions, and many have taken to doing speed to keep up with the assembly-line pace. Accordingly, the turnover of personnel at many Chicago packing plants is touching 100 percent per year.



"Call me Cleveland" Amory, president of the Fund for Animals, makes a three-pronged attack against the whaling industry by harpooning a Soviet car outside the Japanese Bank at New York's Rockefeller Center.

Do-It-Yourself Coffins Hit Market

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA—A local man has published an instruction booklet that—for \$2.45—explains how you can design and build your own coffin.

Dale Zamzow, a systems analyst, notes that caskets normally cost anywhere from \$100 to \$5,000, but with his easy-to-follow booklet, plus materials, you can build a coffin for a mere \$50.

Zamzow says that the newly constructed casket need not be stored away while the owner is living but can be used as such things as liquor or stereo cabinets, or maybe even an extra bed.

The coffin maker cautions, however, that if you're planning on gaining weight before your demise, you should increase the depth of the coffin by two inches for each 25 pounds you plan to put on.

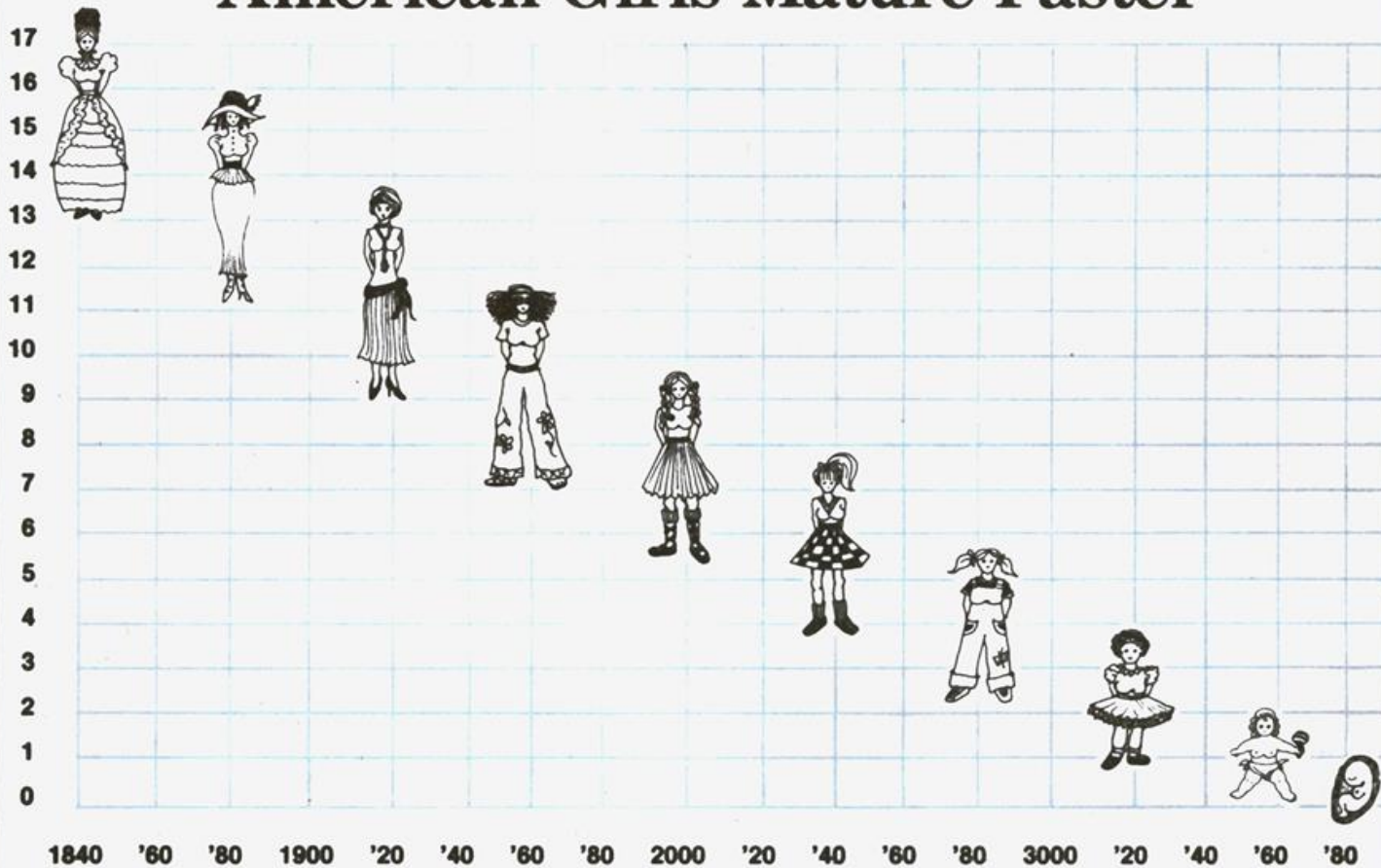
"Urine the Army Now"

LANGLEY, VIRGINIA—Former CIA executive assistant Vincent Marchetti has revealed that sensors to detect urine were regularly planted in Vietnamese jungles during the 1963-1973 police action. The project, he says, was "predicated on the assumption that even the Viet Cong have to stop and tinkle once in a while, and through the

whiffs and sniffs we would be able to calculate the number of people coming through."

The piss-sniffing gimmicks had eventually to be dismantled, though. "The Viet Cong found out about these things," says Marchetti, "and urinated all over them. We would get estimates that two billion Viet Cong were coming south."

American Girls Mature Faster



by Patty Powers

The average age at which American girls reach puberty is dropping about six months every decade, and one-third of all females now reach that stage at or before 11 years of age. The average age of puberty for young women in 1840 was 17, according to Melvin J. Konner, associate professor of anthropology at Harvard University. Two main reasons have been offered for the decrease in age: a nutritious diet and an earlier introduction to sexuality because of loosening morals.

Boa Throttles Cabaret Magician

LA TUQUE, QUEBEC—A magician billed as "Le Grand Melvin," who performed dressed as a vampire, was strangled midway through his cabaret act here by his seven-foot-six-inch pet boa constrictor. According to the nightclub's manager, the performer—whose real name was Jean-Guy Leclaire—"seemed to miss a reflex, and the boa wrapped around his neck." When Leclaire's face began turning blue, the manager called the local rescue squad, who arrived within moments.

Four burly squad members were unable however to loosen the snake from around the magician's throat, so the manager ultimately severed its head with a knife. "It wasn't a pleasant thing to have to do," he said later. "But I had little choice. Unfortunately, Le Grand Melvin was already dead."

Sheri Tepper, director of Rocky Mountain Planned Parenthood in Denver, supports the nutritional argument. She points out that before food preservation and transportation, the American diet was limited to the foods geographically available. She puts little faith in the assumption that American girls are maturing at an earlier age due to a sexually permissive culture, stressing that high-protein diets have been responsible for many biological changes in Americans today.

When asked about what kinds of records are available on female pubescence, Tepper agreed that physician records are more extensive now than they were in 1840. Information concerning female puberty a hundred years ago had to be extrapolated from such signs of the times as the ritual donning of long dresses at the age of sexual maturity.

Tepper claims that "sex has always occurred within a year or two after puberty in every society. But currently," she says, "the average age of matrimony for the American girl is 21, meaning they now wait a decade, instead of a couple of years, before marrying. But marrying at the age of 13 is utterly irrational—for psychological, economic, social and other reasons." So what does this mean for teenagers and sexuality? Psychologist Dr. Elenor Hamilton suggests that parents allow, even encourage, their teenagers to engage in limited forms of sex. This would relieve some of the apparent pressures that the early onset of puberty is creating for young women. Dr. Hamilton, both a sex therapist and marriage counselor, added that teenage boys and girls should be allowed to participate in "noncoital sex" or "petting to orgasm."

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Colombia Chills Pills

BOGOTA—The Colombian government has enacted a series of new laws designed to strictly monitor the sale and advertising of drugs ranging from pharmaceuticals to agricultural insecticides. The move came amid rumors that Colombia may soon legalize marijuana.

Valium, Librium, diazepam and the advertising of toxic insecticides have been condemned as "a pharmaceutical cancer in society" by Minister of Health Roberto Lievano Perdomo. The

Health Ministry intends to take action against "unscrupulous pharmacists" and clandestine labs geared to produce pharmaceuticals for the mushrooming underground pill market here.

The government plans to withdraw some 200,000 products from the Colombian market because, in the view of the Health Ministry, "they are not worthy either of production or sale in this country."

The advertising of insecticides and herbicides

(used in Mexico for the defoliation of marijuana) will be subject to strict control and will have to point out the toxic dangers to human health, the antidotes in case of infection and recommendations concerning its safe use. All advertisements will have to be submitted to the Health Ministry for approval before being presented to the public. The Health Ministry has also tightened controls to outlaw any banned foreign drug from entering the Colombian market.

Coffee Smuggling Tops \$125 Million

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—Over \$125 million worth of Colombian coffee was smuggled abroad during the 1977-1978 coffee year, according to official government estimates here. The bootleg sacks represent over 7 percent of Colombia's legal coffee exports.

Coffee smugglers secreted out some 500,000 60-kilo sacks, while the legal market exported only 7.2 million sacks worth \$1.5 billion on the world market. These figures, however, do not include contraband coffee that finds its way to the markets of the coffee-growing countries of Venezuela, Ecuador and Panama. In these countries Colombian coffee is sold on the black market for \$2.05 a pound.



Sacks of coffee are off-loaded in New Orleans. Each year, 65 million pounds of beans are smuggled out of Colombia.

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Castro to FDR in 1940:

"Give Me \$10"

HAVANA, CUBA—Visitors from all over the world were privileged, during the last World Festival of Youths and Students, to view various mementos of President Fidel Castro's youth. Among them was a hand-written letter to U.S. president Franklin D. Roosevelt, dated November 6, 1940, which read:

Santiago de Cuba

Mr. Franklin Roosevelt
President of the United States:
My good friend Roosevelt I do not know very English, but I know as much as write to you. I like to hear the radio, and I am very happy, because I heard in it, that you will be President for a new period. I am twelve years old. I am a boy but I think very much but I do not think that I am writing to the President of the United States. If you like, give me a ten-dollars bill green American, in the letter, because never I have not seen a ten-dollars bill green American and I would like to have one of them. My address is: Sr. Fidel Castro, Colegio de Dolores, Santiago de Cuba, Oriente Cuba. I don't know very English but I know very much Spanish but you know very English because you are American but I am not America. Thank you very much. Good by. Your friend, Fidel Castro

P.S.: If you want iron to make your ships I will show you the biggest veins of iron of the land. They are in Morjuri Oriente Cuba.

It was not revealed if President Roosevelt paid his good friend Fidel the ten dollars green American for tipping him off to the Morjuri ore deposits.



Young Fidel: "I have not seen a ten dollars bill green American."

Arabs Pump Millions into South American Industry

LIMA, PERU—Oil-rich Arab financiers are pumping huge amounts of petrodollars into South America for the first time ever. Arlabank, established here with an initial capital of \$100 million, is a multinational bank dedicated to encouraging Middle Eastern investments in Latin American industries, to financing international loans and credits and to building up import and export trade markets between nations in South America and the world market.

Arlabank was formed after two years of economic consultations among top finance min-

isters from the wealthiest oil-producing Arab nations—Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Libya and the United Arab Emirates—and Latin America's most poverty- and inflation-ridden countries. Besides initiating its own international money deals, Arlabank will enjoy generous cooperation with multinational Arab banks in Spain, Belgium, France and Egypt.

"We expect to establish a continuous flow of economic and financial cooperation between the Arab and Latin American countries," pledged Arlabank president Abdulwahab al-Tommar.

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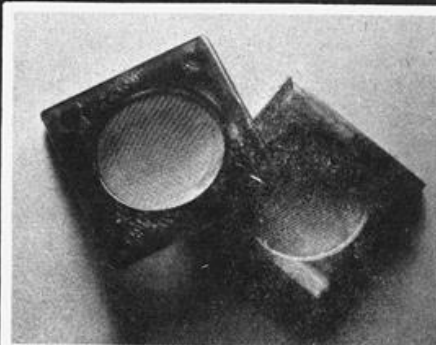


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Moscow Blitzes European Airwaves

MOSCOW, USSR—Russia has suddenly launched an offensive in the perpetual Shortwave War, setting up super-powerful transmitters at every Radio Moscow installation along the country's European border. For years the Voice of America and the British Broadcasting Corporation have held a decided edge over the Soviets, with the BBC offering a continuous flow of excellent in-depth global news and the V of A broadcasting political propaganda spiked with enormously popular rock 'n' roll and big-band music.

However, Radio Moscow's new equipment will be able to drown out many BBC and V of A transmissions. Its previous all-Russian format

has also been greatly altered, and commentators now regularly do programs in unaccented English, French and German. Red propaganda still comprises the bulk of Moscow programming, though news writers are making an obvious effort to simulate the BBC's objectivity.

Thankfully for its captive audience, though, Radio Moscow is wholeheartedly into promoting the current national disco craze—the first officially authorized youth-music fad in Soviet history. For months now the V of A has been dishing out the Disco Top Ten in monaural, but the Soviets confidently expect to soon broadcast in full quadraphonic sound.

France's #1 Fugitive Wages Terror Campaign for Prison Reforms

PARIS, FRANCE—France's number-one fugitive, who recently stole \$3 million from a casino, is attempting to force major prison reforms through this city's legislative system, using terror tactics against judges when necessary.

Ever since Jacques Mesrine, 41, broke out of the maximum-security prison at Santé last May, he has been waging a war against such institutions. One of Mesrine's few underground communiqués declares, "I saw how they destroy a man. If the justice minister does nothing, I shall unleash against him violence such as he has never seen in France. It will be worse than the

Baader-Meinhof gang." France's maximum-security prisons are notorious for their overcrowding and lack of hygienic, educational and rehabilitative facilities. A recent civil investigation termed them "factories for producing wild beasts."

One morning last November, Mesrine and an accomplice rang the doorbell at the Paris home of Criminal Appeals Court president Judge Charles Petit. Learning from his daughter that Petit was at court, the men pushed inside and waited, with guns drawn. Mesrine told Mlle. Petit he intended to kidnap Judge Petit until the



Bored with the drabness of this dark blind alley, local artists in Lucerne, Switzerland, extended the dead end. The bicyclist was not seriously injured.

minister of justice promised to abolish maximum-security prisons. "If this is not done," he pledged, "we shall kill judges from now on."

When Judge Petit's son appeared at the house, however, he was tipped off by his sister that something was amiss. He called the Paris SWAT team, who surrounded the house and ordered everyone out. The first to appear was Mesrine himself, dragging his accomplice by the arm and flashing a phony police I.D. before the detective in charge. "The boys are still upstairs," he told the cop. "Get up there quick!"

As the *gendarmes* raided the house, France's number-one fugitive called over his shoulder from the street, "Don't you recognize me? I'm Mesrine!" He then hijacked a taxi at gunpoint, rode to the nearest underground station and disappeared into the tube.



Hundreds of Swiss soldiers, with full military backpacks, run through the streets of Kriens as part of a 12-mile marathon.

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Wild Parties Abound on "Punk-Disco Ferry" to Holland

SHEERNESS, ENGLAND—For \$20 round trip, working-class British youth can now get a one-hour bus tour of Zeeland in the Netherlands, squeezed in among 24 nonstop hours of boozing, brawling and dancing.

Every weekend, the Olau Line of Denmark runs a cut-rate "Saturday Night Fever" ferry between here and Vlissingen in the Netherlands. Generally some 200 youngsters between 18 and 25 make up the passenger manifest, dancing in the specially equipped disco lounges belowdecks, guzzling Tuborg beer at \$1 a bottle and heaving over the rail till two or three in the morning. The music is mostly punk rock, though the Dutch deejay admits, "The girls don't much like punk because they get mucked about." The boys typically complain about the inflated price of the Danish beer, and "booze-ups" dependably turn into "punch-ups" midway through the 110-mile passage.

At dawn, though, after a couple hours' sleep, the hung-over youths pile into buses for a brief tour around Vlissingen and Middleburg, the picturesque tulip-growing center of Zeeland. For most of them it represents their first and only visit to a foreign soil, and most are suitably impressed. Then it's back to the ferry, for 12 more hours of wild lushing and disco action. "We're going to keep on dancing," exults a

typical teenage Leeds nurse, "like Jane Fonda in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*" Her boyfriend, though, swears, "When we get home we're going straight to the boozier and have civilized, cheap

British beer."

Remarks a harried Olau Line crew member: "To let people cross the Channel for \$20 is a crime."



Black Star / Ralph Krubner

Every weekend, 200 or so young Brits take the "Saturday Night Fever" ferry to Holland—and getting there is all the fun.

Third-World Computer Strategy Mapped

TORRELIMOS, SPAIN—Underdeveloped countries could much more quickly ease into international commerce if the computer technology that many already possess were only properly utilized, delegates at the Strategies and Policies for Infotronics (SPIN) conference affirmed here last year. Delegates to the communications conference said that while multinational computer vendors like IBM have sold billions of dollars' worth of computer technology to developing nations over the last 20 years, the equipment is little used in most places.

Dictators and top bureaucrats have often installed massive and complicated mega-computer complexes in their palaces and office buildings, but only as personal prestige symbols. In many cases, no one in the country knows how to run them, nor is there any government budget for computer training. Profit-minded computer vendors also typically unload overstocks of newly obsolete equipment on poor countries, with lavish advertising campaigns that include copious entertainment junkets for the prospective buyers.

Accordingly, the 75 nations attending the SPIN conference concentrated on setting up systems by which highly proficient programming experts may be circulated from country to country setting up permanent training centers in each. They also resolved to arrange communications systems through which to share information on the best ways to accelerate industrial development with computer technology. Future SPIN conferences are planned, at which delegates plan to push for the recruitment of underemployed computer technicians. Apparently fearful of a "brain drain," the U.S. State Department expressed "reservations" about this proposal.

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Asia

Interview with B.P. Koirala—

Former Prime Minister of Nepal

Since his removal from office in 1960, former Nepal prime minister B.P. Koirala has spent most of his days in jail or exile. Now back at home in Kathmandu, he is still awaiting trial by a one-man tribunal appointed by King Birendra. The charges are treason and sedition, both of which carry the death penalty upon conviction.

Koirala is confined to the Kathmandu Valley until his continually postponed trial. This postponement prevents him from political expression, but he continues to hope the king will approve reforms to liberalize the government, allow elections and become more responsive to the needs of the people. Koirala was interviewed by *High Times'* Terez Coe while in New York for a throat operation.

HT: When did you serve as prime minister of Nepal?

K: Between 1959 and 1960—after the election. In Nepal there was only the one election.

HT: What led to your removal as prime minister in 1960?

K: The royal bodyguard not only arrested me and members of my cabinet; all the members of the parliament and all members of all the parties with anything to do with politics were arrested as well. There were no charges. I was held for eight years in jail, without trial.

HT: You were a political prisoner.

K: Yes. In 1968, I was released and went to Bombay for medical care. When I went back to Nepal in 1969, I started speaking out my mind, saying that the government was out of date.

HT: In public or private?

K: At public gatherings, because wherever I went there used to be rallies; so the government was contemplating arresting me again. The prime minister started issuing counter statements and threatening words about me. So I left hurriedly. I went to India and started organizing the Nepal Party. For seven years I was in India, living in exile with a large number of political recluses. At the end of '76 we decided I should go back because we thought it was in the interest of Nepal's stability and integrity.

HT: How many political prisoners are there today in Nepal?

K: Today there would be about 100. I think in 1977, when the government started dealing with the prisoners, there were 300 to 400 prisoners.

HT: Why is the king so unresponsive to the pressure for social change?

K: Because he can't meet people freely; those who want to meet him have to go through channels. One of his relations, a Rana, a very important man, said that he'd been trying to see the king for the last two years!

HT: How are conditions in jail?

K: My living conditions were different from regular prisoners'. I received 30 rupees a day for food. Regular prisoners receive about one rupee and a half-pound of rice. I was in a military barracks. No one could even hear my voice. For six months, I knew nothing from outside. Then there was some kind of noise in the press, so they started taking notice of me.



B.P. Koirala: "You can live in poverty, provided you have your freedom."

Not the Kathmandu press, which is gagged, but the foreign press. Then they hurriedly set up a tribunal to try us—a one-man tribunal! Altogether, I have been in jail a total of 14 years: 1½ years during the emergency; 8 years in the '60s; 4 years in British India, in the 1940s, because I was associated with Gandhi's liberation movement.

HT: Old-time troublemaker, huh?

K: All the time being in jail! The first time I was arrested I was only 15 years old, and that was for terrorist activities.

HT: You were a follower of Gandhi at that time, and they called you a terrorist?

K: No, because I didn't believe in nonviolence at that time! [Laughter.]

HT: Who were your political influences?

K: Gandhi, Nehru, Jay Prakash Narayan and Marx. When we decided to go back to Nepal in 1976, we placed ourselves at the king's disposal, thinking his response would be positive. I thought that without national unity the nation would not survive, because we are between two big growing powers, China and India.

HT: Do you feel afraid that things might be worse when you go back? That they might put you with the one-rupee group?

K: In fact if they put me among my comrades, that would be a gain for me, rather than be kept in isolation.

HT: What effect do you think tourism has on Nepali unrest?

K: The visitors may have some negative effects, because they go to Nepal as a land of mystery and want it to remain as it is. They feel there's an element of royal mystique. Yet I think every year 500,000 Nepalis leave the country to seek menial jobs in India, because of poverty.

HT: Is King Birendra a corrupt ruler?

K: I would not mind a little corruption. [Laughter.] If some people make some money, that will not affect the general tenor of the political situation. What we want is the people's rights restored to them, and the people

involved in the decision-making process. And when they think in terms of development, they've got to decide priorities.

HT: Will there be a trial for you when you go back to prison?

K: There was a trial. There were seven cases against me; collectively, it is treason and sedition. My feeling after meeting the king for 90 minutes is that the king, left to himself, thinks it would not be adverse to take steps toward liberalization. We are worse off than 20 years ago, because there is not enough to eat and the rupee value is going down, because there are more people.

HT: Don't you feel yourself in a strange position, going back voluntarily to prison, leaving the comfort of the U.S.?

K: I'm not comfortable. When Americans think of politics, they think in terms of positions of power. In our context the choice is, if you want to have human dignity and live, you have to take risks.

HT: I read Nepal still has compulsory obeisance—which means they have to bow to the Royal Family?

K: That sort of thing. You can live in poverty, provided you can have your freedom.

HT: Do you think that what you've said here could get you into trouble back in Nepal?

K: This is what I am fighting for, *this* right to say what I want to say.

HT: To those up-and-coming young change makers, would you recommend prison as an experience?

K: It is a negative thing. Your creativity is dulled, your thinking process becomes dulled. In 1948, I was kept in a room like a dog's cage, seven feet by eight feet. There was no light, no opening through which air could come in or natural light either. A big hole was my latrine. I had to do my cooking there. Chained and fettered for six months. And I lost count of the days. I used to scratch my name and lines as the day passed into night. I got confused, there were so many lines—then I thought I would go mad. So I decided to go on a hunger strike. My condition became critical. And I had been kept incommunicado. On the 29th day of my hunger strike I was released. It took me another 21 days to be able to walk again.



Former Japanese prime minister Takeo Fukuda, in one of his last official acts, shows Mexican president Jose Lopez Portillo how to eat a fist sandwich. The official version has it that Fukuda was giving Portillo tips in Japanese archery.

Pirates Roam S.E. Asia Seas

KLONG YAI, THAILAND—Old-fashioned piracy is thriving again in the island-clustered waters of Southeast Asia. Most of the pirates operate out of islands near the Cambodia-Vietnam border, paying handsome fees to both communist governments for the privilege. The latter-day buccaneers—who harry the historic Strait of Malacca between Sumatra and Malaysia, and the Sulu Sea between North Borneo and the southern Philippines—are mainly known to seize fishing boats, though an occasional expensive pleasure yacht falls into their clutches.

A motley assortment of Thais and Filipinos operating in loosely aligned syndicates, the pirates mainly sail converted trawlers. Their American-made arms—M-16 rifles and M-79 grenade launchers—were bought from the Vietnamese, who inherited colossal stashes of U.S. ordnance after the fall of Saigon in 1974.

Nearly a hundred Thai fishers were slain in shoot-outs with the pirates last year. Now, a small fisher, sighting one of these flagless trawlers bearing down, will almost always give over a catch and vessel without resistance. After

seizing a ship, the pirates typically negotiate with the big fishing companies for a ransom before the ship's catch goes bad. Most shoot-'em-up nautical action occurs when one syndicate of pirates ambushes a rival trawler loaded with ransom cash.

Thai police have tried to break up the industry by sailing into the Strait of Malacca disguised as fishers but have fared poorly in the subsequent shoot-outs. In the southern Philippines, around Mindanao, the pirates enjoy the paid protection of the well-heeled traditional Filipino smuggling mafia and have close ties with the well-armed Moro Muslim revolutionaries. Last year a crew of buccaneers actually seized a multi-million-dollar luxury yacht belonging to a German couple off the coast of Mindanao and towed it for miles before being chased off by a Manila destroyer.

Pirates make regular midnight raids into Manila Bay itself, looting moored cargo vessels there, and have even challenged the well-equipped British Navy by launching similar plunder forays into Singapore.

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Call Bush War "Hopeless" and "Unprofessional"

SALISBURY, RHODESIA—Mercenary service in the Rhodesian bush is nothing like the movie *The Wild Geese*, according to professional mercenaries who have tried it briefly and generally left in disgust after a short term of service. The Rhodesian government, backed by the Republic of South Africa (RSA), conducts a vigorous merc-recruiting program all over the world, offering top pay for relatively low-risk work fighting off raiding parties of poorly equipped black nationalist guerrillas from Zambia and Mozambique. But experienced professional soldiers are largely unwilling to serve there for a variety of reasons, mainly stemming from the white government's obviously hopeless predicament and the routine brutality that the regular Rhodesian army inflicts on black civilians.

Mercenary "battalions" rarely have even company strength—50 soldiers—in Rhodesia. Their personnel basically comprises aging Portuguese veterans from Angola and Mozambique and young South African draftees "on loan"—usually reluctantly—to the Rhodesian government. The rest of the mercenary forces, some 60 percent, are a high-turnover mix of anticommunist zealots



"Dogs of War" regard Rhodesia as the pits of pro bloodletting.

from Australia and New Zealand, some British adventurers and a few American Vietnam vets.

"The Americans lose their enthusiasm very

quickly," explains a recently resigned French merc. "They were used to fighting under much better conditions, with constant air cover and much better logistics than those of the Rhodesian army." Essential military structures hardly exist in the merc battalions, he says, with "officer" status commonly being accorded to whoever's been around the longest. Coordination in action is consequently very poor, so that casualties incurred during the infrequent merc-guerrilla encounters are much greater than they ought to be, considering the guerrillas' own generally incompetent training.

Air cover is formidable when available, consisting of French Alouette III combat helicopters armed with 7.62 and 12.7 machine guns, and Mirage delta-wing fighter jets from the RSA frequently assist operations. But these craft are so poorly and undependably deployed by the Salisbury command that mercenaries learn quickly—and painfully—never to count on them. Thus, offensive operations are out of the question, and merc service mainly consists of patrolling the heavily mined Mozambique border for six-week stretches.

Docs Launch Sex Warfare on Tsetse Fly

TANGA, TANZANIA—African, American and European scientists are anxiously awaiting the results of a crucial phase in the concentrated 50-year war on this continent's single most maleficent—and fascinating—insect, the vampire tsetse fly, conveyor of "sleeping sickness" to humans and animals from the Sahara to Zimbabwe. Subsisting exclusively on blood sucked from mammals, the bristly brown housefly-sized tsetse conveys a microorganism called *trypanosoma*, a uniquely devious protozoon that manages to "fake out" the body's immunological systems, seeking and infesting the brains and nervous systems of humans and animals. Cattle infested with *ngana*, as the disease is called in Bantu, invariably die by slow paralysis, from the hind legs forward; and while most of the disease's 10,000 annual human victims survive nowadays, thanks to medical treatment, most also sustain irreversible brain damage.

The tsetse itself acquires the trypan virus by imbibing the blood of an infected individual—typically swelling to twice its size during a "meal"—and then infects the next healthy individual it feeds on, passing the virus through its saliva, secreted liberally at the bite site because it keeps the blood from clotting. Once inside the host's bloodstream, the trypan virus has the uncanny property of continually altering its protein coat, mimicking the appearance of several other disease microorganisms, so that the host's antibody systems are kept continually off guard, unsure of what particular disease they're dealing with.

Even more uncanny, efforts to derive a vaccine against *trypanosoma* have been totally stymied in the past because the protozoon, once isolated and set into a petri dish for culturing, promptly adopts an innocuous, noninfective form. Not until last year were Japanese and Scotch scientists, working in Nairobi, Kenya, able to create a

test-tube environment so closely resembling a cow's bloodstream that trypanosomes introduced into it would behave in a "normal" fashion.

Concurrently with this vaccine research, a 500-acre "lab ranch" has been hacked out of the tsetse-infested bush at Mkwaja, 60 miles south of here, to serve as a testing ground for 50,000 sterile male tsetse flies, which have been laboriously cultured at Tanga by Texas entomologist Larry Williamson. It's hoped that by introducing sterile male flies into the tsetse population at Mkwaja, the tsetse's bizarre and unique sex cycle will result in its own elimination.

A female tsetse fly mates only once, early in her three-month lifespan, but she stores enough semen to give birth every ten days to one fully

formed pupa, which burrows into the earth and emerges two weeks later as a mature tsetse. Male tsetses can fuck any number of females, but the female can give birth to only nine or ten flies in her life, from a single insemination.

So Williamson and his 100-person African staff laboriously collected innumerable tsetse pupae from the ground hereabouts two years ago and began scientifically culturing them at their "fly farm" here. Seven hundred goats are kept to provide blood food for the tsetses, who are encouraged to breed in a trypanosome-free environment. Each day newborn pupae are collected, incubated for a month and then separated by sex; male pupae are dipped in liquid nitrogen, irradiated with cesium 137 and then allowed to develop into sterile male adults.

When released at the Mkwaja lab ranch, the males fuck countless females, faking them into believing they're pregnant; but since the irradiated fly sperm doesn't fertilize them, the females don't give birth. In the few months since the program was finally initiated in December '77, the tsetse population around Mkwaja has perceptibly declined, giving reason to hope this program may succeed throughout Africa.

The elimination of the tsetse from Africa could massively change the economics of the entire continent. In the past, tsetse migrations have prompted mass migrations of cattle-raising Bantu peoples, with vast tribal warfare resulting. Over half the human and cattle populations of Uganda were exterminated by the *ngana* in the 1890s, when explorer Henry Stanley imported *trypanosoma gambianense* into the Lake Victoria region, carrying it over the Ruwenzori Mountain range in the bloodstreams of his Zanzabari safari bearers, who had picked it up in the West African rain forests. Currently over 4.5 million square miles of Africa are unsuitable for cattle raising because of the tsetse.



The tsetse fly may literally screw itself into extinction, with luck.

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FORMULA 40 "Safe" Herbicide Implicated in Birth Defects

SALE, AUSTRALIA—When authorities began spraying vast tracts of land around this isolated Victoria Province town with the herbicides 2, 4-D and 2,4,5-T last year, the Canberra government solemnly conducted a six-month program to determine the safety of the chemicals. Only weeks after the government officially proclaimed the herbicides to be harmless, four

women gave birth to severely deformed infants. All four women lived next to a football field that had been heavily sprayed at the beginning of the program.

Both these herbicides contain the chemical Dioxin, which has been cited by U.S. government scientists as possibly the most powerful birth-defect-causing chemical in industrial use.

International Weed

"King of Hippies" Vows London Park Concerts

William Dwyer, who calls himself "King of the Hippies," went up briefly before the London High Court for organizing *al fresco* rock festivals in Windsor Great Park last fall. He appeared before the bench dressed in a priest's gown and collar, claiming to have been ordained by a priest in the next pretrial detention cell. "I can now officially call myself Father Dwyer," he said. "My faith is the Universal Church of Love." Mr. Justice Lloyd released him without charges after Fr. Dwyer promised never to do it again. On his release, however, the King of the Hippies swore to hold a legal concert if it killed him. "It will be nowhere but in Windsor Great Park. I hope it will not take the rest of my life to achieve."

- Antisocial, a popular punk-rock trio in Birmingham, England, has offered \$30,000 to anyone who will commit suicide in the course of their stage concert. Manager Bob Green said he received several interested replies to the offer, which he reportedly had planned as a demonstration of the "hopelessness of suicide." However, when it was pointed out to Antisocial that in Britain one can get up to 14 years for counseling, aiding or abetting a suicide, Green said the offer was not, and had never been intended as, a serious promise to pay.

- Flesh-eating monkeys in war-torn southern Ethiopia have killed and devoured at least three human beings, Addis Ababa Radio reports. After Somali guerrillas and Ethiopian, Soviet and Cuban troops devastated much of the region's foliage in last year's war, starving monkeys, normally vegetarian, took to eating sheep and goats. Now two boys, ages nine and ten, and a woman have been eaten by the monkeys.

- A Sid Vicious T-shirt that reads "She is dead, I'm alive, I'm yours" over a picture of the former Sex Pistols' bass guitarist has gone on sale in a London boutique. The shirt is being sold by Seditionaries, a punk paraphernalia shop founded by Sex Pistols' manager Malcolm McLaren.

Vivienne Westwood, the shop's manager, told the British music publication *Melody Maker* she is selling the shirt because, "You care about some people more than others, more about Sid than Nancy."

Westwood added, "I was also aware when I did it that some people would think it was a bit sick, and I did it for that reason too."

- A Soviet reporter has denounced New York

discos as "havens of decadence and loneliness, where dancers snort cocaine in the bathrooms and spend a whole night shaking with the lights and dreaming of fame, success and money."

The reporter, Genrikh Borovic, got an inside view of the American disco scene by going to New York's famous Studio 54, which generally allows only the very famous or the very bizarre to enter its doors. The reporter got in because he was with poet Rod McKuen.

Borovic said in his article in the Soviet Literary Gazette that U.S. disco operators are exploiting the special sound and light systems and the allure of "talentless movie stars" in order to make a fortune off the unsuspecting young.

- There was simply no room at the inn at Aswan High Dam, Egypt, for a German honeymoon couple who had flown there to celebrate their nuptials, because Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and his party had suddenly flown in on his latest African tour. The unfortunate newlyweds had to share a room with a middle-aged couple, though their hotel reservations had been made months in advance. Back in Frankfurt, the couple charged that the delay in the consummation of their marriage amounted to unreasonable aggravation, and they won 2,500DM damages against the travel company involved.

- Bandits in Nova Iguaçu, Brazil, shot a Macumba shaman in the head nine times after robbing him. Shortly thereafter, however, the witch doctor, Edsio Santos, stood up and spat out five of the bullets, along with a few teeth. He reportedly plucked out another bullet with his fingers in the ambulance, and doctors removed the two remaining. Macumba, who had the local reputation of being able to make himself bullet-proof, has been recruiting a record number of disciples ever since.

- Thanks to Yankee blackmail, new transcontinental air-passenger rates will soon make U.S.-to-Europe flights as cheap as those from New York to Los Angeles. At the last meeting of the International Air Transport Association in Geneva, U.S. representatives made global air carriers an offer they couldn't refuse: either they would reduce their rates to come in line with the U.S.'s new deregulation prices or their planes would risk being busted and confiscated for antitrust violations anytime they landed on U.S. territory. The rate changes are expected by this summer.

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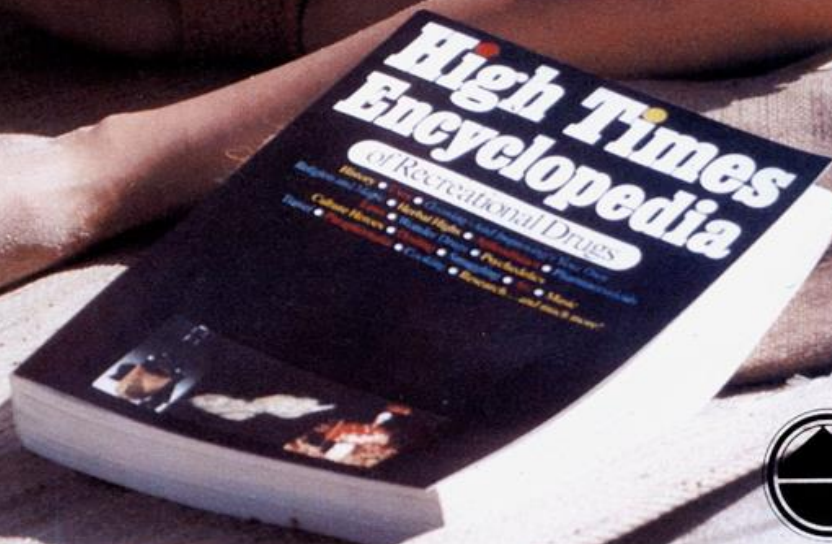
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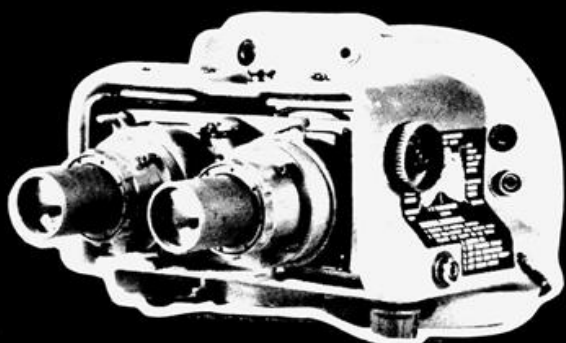
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Aspirin Reduces Heart Risk—for Men Only

Men who take regular high doses of aspirin seem to have a greatly reduced risk of heart crises, according to the Mayo Clinic. Confirming a previous study by Canadian doctors, the Kansas clinic studied 1,250 arthritis sufferers in Rochester, Minnesota: the 348 men among them, all massive consumers of aspirin, had 48 percent fewer heart attacks and strokes than the general male population of Rochester. Since one of aspirin's effects is to reduce the ability of blood to form clots, the researchers tentatively attributed the men's comparative immunity to heart problems to aspirin.

Female arthritics, however, were as statistically prone to heart problems as women everywhere, the researchers noted.

Urge Caffeine Cure for Infants' Colds

A Bakersfield, California, doctor suggests that babies aged one to five months be given up to two ounces of coffee in their night formulas if



For babies' wheezes, pump 'em chock full o' nuts. they develop colds. Dr. Robert Cohen claims the caffeine would increase the ailing baby's breathing rate and help prevent sudden infant syndrome, or crib death, which is sometimes caused by colds and low breath rates.

Teeth Can Reroot in Mouth

A Harvard dental researcher has found that teeth knocked out in an accident stand a 90-percent chance of growing back if replaced in the empty socket within 20 minutes.

Dr. Terry Slaughter, immediate past president of the American Association of Facial

Surgeons, revealed his findings at the association's annual meeting in Chicago. Slaughter said that even if an hour passes before a tooth is implanted in its socket, there is still a 40-60-percent chance that it will grow back. But he says once a tooth has been out for two hours, there is little chance for its regrowth.

Chinese Fight Malaria with Wormwood

Wormwood is more effective than chloroquine in treating malaria, report Chinese physicians who have developed both oral and injectable preparations from the ancient herb. As malaria bacilli become genetically resistant to previous antimalaria drugs, the disease is rapidly



When quinine fails, wormwood fills the bill.

reproliferating all over the world, especially in Asia. Chinese doctors investigated thousands of traditional herbal cures before discovering *artemesia apiacea's* special properties.

Vegetarian Mothers Risk Infants' Health

Vegetarian women who breast-feed their babies should consult a dietitian, warn doctors at the California Medical Center in San Diego. Women who abstain from eating high-protein foods like meat, cheese, eggs and milk will necessarily have a deficiency of vitamin B-12 in their milk. Infants deprived of this vitamin are very likely to suffer irreversible nutritional deficiencies throughout childhood, and many may lapse into sudden coma and die. Research into this problem began only last year, when a six-month-old boy was brought to the city's university hospital by his 26-year-old vegetarian mother: he was in a coma, unarousable, and without emergency treatment he would have died. Nursing mothers in general are advised by doctors to regularly take vitamin B-complex supplements. □

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Murder Charges Against Midwife Dropped

A California judge has shocked the medical profession by dropping charges of murder and practicing without a license that had been brought against a young, allegedly unlicensed midwife. The charges stemmed from the death last year, from a rare birth complication, of an infant who was born at home.

Judge Richard Kirkpatrick, considered law-and-order and prosecution oriented, told the court that people should have freedom of choice when having their babies. "The medical profession wants to run the show, period," said the judge. "I don't think the medical profession should dictate how [births] should be done."

The judge also declared that the laws should be changed so that parents can have the aid of a licensed midwife at a home birth if they so choose.

"Sniff 'n' Stop" Busts Nullified in Two States

The perceived odor of burning marijuana is not sufficient cause, by itself, to automatically search a suspect for dope, superior courts in Michigan and Montana have held. The smell of grass can linger in fabrics for days after it's actually been smoked, the Michigan Supreme Court points out; and the Montana Supreme Court notes that going by smell alone, police could justify the searches of innumerable innocent people, infringing on their Fourth Amendment rights to privacy.

In the Michigan case, a traffic cop pulled a man over for speeding and perceived "a distinct, strong odor of marijuana coming from the car" while checking out his license. When the cop asked the driver if there was more grass in the car, the driver handed him a pack of cigarettes containing four joints. The cop busted the driver and searched the car, finding a small stash of amphetamine tabs and a paper bag holding five pounds of grass.

The trial court suppressed the four joints from evidence, since the cop had clearly obtained them improperly, but convicted the driver on the basis of the rest of the dope. In the course of cross-examination, the defense attorney established that while the arresting officer was

familiar with the aroma of grass from attending classes "at which time they burned marijuana," he had no idea how long the smell might linger in fabrics in the car itself.

Therefore, the higher court pointed out, it is conceivable someone *else* might have smoked dope in the car days before the driver was busted. The driver's conviction was accordingly overturned on the grounds that the cop really had no sound idea of who had smoked the grass he smelled or how long ago it was smoked.

In the Montana case, state troopers smelled grass and incense coming from a car, searched it and turned up a quantity of grass and antidepressant tablets. The lower court in this case ruled that the perceived odor of marijuana provided insufficient grounds for search, and the decision was upheld by the state court of appeals.

Pro-Nuke Spies Go Free

A House subcommittee has dropped contempt-of-court proceedings against a northern California private-security firm that has been compiling dossiers on antinuclear activists.

The firm in question, Research West of Emeryville, has admitted accepting more than \$90,000 from at least two electric-utility firms to gather information on nuclear-power opponents.

Contempt-of-court proceedings were started against the company by the House Investigations Subcommittee, chaired by Representative John Moss, who ordered



Rep. John Moss: wants nuke files opened.

the contempt citations after Research West refused to make any of its anti-nuclear files available to the subcommittee.

However, the San Francisco Chronicle reports that the contempt proceedings were quietly dropped. A subcommittee source told the newspaper that most of the subpoenaed files contained "rumor and gossip." The source said it was decided that it was not worth asking the entire house to hold Research West in contempt because of the nature of the material. ■

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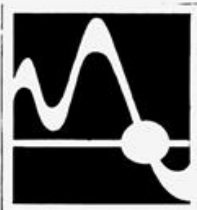
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Buddy Holly Roundup

Buddy Holly was the biggest popularizer of horn-rims to make women horny. His simple rollicking love songs reflected the image of a wild lover boy lurking under a sweetly innocent shell that seemed about to break with every nervous gulp and hiccup from his Texan twang.

The best audiovisual introduction to the Holly persona is Columbia Pictures' recent biopic *The Buddy Holly Story*, in which actor Gary Busey eerily reincarnated the budding Buddy with crazy eyes, twitching lips, pearly teeth, broad shoulders and slim shakin' hips. But the soundtrack album, *The Buddy Holly Story* (Epic SE 35412), proves that Busey and the movie's Crickets, drummer Don Stroud and bassist Charlie Martin Smith, made up in energy what they lacked in accuracy. The album captures the spirit of Buddy Holly and the Crickets, but Busey's voice slips and slides through the scale searching in vain for Buddy's register, while too often replacing Holly's sweet



Buddy Holly: ol' Four Eyes is back.

shrieks with '70s Springsteen roughness.

Those moviegoers who have just been awakened to the Holly greatness should check out the real Buddy Holly, still available on vinyl. To coincide with the movie, MCA has released *Buddy Holly/The Crickets: 20 Golden Greats* (MCA-3040). Included are all his greatest hits, like "That'll Be the Day," "Peggy Sue," "Not Fade Away," "Oh Boy," "Maybe Baby" and "Rave On." Here Holly proves

Boney M. is socially redeeming disco, songs about Steppenwolfs, struggling artists forced to sell out, free spirits and hearts of gold.



Boney M.: rockin' down the rivers of Babylon.

Boney M. in Flight

Forget about a spaceship, this here disk will send your penis to Venus. Boney M. consists of three stunning Labellesque women—Liz, Maizie and Marcia—who seem to sing at the pleasure of the only male in the group, Bobby Farrell.

The first single from *Night Flight to Venus* (Sire SRK 6062), a stunning cover of "Rivers of Babylon," went to number one all over Europe. Who could sing a Rastafarian song about alienation, exile, captivity and "singing the Lord's song in a strange land" better than four ex-Caribbeans huddled around a mike in a Munich studio? In fact, what sets this group apart from all the other discoid 1984 machine farts that pass for music these days is their great choice of material. This here is socially redeeming disco, songs about Steppenwolfs, struggling artists forced to sell out, free spirits and hearts of gold.

The title song is cotton candy, but after that you can throw away your Classics Comics and enroll in the Boney M. School

he could do more with a guitar, bass and drums than his rock descendants can manage with a computerized synthesizer and the entire London Symphony Orchestra. Holly employs the simplest instrumentalization since Chuck Berry—on "Everyday," he's backed by just a xylophone and his own knee slapping. When

of Disenfranchised Culture Studies. There's the rollicking "Rasputin," a Russian-flavored ditty about the Mad Monk that features such fun/educational lyrics as:

Most people looked at him with terror and with fear
But to Moscow chicks he was such a lovely dear
Rah Rah Rasputin, lover of the Russian Queen
There was a cat that really was gone
Rah Rah Rasputin, Russia's famous love machine
It was a shame how he carried on.

Shame is right. This LP is infused with some good old-fashioned down-home Caribbean Negro Christian guilt. No Donna Summer amorality! No Amanda Lear jet-set hedonism here. The girls warn "Never Change Lovers in the Middle of the Night," and their heartfelt search for true love in "Heart of Gold" makes Neil Young sound like a piker. So if you're driving down the autobahn of life without any direction, brothers and sisters, pick up on Boney M. Next exit, Zion!

—Ratso Sloman

he harmonizes with himself on "Words of Love," you can hear where the Beatles got their sound.

For those who want to delve deeper into the Holly legend, there are two older albums still obtainable: *Buddy Holly: A Rock & Roll Collection* (MCA 2-4009), a double album that really includes only

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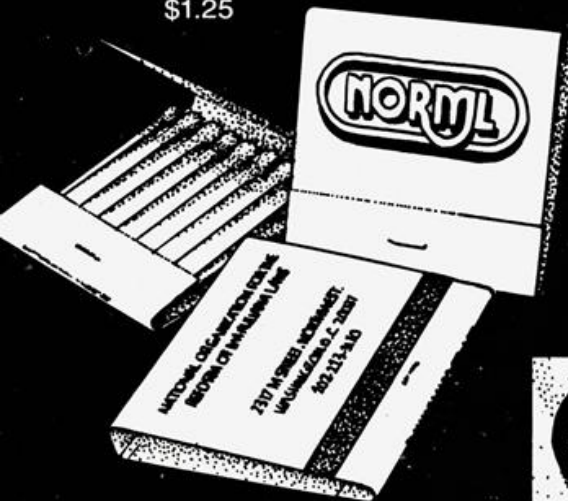
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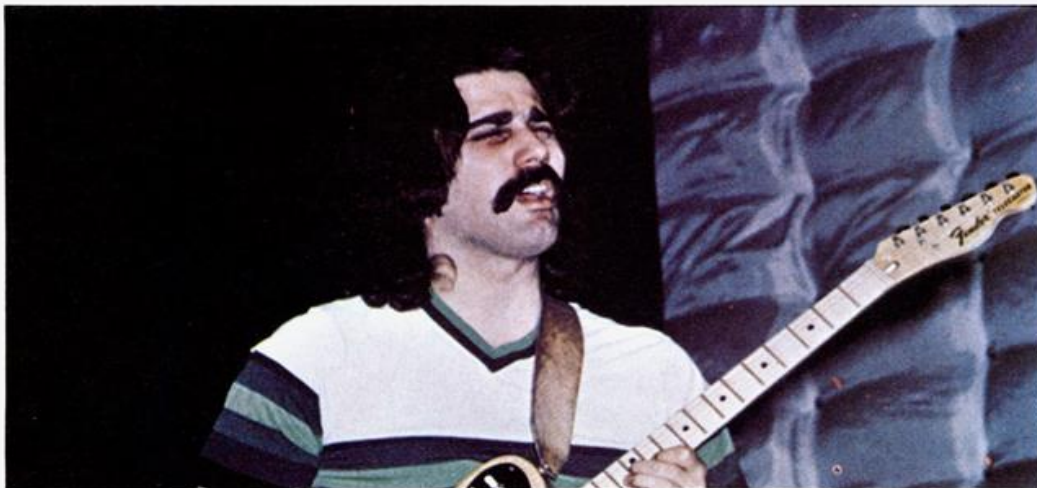
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Brian D. McLaughlin

Steve Kahn: leader of the jazz-fusion gunslingers.

four more songs than *20 Golden Greats* but is valuable for collectors and completists who have a desire to hear such more obscure songs as the hilarious "You're So Square (Baby I Don't Care)"; and *The Great Buddy Holly* (MCA CB-20101), on which Holly shows more of his country-western roots and his influence by Elvis Presley, with songs like "You Are My One Desire," "Blue Days, Black Nights," "Modern Don Juan," "Rock Around with Ollie Vee" and the later Commander Cody hit "Midnight Shift." —Harry Wasserman

Blue Man

Jazz-fusion guitarist and session heavy Steve Kahn (son of composer Sammy "Three Coins in a Fountain" Cahn) is part of an East Coast musical ratpack that not only forms the backbone of the pop studio scene but is responsible for some of the hottest licks to make it onto wax. Though he has seen front-line studio action with countless rock luminaries, his first love and dedication is to the art of the jazz guitar. He recently completed the monumental task of transcribing an entire portfolio of the late-but-great elder jazz guitarist Wes Montgomery's solos.

On his solo albums, Kahn's specialty is the nebulous realm of fusion, that undefined psychic space between the worlds of rock and modern jazz. On *The Blue Man* (Columbia 35539), his second outing as a front man, Steve skillfully mixes the hard-edged, no-compromise, electric dedication of contemporary rock's main line with the taste, sophistication and instrumental maturity of some of the best hired guns in the jazz-rock realm.

The real magic of *The Blue Man* is the synergistic combination of the talents of high-priced hit men like Dave Sanborn and the Brecker Brothers on the horn line;

Will Lee on bass; a percussion trio with Steve Gadd, Ralph McDonald and Rick Marotta; Mike Maneri on vibes; keys from Don Gronlink; and the "cappa di tutti cappi," Bob "Tappan Zee" James, wailing on the Oberheim polyphonic synthesizer.

The original material covers a wide range of the fusion feels. "Daily Valley" and Randy Brecker's "The Little Ones" are lush, laid-back, instrumental statements with highly embellished, lyrical, solo lead lines. "The Daily Bulls," a quick-stepping, straight-ahead piece, and "Some Down Time" give each of the musical gunslingers a chance for some six-shooter action, with quick fours and smoking eights traded across the syncopated drum format in an almost casual and offhand fashion. —Charlie Frick

Warrior Nugent

Ted Nugent has found a winning formula, and now he's staying with it. And who can blame him? The man has worked feverishly for years with ear-shattering zest at attaining his coveted position as the "Wild Man" of rock 'n' roll, and now, one eardrum poorer and several million dollars richer, Ted Nugent is at the apex of his rock 'n' roll lunacy.

While other bands strive to change their image and musical style periodically, Nugent's maniacal madness just becomes more pronounced as he releases each album. Spurning the desire of other big rock 'n' roll bands to show how "truly talented and diverse" they can be when given the chance, Nugent persists in playing his brand of basic heavy metal, with a strong dose of his own screaming guitar licks interspersed.

His latest album, *Weekend Warriors* (Epic FE 35551), is a continuation of this successful theme. Although he borrows several riffs from successful songs on his

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One eardrum poorer and several million dollars richer, Ted Nugent is at the apex of his rock 'n' roll lunacy.



Ted Nugent: blood, guts and busted eardrums.

previous albums, Nugent struts his new stuff with explosive energy and vigor. Highlights include the title cut, "Tight Spots" and "Venom Soup." The cover of *Weekend Warriors* is in itself a masterpiece, displaying Nugent wailing away at

his guitar as bullets are ripping out of its neck, empty cartridges flying in all directions. This cover aptly portrays what will happen to a Nugent fan after listening to the new disc: you'll be blown away.

—Legs McNeil

A Yen for Jazz

The big band pretty much died with the Dorsey brothers. Never since has the sound generated the kind of audiences that can keep one or two dozen musicians on the payroll night after night, and big jazz has been dispatched to Vegas shows, Hollywood soundtracks and "Tonight Show" intros. Few groups have managed to survive and grow; now a thunderous reception by Japan's myriad jazz lovers has firmly established a new band in this select market, in the guise of *Road Time* by the Toshiko Akiyoshi—Lew Tabackin Big Band (RCA CPL2-2242).

Coleader Akiyoshi is a fine pianist whose spiritual mentor Bud Powell formed her thoughtful style during her 20 years in the United States. Unfortunately, her soloing on this album is all too rare, perhaps a modest avoidance of the lime-light after writing and arranging all but one of these sharp cuts. Her partner Tabackin is a tenorman of great resources—just contrast his hard-peckin' intro and ending to "Henpecked Old Man" with the totally different horn on his own ballad "Yet Another Tear." But fine as his tenor

work is, it's his flute that deepens this band and gives it an introspective language that few but the Basie, Ellington and Mingus orchestras ever achieved. His flute combines Jeremy Steig virtuosity and oriental atmospheric studies on "Kogun" and yet slices through the crescendos of "Warning: Success May Be Hazardous to Your Health" as raucous as you please.

There's no letup in the backup either; the whole machine is tight as a cesium watch. Catch that billowing four-part trumpet solo on "Tuning Up." Don't get me wrong: Akiyoshi is not (yet) the same kind of pathfinder as Ellington or Mingus, but the surprise is that an all-white (except for her) group has reached a level of excellence usually reserved for jazz's originators. Maybe they should call it the Better Than Average White Band.

—Gary Stimeling

Hard & Software

Larry Fast is a brilliant composer, electronic specialist and hard rocker whose credits also include the titles of inventor, technician and conceptual software freak. He has been in the vanguard of the

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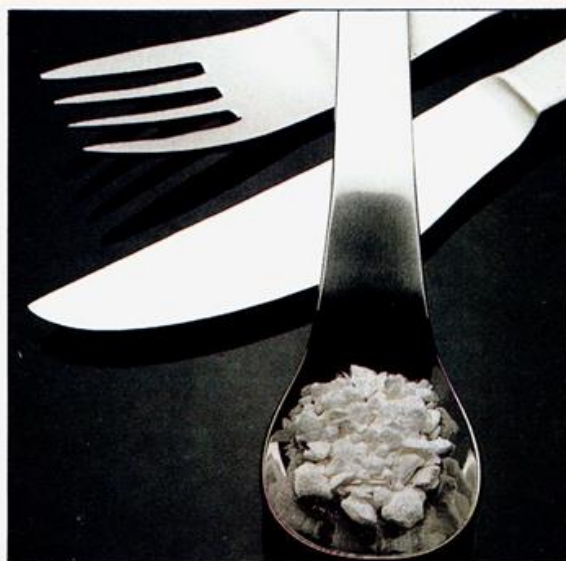
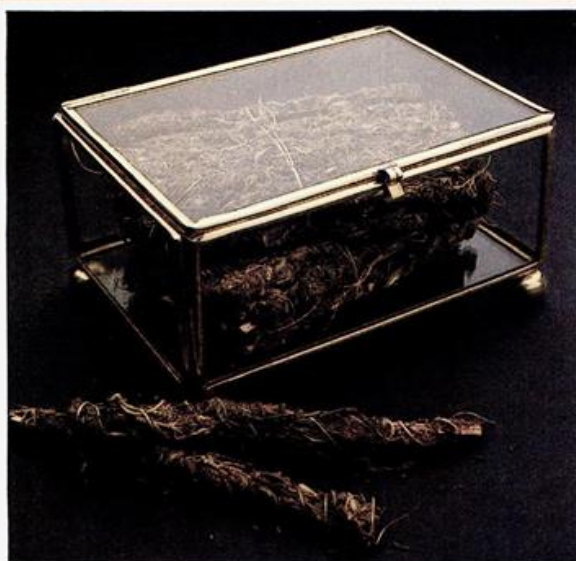
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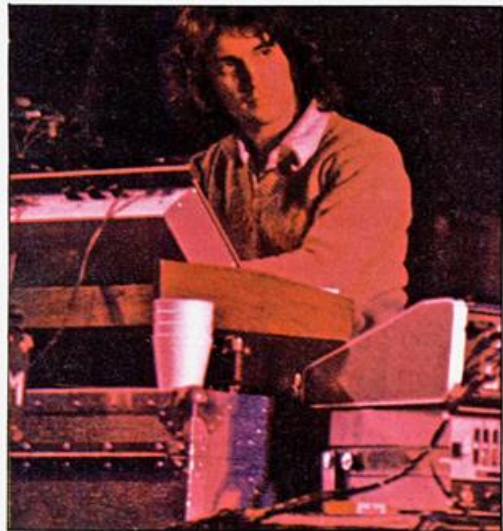
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development of digital computer technology in the rock world, dividing his time between digital research and development and playing with some of the hottest names on the future rock scene. He worked with Robert Moog on developing the polymoog synthesizer, built electronics and switching mechanisms for Rick Wakeman (Yes's keyboard wizard), cut synthesizer sessions with Streisand, toured on keys with Nektar and Peter (ex-Genesis) Gabriel's new band and has assembled massive amounts of hardware in his space-age secret Synergy Studio in the hills of New Jersey.

"Synthesizers are more than just machines to me," says Larry, commenting on his long-running love affair with music's



Larry Fast: techno-musician.

technofuture. "The instruments have life to them. It isn't just a piece of machinery. If you understand them, then there's a kind of empathy there that enables you to pull more out of the machinery."

Between all of his other activities, he finds the time to compose and record his own individual brand of electro-rock. Carrying a microcomputer synthesizer and a portable tape recorder on the road, he has written and released two previous synthesizer-dominated borderline-hard-rock albums. Now, at the end of intensive experimentation, he has released *Cords* (Arista PB 6000), which takes a more classically oriented approach to modern electronic composition. More avant-garde than the run-of-the-mill synthesized-hard-rock bands, he has eliminated all of the other musicians and concentrated on a studio-brewed solo electronic realization that is both monumental and visionary.

"I do what I like to hear," Larry says, and what he likes is heavy orchestral arrangements behind outer-space-oriented compositions like "Phobos and Demos Go to Mars," "Full Moon Flyer" and "Terra Incognita" that electronically duplicate and imitate a full range of symphonic sounds. All of these compositions were produced by a battery of hardware and software that would throw a scare into a NASA scientist. —Charlie Frick

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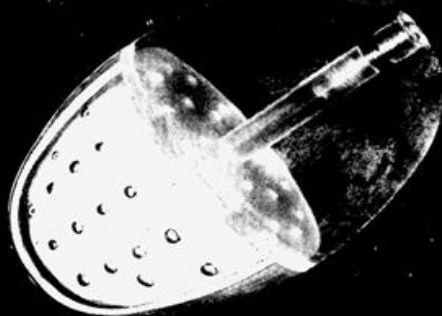
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UFO Watergate

SOCORRO SAUCER IN A PENTAGON PANTRY, by Ray Stanford (Austin, Texas: Blue Apple Books, \$8.95).
THE HYNEK UFO REPORT, (New York: Dell, \$1.95).

Currently, the CIA is being sued by a UFO organization to release data under the Freedom of Information Act that might answer the old question: How much does the U.S. government—namely its military and intelligence establishment—really know about the flying-saucer mystery? There are two major avenues of thought. The cover-up proponents claim that the government is sitting on some sort of UFOgate of “unknown” dimensions. The second position, summarized in the words of Dr. Allen Hynek, former airforce technical consultant and leading UFOlogist is that “the United States Air Force, as well as the military in other countries, does not appear to be guilty of some sinister cover-up; rather, they appear to be honestly baffled. Since the UFO phenomenon cannot be solved easily—but neither can it be ignored—the military, in

DIRTY LAUNDRY, by Pete Hamill (New York: Bantam, \$2.25). Sam Briscoe, larger-



than-life two-fisted hero of the fourth estate, hard-drinking freelancer in the greatest newspaper city on the face of the earth, is a fictional portrait of a superman in the world of news. He is no less

than the alter ego of real-life reporter Pete Hamill, syndicated columnist for the New York Daily News and author of *Flesh and Blood*.

Dirty Laundry is a big-city crime novel that “changes names to protect the innocent.” The plot winds its way through the attempted assassination of Castro, the killing of JFK and the setting up of a Cuban-fronted Mexican bank. The bank is used by all of the big-buck boys—the Syndicate, the Agency and the Company—to wash some of the millions upon millions of bucks gained in illegal takes from dope smuggling, foreign arms sales and wholesale revolutions for hire.

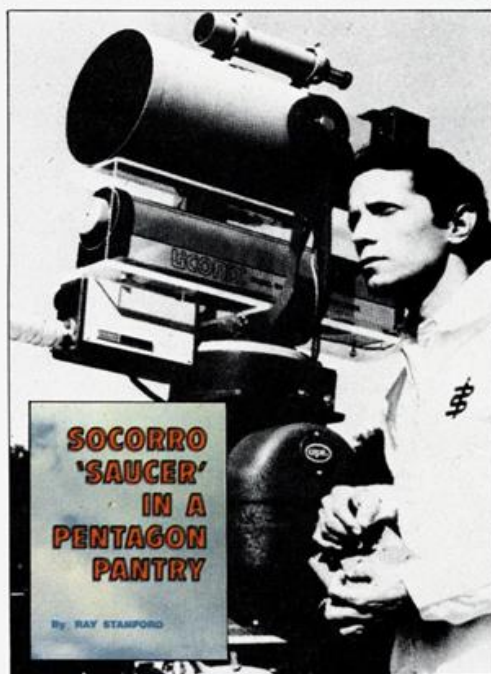
Briscoe, who loves the life of a freelancer (a loft in Soho and a 12-cylinder red

their bewilderment, does its very best to wave it away.”

An example of the first orthodoxy is *Socorro Saucer in a Pentagon Pantry*, by professional UFO investigator Ray Stanford. It is the fascinating detective story of his thorough probe into the famous 1965 close encounter of police officer Lonnie Zamora in Socorro, New Mexico. Although the Socorro case is classified as “unknown” in the files of Project Blue Book, Stanford exposes several irregularities in the government investigation, such as distorting, covering up and even stealing vital evidence—for example, some metallic fragments encrusted in a rock suspected of having been cut by one of the landing gears of the unidentified egg-shaped craft. Under NICAP's pressure, the rock was loaned for analysis to a sophisticated NASA laboratory, from where (you guessed it) it was never seen again by the author. According to the first uncensored NASA analysis, the metallic fragments on the rock were a rare alloy of zinc and iron “that could not occur naturally” and is not “known to be manufactured on Earth.”

The Hynek UFO Report is a critical overview of the official records of the 1947–69 Air-Force Project Blue Book, comprising around 13,000 reports, which have been available in the National Archives for a number of years. It is excellent reading for those who want to learn something that makes sense about

The military is not hiding any UFO data from the public—the military is just as disoriented as anyone else.



UFOlogist Allen Hynek vs. the Pentagon.

the old Pentagon-versus-UFOs controversy. Hynek exposes the scientifically weak methodology used by the air force; his conclusions, however, may sound a mite conservative. He intimates that the military is not hiding any revealing data from the public, since the military is as disoriented as everyone else. They have just tried to diffuse something they don't understand.
 —Antonio Huneus



Sam Briscoe a.k.a. Pete Hamill.

Jaguar), has been jaded by all of his years on the beat. He could have cared less about all of this intrigue and would have been happy writing fluff pieces for the slicks had not the Cubans knocked off his girl friend when she was going to spill the beans. Being the knight in shining armor that he is, Sam goes off to avenge her death. In the process, he uncovers a trail of intrigue and murder leading to a bunch

of radical ex-Cuban CIA operatives who have embezzled 40 million from the Mob.

Dirty Laundry is a great newspaper thriller and an inside portrait of the life and times of one of the top men in the industry. This is the beginning of a long-running contemporary detective series that could rival Sam Spade, the Shadow, the Hardy Boys and even Nancy Drew.

—Charlie Frick

THE MERCENARIES, by Guy Tippet (New York: Dell, \$1.95). A few pages into



The Mercenaries it becomes obvious that Tippet isn't just exercising an over-active imagination. He has actually lived through the horror, the senseless death and the agonizing tension that is the guerrilla war in

South Africa. This is the story of one raid conducted simultaneously on three Rhodesian terrorist camps by a mere 21 men. Spurning the usual content of most war novels, the author relies instead on well-paced mounting tension that builds and

Adam Scull/Black Star

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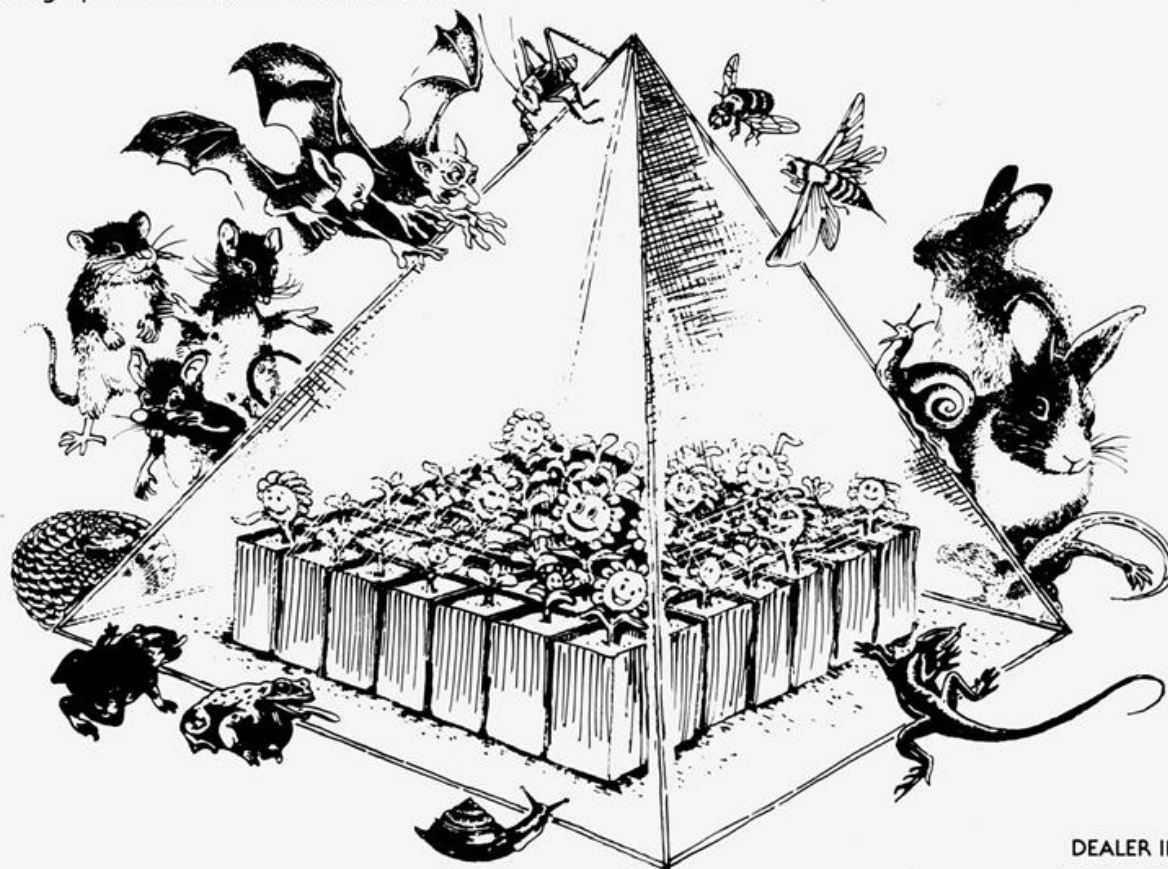
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finally explodes with the force of a claymore mine.

Tippet is a realist. His characters, based on real-life mercs, are not an emotionless band of death robots but men with real hopes and real fears. They are hungry for action, blood and, most of all, money. They swear no allegiance to anyone but themselves, nor do they have any misconceptions about patriotism being connected with their mission. They have no country; their mission is to destroy the enemy as quick as possible and get back safely to collect the 10-20 grand for a successful mission. Not bad for one night's work! The detailed description of the mercenary strike has its gut-wrenching moments as those wounded who are incapable of fast overland travel are shot in the head to be sure that they don't talk. Just to be on the safe side, live grenades are placed in their mouths, blowing their faces off and making identification very messy if not impossible.

My suggestion for any self-respecting merc or Soldier of Fortune fan is to toss a couple of frags out the window, clearing a perimeter, lay down some ground fire and belly down to the closest PX to pick up a copy of *The Mercenaries*. The combination of high drama and inescapable reality makes this a contemporary classic in the field of action-packed war novels.

—Legs McNeil

HYGIEIA: A Woman's Herbal, by Jeanine Parvati (A Freestone Collective Book, distributed by Bookpeople, \$9). The



author of this unusual book claims to have met women who wear a peyote button nestled high in their vaginas like a cervical cap; they say it's an exquisite way to "suspend" ordinary consciousness.

A midwife, yoga teacher, feminist health counselor, astrologer and mother of three daughters (Loi, Oceana and Cheyenne), Parvati invokes the name of Hygieia, Greek goddess of health, for guidance on various herbs and their usefulness in feminine health and healing. Her emphasis is on holistic self-health, and with each herb mentioned Parvati tells us both the popular and the botanical name, what some of the uses of the herb are, its assorted myths and folk tales.

All in all there are close to 300 herbs covered, ranging in an alphabetically listed index from absinthe to dandelion root to teo nanacatl and zinc. Many of the concoctions were gathered informally from friends, correspondents and col-

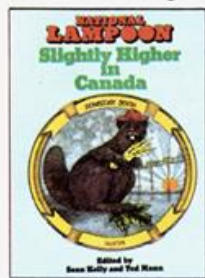
leagues of the author—other self-healers who emphasize the "home science" quality of holistic medicine, which relies on intuition and mind power for its success. No guarantees are made, and experimentation is encouraged.

Chapter subjects include herbal birth control (temporary and permanent sterility herbs), aphrodisiacs, anaphrodisiacs, herbs for the mind (marijuana, LSD, peyote, mushrooms), for pregnancy, childbirth, lactation and menopause.

And for something completely different, check out the section on placenta recipes. Although the author herself once ate one raw, she recommends slicing it, sautéing in garlic and oil and spicing slightly with rosemary and basil.

—Bonnie Gordon

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA, edited by Sean Kelly and Ted Mann (New York: National Lampoon Books, \$5.95). *Slightly*



Higher in Canada is the title of this new collection of Canadian humor from National Lampoon. I, for one, had some doubts as to whether a whole book about Canada could maintain the high standard of amusement I demand from a book these days. Have no fear. This book, skillfully edited, beautifully printed and laid out, meets the standards of the most exacting chuckle hunter.

I asked one of the book's editors, Ted Mann, if he thought the book successful. "Sure. We were a bit worried at first. We wondered if the American public was really ready for a whole book of Canada jokes. But, after all, a Canada joke is no more than a small-town joke with snow on its head."

According to coeditor Sean Kelly, the book has been a bestseller in the frozen land to the north for some months. Kelly, himself a Canadian, says that "Canadian humor, like Canadian whiskey, is indistinguishable from the real thing."

As the book itself says: "Here are just a few of the endless jokes that keep whole families amused during those long winter nights from August to June."

Why did the Canadian cross the road?
To avoid meeting someone he didn't want to see.

How can you tell if a Canadian has been in your icebox?

You find an extra bottle of milk.

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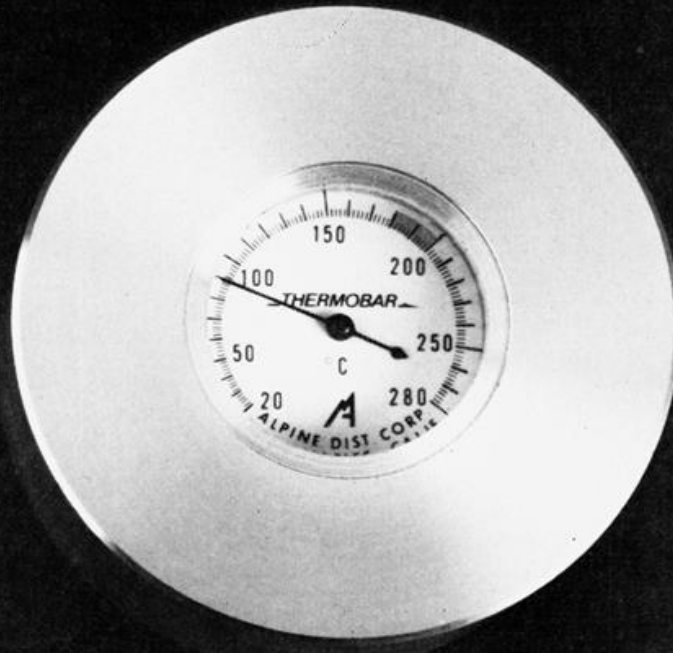
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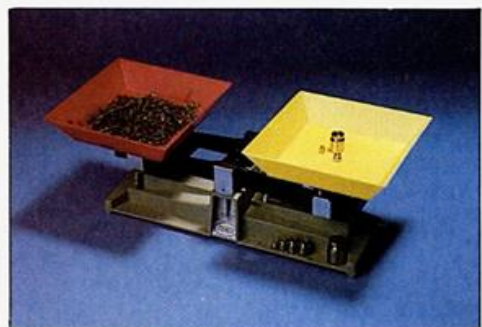
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Pipepourri

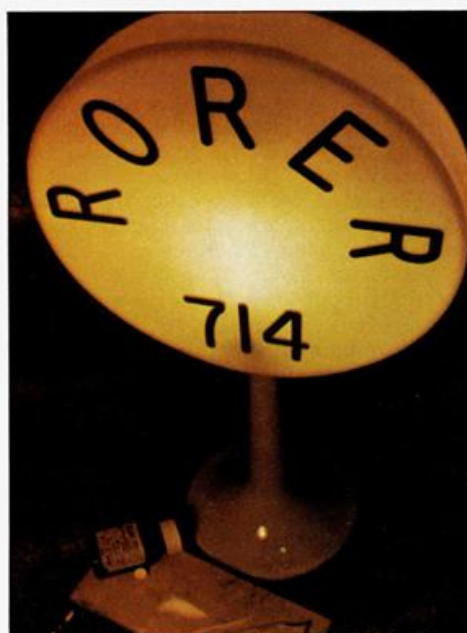
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Photos by Jack Abraham

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To Our Readers

Thomas King Forcade was the founder and guiding spirit of *High Times*, Stone Age and Alternative Media. He was a modest man who, because of certain political and personal beliefs and fears and a disdain of celebrity trips, preserved a strong anonymity. But Tom's ideals, his energy, his enthusiasm and his struggle to insure and expand personal freedom for everyone are evident in every single issue of *High Times*. On November 16, 1978, Thomas King Forcade took his own life.

Tom penned many editorials, features and interviews for *High Times* under various pseudonyms. And every article we've ever published was the result of a collaboration between Tom and a writer, Tom and an editor—ultimately between Tom and an idea. His enthusiasm for change was infectious, his ability to organize and articulate new ideas was unmatched, his clarity of thought was catalytic. Thomas King Forcade was a master communicator.

In 1972 Tom published the first collection of writings that had appeared in various underground publications around the country. This book, *The Underground Press Anthology*, included a poignant biography he himself authored:

Thomas King Forcade was involved in numerous underground scenes. He was associated with Orpheus magazine, Underground Press Syndicate, New York Ace, S.D.S., White Panthers, Magic Christian Collective, Youth International Party, Zippies, Amorphia, bus tripping with the Hog Farm and separately, the Caravan of Love, various media conferences, and several rock festivals, including Woodstock, Winter's End, and Randall's Island. He helped promote a series of rock benefits and was the manager of David Peel and the Lower East Side, Teenage Lust, and Evil.

Under pseudonyms, Forcade wrote extensively, including several books, some unpublished due to U.S. libel laws. He also edited *Steal This Book* and several anthologies.

Forcade is not well known, even to his few friends. His whereabouts and future plans are unknown.

In November 1976, *High Times* published a "Lines" column written by Tom that expressed some of the ideals and aims of the magazine. We reprint portions of this column now as a reaffirmation of those goals and as a reminder to ourselves and to our readers of what *High Times* is all about.

The general public (us) has no idea who really owns, controls and manages Time magazine, the Washington Post, the New York Times, the three monopolistic TV networks, Random House, Simon & Schuster and so on. Nor do we have any idea what their goals are. And the public will never learn from the aforementioned sources, either. Many fine people work for the straight media, but as A.J. Liebling said, freedom of the press belongs to those who own one. We own one, and that is an important point. After all, it was the media that made marijuana illegal! Their pot scare campaigns created the temporary popular support that made it politically expedient to outlaw marijuana. The media (except for the underground press) fully cooperated in getting us in and keeping us in the Vietnam War, and, after ten years of mass demonstrations, the media finally helped get us out. The media put Nixon in (over 90 percent of the daily newspapers endorsed his candidacy in 1972, Watergate notwithstanding), and the media finally got rid of Nixon just a year later by publishing the truth. So you have a right to know.

Trans-High Corporation (THC—the parent company of *High Times*) was started to bring new consciousness projects into reality, particularly projects within the media. As we stated some time ago, we have no particular interest in manufacturing rolling papers or hash pipes, or starting *High Times* key clubs. We are mainly interested in opening up communication, providing access to information. One of the first THC projects was *High Times* magazine. It was a coldly conceived concept, there was nothing accidental about it, and we definitely expected it to succeed, eventually. Instead, it took off like a rocket, right from the beginning, and our main problem has been holding on. Holding on—to our personal identities, to our editorial independence, to our corporate independence, to reality, to our rapport and unique communication with our readers, to our sanity. Coping with the staggering business-financial-organizational problems caused by our

rapid growth. Finding honest, competent, creative people to be the staff. And retaining our perspective amidst a barrage of publicity—all of it strangely favorable.

To outsiders, the *High Times* "success story" appears to be a typical capitalist trip, with one or more individuals on top raking in tons of money to be used for buying Lamborghini sports cars, MacIntosh stereos, penthouses, Peruvian flake, and sexual companionship that resembles the people in the cigarette ads as closely as possible. While we assure you that we at *High Times* fully appreciate the value of hedonism (learned in part from that pioneering personal researcher in the field, Hugh M. Hefner), the fact is that THC is owned by a nonprofit trust fund and the staff makes very modest salaries indeed. Should we make any excess profits, they will be given to organizations concerned with social, cultural, political and economic change. We'd like to own MacIntosh stereos, but other things are more important to us. Like putting out the best magazine imaginable. A magazine that has always been far more than a "dope" magazine. Lately, as you have seen, we have been broadening our editorial scope even more. It is obvious that our readers want to hear about a broad range of contemporary and historical subjects. We have no desire to be limited to being the magazine of substances that people put in their mouths. In this issue, you will notice more general news, more diverse features, much more music coverage, and more cultural and political coverage than ever before. We have continued and expanded our policy of using name authors and experts from every field, including top notch investigative reporters, fiction writers, new journalists, old journalists, better editing, and hard-core dopers who know what they're talking about (we've been there, too, folks). Meanwhile, we will continue to have the best, the most accurate, the most interesting and entertaining, the most wide ranging, creative, wild, courageous coverage of dope anywhere. If you see any serious competition, let us know.

Making money is not enough for us. Money and political "power" (often a goal in publishing) strike us as irrelevant. We are faced with a future that needs help. We know that as far as the future is concerned, we are playing for keeps. Our goal is to go all the way, whatever that may bring. ■

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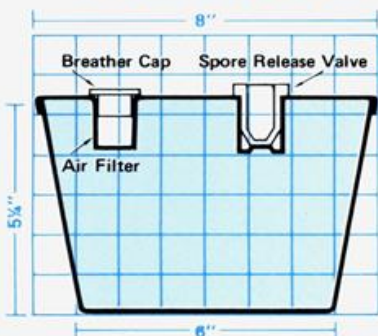
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High Times

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